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Centenary Edition

HISTORIC AMERICANS

HISTORIC AMERICANS

BY

THEODORE PARKER

EDITED WITH NOTES

BY

SAMUEL A. ELIOT

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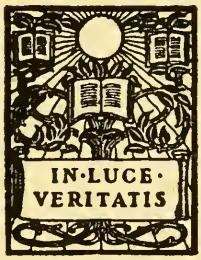

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EDITOR'S PREFACE

"Historic Americans," a book containing the first four lectures printed in the present volume, was published in 1870. Later in the same year it appeared as Volume XIII of Miss Cobbe's English edition of Parker's works. The manuscripts were prepared for the press by the devoted labor of Parker's literary executor, Mr. Joseph Lyman, and an introduction was furnished by Mr. O. B. Frothingham.

The lectures on Franklin, Washington, Adams and Jefferson were written in the latter part of the summer of 1858, the last productive season of Parker's hard-working life. Owing to his increasing ill-health his society had requested him to extend his usual summer vacation to six months. This he would not do, but he did not return to his duties until later than usual. He preached his last sermon on January 2d, 1859.

Only two of the four lectures were delivered. Mr. Chadwick [Theodore Parker, page 349] intimates that the Washington lecture was also given, but he was deceived by the statement in Mr. Frothingham's introduction to the original edition of "Historic Americans" that "three of them were delivered." Four years later, however, Mr. Frothingham in his Life of Parker [page 502] wrote that only the Franklin and the Adams were publicly given.

Parker's themes were well chosen. It is interesting to note the testimony of Sir George Trevelyan in his "History of the American Revolution" [Vol. II, page 121] that "the four men who, in the earlier sessions of Congress had most share in guiding its deliberations

and molding its actions, were Washington and Franklin, Thomas Jefferson and John Adams." Sir George points out the curious fact that three of the four seldom or never spoke in public and adds that " the power of these men lay in what they knew and did."

As in all of Parker's work the lectures on the " Historic Americans " had a didactic purpose and were intended to convey something more than information. They were designed not only to portray the characters of the great men delineated but also to instruct people in the principles upon which the American Republic is founded. By the virtues of the heroes, the writer wished to inspire his countrymen and by their faults to warn them. When Parker selected these themes, " his object," said Mr. Frothingham in his introduction, " was not to amuse an audience for an hour; it was not to convey biographical information in a popular form; it was not to do good in a general sense; much less was it, in a specific sense, to do evil by affronting the reverence of his contemporaries or diminishing the reputation of eminent men whom people far and near had lifted to a pedestal of honor. His design was to trace back to their sources, in the creative minds of the nation, the principles that have exerted a controlling influence in the nation's history and are still active in the institutions and politics of the hour."

This purpose was amply accomplished. Had Parker been able to add equally conscientious studies of the three remaining statesmen who were the founders of the republic, Hamilton, Madison and Marshall, he would have completed in biographical form a real history of the origin and principles of the American commonwealth. In the absence of such studies there have been added to this volume the sermons preached by Parker

on the deaths of two of the great statesmen of the middle period of our national history. These addresses, because they dealt with contemporary events and characters, are less impartial than the studies of the heroes of a past generation, but the sermons on John Quincy Adams and Daniel Webster were among the most famous and most widely circulated of Parker's public utterances.

The lectures on the "Historic Americans" were prepared at a time when the agitation over slavery was at its height. The two sermons here added dealt with the careers of men actively engaged in the discussion of the great issue of the hour. The slavery question entered into Parker's every estimate of all these public leaders. A failure to assent to his opinion on that absorbing issue was to Parker nothing less than moral delinquency. George William Curtis once told of Charles Sumner a story which might have been true of Parker. "Once," he said, "when I argued with him that his opponents might be sincere and that there was some reason on the other side, he thundered, 'Upon such a question there is no other side.'" Parker saw so clearly the immediate and dreadful evil of slavery that he was sometimes led into unjust condemnation of men, quite as patriotic and as tender-hearted as himself, who felt that national disruption might be even a greater evil or who proposed other solutions of the problem than that championed by the Abolitionists.

Parker was much given to italicizing and capitalizing important words in his books and manuscripts. His points did not really need such emphasis and in this edition the italics are omitted. By ample learning, by lucid speech, by intense moral earnestness, he both shaped and expressed the public opinion of those of his

fellow-citizens who were inclined to agree with him.

The lectures and sermons contained in this volume illustrate the prodigious labor, the honesty of purpose, the brilliancy of style, and the uncompromising zeal for truth and righteousness which gave to Theodore Parker a great influence over the minds and hearts of his own generation and which make these biographical studies a permanent contribution to American literature.

Samuel A. Eliot.

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I

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

At the beginning of the last century a hardy man, Josiah Franklin by name, born in England, the son of a blacksmith, himself a tallow-chandler, was living in a small house, in an obscure way, in Boston, then a colonial town of eight or ten thousand inhabitants, in the colony of Massachusetts Bay.

On the 17th of January, at the Blue Ball, in Hanover street, 1706,[1] his tenth son was born into this world, and, it being Sunday, he was taken to the meeting-house and publicly baptized the same day, according to the common custom of those times; for then it was taught by the ministers that the devil watched about every cradle, ready to seize the souls of all babies dying before they got ecclesiastically sprinkled with water, and that the ceremony of baptism would save them from his clutches until they could discern good from evil. The minister had a wig on his head, and Geneva bands about his neck. There was no Bible upon the desk of the pulpit, and he thought it a sin to repeat the Lord's Prayer. When he said, "This child's name is Benjamin," how all those grim puritanic Bostonians looked on the tenth boy, the fifteenth child of the tallow-chandler! And prudent aunts doubtless wondered what he would do with such a family in those hard times. That little baby, humbly cradled, has turned out to be the greatest man that America ever bore in her bosom or set eyes upon. Beyond all question, as I think, Benjamin Franklin had

the largest mind that has shone this side of the sea,—widest in its comprehension, most deep-looking, thoughtful, far-seeing, of course the most original and creative child of the New World.

For the last four generations no man has shed such copious good influence on America; none added so much new truth to the popular knowledge; none has so skilfully organized its ideas into institutions; none has so powerfully and wisely directed the nation's conduct, and advanced its welfare in so many respects. No man now has so strong a hold on the habits and manners of the people. Franklin comes home to the individual business of practical men in their daily life. His homely sayings are the proverbs of the people now. Much of our social machinery, academic, literary, philosophic, is of his device.

Let us now look this extraordinary Benjamin Franklin in the face, and see what he was.[2]

He was born in Boston, on the 17th of January, 1706. Thence he ran away in the autumn of 1723, and in October found himself a new home in Philadelphia, where he made his first meal in the street one Sunday morning from a draught of Delaware river water and a pennyworth of bread, giving twopence worth to a poor woman.[3] Such was his first breakfast and his earliest charity in his adopted state. Here he worked as a journeyman printer. Deceived by Sir William Keith, the Governor of Pennsylvania, he went to England, landing there the 24th of December, 1724. He followed his trade in London for about two years. He returned to Philadelphia on the 11th of October, 1726, and resumed his business as printer, entering also into politics; or, rather, I should say, he became

a statesman, for he was never a politician, but a statesman from the beginning, who never solicited an office, nor used any indirection to retain one when it was in his possession. As agent for Pennsylvania, he again went to England in October, 1757, and returned to Philadelphia in November, 1762. But he went back to England in December, 1764, as agent for several colonies, and returned thence, 5th of May, 1775. He was sent as minister to France by the revolted colonies in 1776, whence, on September 14, 1785, he returned to Philadelphia, which he never left again. He was President, or what we should now call Governor, of Pennsylvania, from October, 1785, to October, 1788, and was also a member of the Federal Convention, which made the Constitution of the United States. He died on the 17th April, 1790, aged eighty-four years and three months, and his body lies buried at Philadelphia, in the corner of the churchyard, close to the Quaker meeting-house.

Franklin spent a little more than twenty-six years in Europe, more than twenty-three of them in various diplomatic services. He lived in Boston nearly eighteen years, was a citizen of Philadelphia more than sixty-six years, held his first public office in 1736, and left office altogether in 1788, serving his state and nation in many public trusts something about fifty-two years. He was married in 1730, at the age of twenty-four. His wife died in 1774. He was forty-four years a husband, though for twenty-three years he was in Europe for the most part, while she remained wholly in Pennsylvania. He left two children,— an illegitimate son, William Temple Franklin, who afterwards became governor of the colony of New Jersey, and was a Tory,— and a legitimate daughter, Sarah.[4]

Both of them married, and became parents long before his death. A few of his descendants are still living, though none, I think, bear the name of Franklin. Such is the material basis of facts and of dates.

To understand the man, look at the most important scenes in his public life.

I. A stout, hardy-looking boy, with a great head, twelve or fourteen years old, clad in knee breeches, with buckles in his shoes, is selling ballads in the streets of Boston, broadsides printed on a single sheet, containing what were called "varses" in those times. One is "The Lighthouse Tragedy," giving an account of the shipwreck of Captain Worthylake and his two daughters, and the other, "The Capture of Blackbeard the Pirate." He wrote the "varses" himself, and printed them also. "Wretched stuff," he says, they were: no doubt of it. From eight to nine he has been in the grammar school, but less than a year; then in another public school for reading and writing for less than another year — a short time, truly; but he made rapid progress, yet "failed entirely in arithmetic." In school he studied hard. Out-of-doors he was a wild boy,—"a leader among the boys,"— and sometimes "led them into scrapes." After the age of ten he never saw the inside of a school-house as a pupil. Harvard College was near at home, and the Boston Latin School close by, its little bell tinkling to him in his father's shop; but poverty shut the door in his face. Yet he would learn. He might be born poor, he could not be kept ignorant. His birth to genius more than made up for want of academic breeding.

He had educational helps at home. His father, a man of middle stature, well set, and very strong, was

not only handy with tools, but "could draw prettily." He played on the violin, and sang withal. Rather an austere Calvinist, a man of "sound understanding." Careless about food at table, he talked of what was "good, just, and prudent in the conduct of life," and not of the baked beans, the corned beef, or the rye and Indian bread. The father had a few books: Plutarch's "Lives," "Essays to do Good," by Cotton Mather, and besides, volumes of theological controversy and of New England divinity. Benjamin added some books of his own: Bunyan, Burton's Historical Collection; in all forty little volumes. He was fond of reading, and early took to writing poetry. Two children were born after him, making the family of the patriarchal number of seventeen. The father and mother [5] were never sick. They died of old age, as we ought; he at eighty-nine, she at eighty-five. The apple mellowed or shriveled up, and then fell off.

There was an uncle Benjamin, like the nephew in many things, who lived the other side of the water for a long time, and subsequently came here. Now and then he shot a letter to the hopeful Benjamin this side the sea, poetical sometimes, whereof some fragments still remain; one addressed to him when he was four years old, the other when he was seventeen; one warning him against military propensities, which the baby in long clothes was thought to have displayed, the other encouraging the poetic aspiration. In fact, the uncle Benjamin, like the nephew, had an inclination for "varses," and the specimens of his which are extant are not so bad as some "varses" that have been written since his time. When the nephew was seven years old, the uncle, hearing of his poetic fervor, wrote —

"'Tis time for me to throw aside my pen
When hanging sleeves read, write, and rhyme like men.
This forward spring foretells a plenteous crop,
For if the bud bear grain, what will the top!"

Benjamin had glimpses of academic culture, for the father wished to make him a minister, thus consecrating "the tithe of his sons." But poverty forbade. The boy must work. So, when he was ten years old, the tallow-chandler tried him with the dips and molds of his own shop at the sign of the Blue Ball, then with the cutlery of his cousin Samuel, "bred to that trade in London;" but neither business suited him. These experiments continued for two years. Then, at the age of twelve, he was apprenticed to his brother James, a printer, afterwards an editor of the "New England Courant," the fourth newspaper published in America. James Franklin was a man not altogether respectable. During this apprenticeship Mr. Matthew Adams, a merchant, often lent Benjamin books, which he sat up the greater part of the night to read.

This is the boy who is hawking his own ballads about the streets of the little colonial town of Boston. This is the first scene in his public life. There is nothing remarkable in it, nothing very promising. He makes no public appearance in Boston again.

II. Next, in 1727, Franklin is a master printer on his own account, in his own hired house or shop in Market street, Philadelphia. A white board over the door tells the world that "Benjamin Franklin, Printer," may be found there. He has just printed his first job for five shillings. Since he left Massachusetts his life has been quite eventful. In Boston he wrote for his brother's newspaper, secretly at first, and after-

wards openly. He was nominally its editor, and perhaps also its poet. He quarreled with his brother James, ran away to Philadelphia, and has had a hard and tempestuous time of it. He did well as a journeyman printer in Philadelphia during his nineteenth and twentieth years. But the Governor took notice of him, swindled him, and sent him to England on a fool's errand. Wherever he fell he touched ground with his feet. In London he followed his craft nearly two years, making friends and foes. He was a wild young man, and led himself into dissipations and difficulties. He kept low company sometimes, not only of bad men, but of evil women also, spending a good deal of his earnings at plays and at public amusements. But even now, at twenty-one, he is industrious, temperate, frugal, forecasting, punctual, and that to an extraordinary degree. He works late and early, not disdaining to wheel home in a barrow the paper he bought for his trade. "He that would thrive, must rise at five:" he knew it before he was twenty. He had read many books, nay, studied them; the Spectator, the memorable things of Xenophon, Cocker's Arithmetic, books on navigation, which helped him to a little geometry, Locke on the Understanding, Shaftesbury, Collins, with the ecclesiastical replies to the free-thinkers; and in London he read many works not elsewhere accessible. He wrote, also, with simplicity, strength, and beauty, having taken great pains to acquire a neat and easy style. There is a diary of his, written when he was only twenty. He was now twenty-one. He soon became editor of the Pennsylvania Gazette, then bookseller, then almanac maker, then postmaster of Philadelphia, continuing always his printing trade. He had many irons in the fire, yet not one too many,

for he was careful that none burned. The change from the boy of fourteen, selling ballads in Boston, to the youth of twenty-one, printing Quaker books, or to the mature man, printer and bookseller, is only a natural development.

III. Now he is forty-six years old. In June, 1752, attended by his son twenty-one years old, he is in the fields near Philadelphia as a thunder-cloud comes up. He hoists a kite, covered with a silk handkerchief, an iron point at its head. He lets it fly towards the cloud. He holds by a short end of non-conducting silk the long string of hemp, a conductor of electricity. An iron key hangs at the jointing of the silk with the hemp. He touches the key. The lightning of heaven sparkles in his hand. The mystery is solved. The lightning of the heavens and the electricity of the chemist's shop are the same thing. The difference is only in quantity; in kind they are the same. An iron point will attract the lightning. A string of hemp or wire will conduct it to the ground. Thunder has lost its destructive terror. The greatest discovery of the century is made, the parent of many more not dreamed of then or yet. Truly this is a great picture.

Between Franklin, the young printer of twenty-one, and Franklin, the philosopher, at forty-six, many events have taken place. The obscure printer of 1727 is now a famous man, inclining towards riches. He has had many social and civil honors. He has been justice of the peace (the title then meant something), afterwards alderman, clerk of the General Assembly, then member of the Assembly, then speaker, then postmaster of Philadelphia, then Postmaster-General of all the colonies. His Almanac has made him more widely

known than any man in America; known to the rising democracy, respected and followed, too, by the mass of the people. There are hundreds of families, nay, thousands, with only two books; one the Bible, which they read Sundays, and the other his "Poor Richard's Almanac," which they read the other six days of the week; and as its daily lessons are short, they are remembered for ever. The Almanac seems to have perished in our time. So the leaves which grew on the Charter Oak, in Connecticut, a hundred years since, have all perished; but every crop of leaves left its ring all round the trunk. The Almanac has perished, but the wisdom of Franklin still lives in the consciousness and conduct of the people.

He has put his thought into Philadelphia, and in twenty-five years organized its municipal affairs, its education and charity, more wisely than any city in the world. He is in correspondence with the most eminent men of science in America, and has a name also with scientific men in England, France, Germany, and Italy. After the age of twenty-one he studied and learned Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, German, and very soon became able to read all these languages, which, at a later day, the scholars of so many nations used in bestowing praises on this printer-philosopher, who had snatched the lightning out of the sky, and had undertaken yet greater and more difficult works. The wonderful discovery is known all over Europe, and the two colleges of New England, Yale leading the way, honor themselves by calling him Master of Arts. They adopt this runaway apprentice, this heretical tamer of lightning, into the company of their academic children. Soon the splendid colleges of all Europe confer their honors, transmit to him their medals, give him their

diplomas, and hereafter it is "Dr. Franklin," and no longer plain "Mr. Benjamin." From the sale of the ballads to the rope of the lightning some thirty years have passed,— a long step of time, but one by which he mounted very high.

IV. In 1776, in a small room at Philadelphia, there are five men draughting the Declaration of Independence,— Livingston from New York, Jefferson from Virginia, Franklin, Sherman, and John Adams, New England born, all three of them, Massachusetts boys, poor men's sons, who had fought their way to eminence; their birth to talent better than their breeding to academic culture. Behind them all stands Samuel Adams, another great man of Massachusetts, tall and valiant, also a poor man's son. Active and noiseless, he inspires the five companions for this great work, with his thought and courage and trust in God. These are the men who are making the Declaration of Independence. Virginia furnished the popular pen of Jefferson. Massachusetts the great ideas, the "self-evident truths," of the Declaration itself. New to the rest of the world, they have been "Resolved" in the meetings of Boston, and in other obscure little New England towns. Household words they were to her, which our forefathers' pious care had handed down.

This is a wide prospect. A whole continent now opens before us. The curtain is lifted high. You see the young nation in its infancy. "Hercules in his cradle," said Franklin; but with a legion of the mystic serpents about him. If the rising sun shines auspicious, yet the clouds threaten a storm, long and terrible.

In the interval from 1752 to 1776, between the act

of "the thunderbolt of heaven," and that of "the scepter of the tyrant," much has taken place. Franklin has been chosen member of the first Colonial Congress, which met at Albany in 1754, to protect the provinces from the French and Indians. His far-reaching mind there planned the scheme of the Union for common defense among all the colonies. This the British Government disliked; for if the colonies should form a Union, and the people become aware of their strength, they would soon want independence. Also Franklin has set military expeditions on foot; he and another young buckskin furnishing most of the little wisdom which went with General Braddock and his luckless troop. He has been a colonel in actual service, and done actual work, too. He it was who erected the fortresses all along the frontier between the English and French possessions west of Pennsylvania. He had been sent to England as a colonial agent to remonstrate against the despotism of the proprietaries. He was also appointed agent for Georgia, New Jersey, and Massachusetts, and was commissioned to look after their rights, and protect them from the despotism of the King and Parliament. He was examined before the House of Commons in 1766, and gave admirable testimony as to the condition and character of the colonies, and as to the disposition and temper of America towards the Stamp Act. His cool, profound, and admirable statements, for the most part made without premeditation or anticipation of the questions proposed to him, astonished the English Parliament. "What used to be the pride of the Americans?" asked a questioner. "To indulge in the fashions and manufactures of Great Britain." "What is now their pride?" "To wear their old clothes over again till they can make new ones."

He found that some of the first men of Boston, Governor Hutchinson, Lieutenant-Governor Oliver, and other Boston Tories, "citizens of eminent gravity" in those times, had written official and private letters to a conspicuous member of Parliament, infamously traducing the colony of Massachusetts, and pointing out means for destroying the liberties of all the colonies and provinces, so as to establish a despotism here in America. He obtained these letters, private yet official, and sent them to a friend in Boston, Mr. Cushing, a timid man, speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives.[6] They were laid before the House and printed. Massachusetts, in consequence, sent a petition to the king, asking that these treacherous officers be removed from office. This righteous act,[7] exposing the secret villany of officials, drew on Franklin the wrath of the New England Tories, and of the rulers of Old England. For this he was brought before the privy council of the king of England on January 29, 1774. A great array of famous men were in attendance, five and thirty lords and others. There Mr. Wedderburn, the king's solicitor-general, insulted him with such abuse as only such a man could know how to invent. Before this audience of five and thirty lords, who were seated, did Franklin stand for ten hours and listen to this purchased sycophant. "He has forfeited all the respect of societies and of men," said the courtier. "It is impossible to read his account, expressing the cruelest and most deliberate malice, without horror." The councillors of England cheered this tin peddler of malignant rhetoric. But Franklin "stood conspicuously erect, without the smallest movement of any part of his body," and kept his countenance as immovable as if his features had been made of wood.

He appeared on this day in a suit of Manchester velvet, which it was noticed he did not again wear in England.[8] He was turned out of his office of Postmaster-General of the American colonies that very night.

This was the philosopher whom the learned academies of England, and of all Europe, had honored for taking the thunderbolt out of the sky; now in that little room he is wrenching the scepter from tyrants, making the Declaration of Independence, for which alone Britain would give him a halter. More than twenty years before, he had sought to establish a Union between the colonies; now he seeks independence. He would build up the new government on self-evident truths,— that all men are created equal, each endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. He is an old man now, more than seventy years of age; an old man, lame with the gout, but active, as the sun is active with light. He is the most popular man in America, the most influential man in the American Congress,— save only the far-seeing and unflinching Samuel Adams,— the greatest, the most celebrated, the most conciliating. It is a grand act, this molding the progress of permanent and eternal principles, to form the American government. The world saw none grander in that century. There, for the first time in history, a nation laid the foundation of its state on the natural law that all governments shall uphold all men's right, not a few men's privilege.

V. Franklin, at Paris, is negotiating the treaty of peace between America and Great Britain in 1783, in connection with John Adams, Jefferson, Laurens, and Jay. He accomplished the work, put an end to all hos-

tility with England, and secured the acknowledgment of our independence. The war of eight sad years (1775–1783) was now over. They had been to him years of intense activity at the court of France, where he was not only American Minister, but Judge in Admiralty and Consul-General, charged with many and very discordant duties. Seventy-seven years old, he now sets the seal of triumph on the act of the American people. What was only a Declaration in 1776, is now a fact fixed in the history of mankind. Washington was the Franklin of camps, but Franklin was the Washington of courts; and the masterly skill of the great diplomatist, the patience which might tire but which never gave out; the extraordinary shrewdness, dexterity, patience, moderation, and silence with which he conducted the most difficult of negotiations, are not less admirable than the coolness, intrepidity, and caution of the great general in his most disastrous campaign. Now these troubles are all over. America is free, Britain is pacific, and Franklin congratulates his friends. "There never was a good war or a bad peace;" and yet he, the brave, wise man that he was, sought to make the treaty better, endeavoring to persuade England to agree that there should be no more temptation to privateering, and that all private property on sea and land should be perfectly safe from the ravages of war. Franklin wished to do in 1783 what the wisest negotiators tried to accomplish in April, 1856, in the treaty of Paris.

VI. Franklin, an old man of eighty-four, is making ready to die. The great philosopher, the great statesman, he has done with philosophy and state-craft, not yet ended his philanthropy. He is satisfied with hav-

ing taken the thunderbolt from the sky, bringing it noiseless and harmless to the ground; he has not yet done with taking the scepter from tyrants. True, he has, by the foundation of the American state on the natural and inalienable rights of all, helped to set America free from the despotism of the British king and Parliament. None has done more for that. He has made the treaty with Prussia, which forbids privateering and the warlike plunder of individual property on land or sea. But now he remembers that there are some six hundred thousand African slaves in America, whose bodies are taken from their control, even in time of peace — peace to other men, to them a period of perpetual war. So, in 1787, he founds a society for the abolition of slavery. He is its first president, and in that capacity signed a petition to Congress, asking "the restitution of liberty to those unhappy men, who alone in this land of freedom are degraded into perpetual bondage;" asks Congress "that you will step to the very verge of the power vested in you for discouraging every species of traffic in the persons of our fellow-men." This petition was the last public act of Franklin, the last public document he ever signed. He had put his hand to the Declaration of Independence; to the treaties of alliance with France and Prussia; to the treaty of peace with Great Britain; now he signs the first petition for the abolition of slavery.[9]

Between 1783 and 1790 what important events had taken place! For three years he had been President of Pennsylvania, unanimously elected by the Assembly every time save the first, when one vote out of seventy-seven was cast against him. He had been a member of the Federal Convention, which made the Constitu-

tion, and, spite of what he considered to be its errors, put his name to it. Neither he, nor Washington, nor indeed any of the great men who helped to make that instrument, thought it perfect, or worshipped it as an idol.

In the Constitutional Convention Franklin consented to the continuance of slavery in the Union. I do not find that he publicly opposed the African slave-trade. At that time he was the greatest man on the Continent of America, possessing and enjoying great respect, great popularity and influence throughout the country. Had he said, "There must be no slavery in the United States. It is unprofitable; it conflicts with our interests, social, educational, commercial, moral. It is unphilosophical, at variance with the very objects of the Constitution, and incompatible with the political existence of a republic. Moreover, it is wicked, utterly at war with the eternal law which God has written in the constitution of man and of matter. It must, by all means, be put down:"— had he said these things, what would have happened? Washington would have been at his side, and Madison and Sherman, with the States of New England and New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland. On the other hand, Virginia and North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, might have gone and been annexed to England or Spain. But, instead of four millions of negro slaves, and instead of slave ships fitting out in New York and Baltimore, and the Federal Government at Boston playing genteel comedy at the slave-trader's trial, what a spectacle of domestic government should we have had! What national prosperity! But Franklin spoke no such word. Did he not think? Did he fear? Judge ye who can. To me, his silence there is the great fault of his life.

But now, as his last act, he seeks to correct the great fault and blot and vice of the American government — the only one which has given us much trouble. The petition was presented on the 12th of February, 1790. It asked for the abolition of the slave trade, and for the emancipation of slaves. A storm followed; the South was in a rage, which lasted till near the end of March. Mr. Jackson, of Georgia, defended the "peculiar institution." The ancient republics had slaves; the whole current of the Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, proved that religion was not hostile to slavery. On the 23rd of March, 1790, Franklin wrote for the "National Gazette" the speech in favor of the enslavement of Christians. He put it into the mouth of a member of the Divan of Algiers. It was a parody of the actual words of Mr. Jackson, of Georgia, as delivered in Congress a few days before; the text, however, being taken out of the Koran. It was one of the most witty, brilliant, and ingenious things that came from his mind.

This was the last public writing of Dr. Franklin; and, with the exception of a letter to his sister and one to Mr. Jefferson, it was the last line which ran out from his fertile pen,— written only twenty-four days before his death. What a farewell it was! This old man, "the most rational, perhaps, of all philosophers," the most famous man in America, now in private life, waiting for the last angel to unbind his spirit and set him free from a perishing body, makes his last appearance before the American people as president of an abolition society, protesting against American slavery in the last public line he writes! One of his wittiest and most ingenious works is a plea for the bondman, adroit, masterly, short, and not to be answered. It was fit to be

the last scene of such a life. Drop down the curtain before the sick old man, and let his healthy soul ascend unseen and growing.

Look, now, at the character of Dr. Franklin. All the materials for judging him are not yet before the public, for historians and biographers, like other attorneys, sometimes withhold the evidence, and keep important facts out of sight, so as to secure a verdict which does not cover the whole case. There are writings of Franklin which neither the public nor myself have ever seen. Enough, however, is known of this great man to enable us to form a just opinion. Additional things would alter the quantity, not the kind. The human faculties, not pertaining to the body, may be divided into these four: the intellectual, the moral, the affectional, and the religious. Look at Franklin in respect to each of the four.

I. He had an intellect of a very high order,— inventive, capacious, many-sided, retentive. His life covers nearly the whole of the eighteenth century. Ten years he was the contemporary of Leibnitz, twenty-one of Sir Isaac Newton. He was sixty-three years old when Alexander Humboldt and Cuvier were born. He embraced Voltaire. His orbit was intersected by that of Berkeley, Montesquieu, Hume, Kant, Priestley, Adam Smith. But in the eighty-four years to which his life extended, I find no mind, which, on the whole, seems so great. I mean so generally able, various, original, and strong. Others were quite superior to him in specialties of intellect,— metaphysical, mathematical, and poetical. Many surpassed him in wide learning, of literature, or science, and in careful and exact culture; but none equaled him in general large-

ness of power, and great variety and strength of mind. In an age of encyclopedias, his was the most encyclopedic head in all Christendom. In the century of revolution, his was the most revolutionary and constructive intellect.[10]

Franklin had a great understanding, a moderate imagination, and a great reason. He could never have become an eminent poet or orator. With such, the means is half the end. He does not seem to have attended to any of the fine arts, with the single exception of music. He was not fond of works of imagination, and in his boyhood he sold Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress to buy Burton's Historical Collections. Perhaps he underrated the beautiful and the sublime. I do not remember, in the ten volumes of his writings, a line containing a single reference to either. This defect in his mental structure continually appears in his works and in his life. Hence, there is a certain homeliness and lack of elegance in his writings, and sometimes a little coarseness and rudeness. Hence, also, comes the popular judgment that he was not a high-minded man. Kant, Kepler, Descartes, Leibnitz, Schelling, were men of great imagination, which gives a particular poetic charm to their works that you do not find in the Saxon philosophers. Bacon, Locke, Newton, Adam Smith, were men of vast ability, but not imaginative or poetic. Franklin thinks, investigates, theorizes, invents, but never does he dream. No haze hangs on the sharp outline of his exact idea to lend it an added charm.

Besides this immense understanding, Franklin had an immense reason, which gave him great insight and power in all practical, philosophic, and speculative matters. He was a man of the most uncommon common sense. He saw clearly into the remote causes of

things, and had great power of generalization to discuss the universal laws, the one eternal principle, or the manifold and floating facts. He did not come to his philosophic conclusions and discoveries by that poetic imagination which creates hypothesis after hypothesis, until some one fits the case; nor did he seem to reach them by that logical process which is called induction. But he rather perfected his wonderful inventions by his own simple greatness of understanding and of reason, a spontaneous instinct of causality, which led him to the point at once. He announced his discoveries with no parade. He does the thing, and says nothing about it, as if it were the commonest thing in the world.

His simplicity appears not only in his manners and in his life, but also in his intellectual method. Accordingly, he was a great inventor of new ideas in science, the philosophy of matter, and in politics, the philosophy of states; in both running before the experience of the world. If only his philosophic writings had come down to us, we should say, "Here was a mind of the first order,— a brother of Leibnitz, Newton, Cuvier, Humboldt." If nought but his political writings were preserved, his thoughts on agriculture, manufactures, commerce, finance, the condition and prospect of the colonies, the effect of certain taxes on them, the historical development of America and her ultimate relation to England, then we should say, "Here was one of the greatest political thinkers of the age or of the world." For while he anticipated the scientific discoveries of future philosophers, he does the same in the departments of the politician and the statesman. He understood easily the complicated affairs of a nation, and saw clearly the great general laws which

determine the welfare of the individual or of the state. Yet he made occasional mistakes; for the swift forethought of genius, on the whole, is not so wise as the slow experience of the human race. Nobody is as great as everybody.

Constructive as well as inventive, Franklin was a great organizer. He knew how to make his thought a thing, to put his scientific idea into matter — making a machine, his social idea into men — creating an institution. He could produce the maximum of result with the minimum outlay of means. His contrivances, mechanical and social, are many and surprising. He improved the printing press, invented stereotyping, and manifold letter-writers. He cured smoky chimneys of their bad habits. He amended the shape and the rig of ships. He showed the sailors how they might take advantage of the Gulf-stream to shorten their eastward transit of the Atlantic, and how to steer so as to avoid it on the westward passage. He told them how a few men might haul a heavy boat, and how they might keep fresh provisions at sea. He suggested improvements in the soup-dishes of sailors, and in the water-troughs of horses. He introduced new kinds of seeds, grass, turnips, broom-corn, curious beans from England, vines from France, and many other vegetables and plants. He drained lands skilfully, and gathered great crops from them. He reformed fireplaces, and invented the Franklin stove. First of all men he warmed public buildings. He had a fan on his chair, moved by a treadle, so as to drive away the flies. He made him spectacles, with two sets of glasses, for far and near sight. He invented a musical instrument, and improved the electrical machine. He discovered that lightning and electricity are the same, proving it

in the simplest and deepest and most satisfactory manner, by catching the actual lightning. He first discerned the difference between positive and negative electricity.

He taught men to protect buildings from lightning, and would use electricity to kill animals without pain, and to make tough meat tender and digestible. "There are no bounds," says he, in 1751, "to the force men may raise and use in the electrical way; for little may be added to little, ad infinitum, and so accumulated, and then, afterwards, discharged "together at once." He invented a phonographic alphabet, which does not now look so strange as in 1768. He improved the wheels of carriages, the form of wind-mills and water-mills, and the covering of roofs. First of all men, he induced the citizens of Philadelphia to construct foot pavements (which we call sidewalks), and to place crossing-stones in their most frequented streets. In London, he first proved that streets could be swept in dry weather as well as hoed and scraped in wet weather. He demonstrated this fact, by hiring an old woman to sweep the street in front of his house. Thus this Yankee printer taught the Londoners a useful lesson, now universally known.

At the age of twenty-two, in 1728, Franklin founded the first American Club for mutual improvement. It was called a "Junto." In 1744 he was the founder of the "American Philosophical Society," the first scientific association on this continent. He established, in 1751, the first American free school outside of New England, and he originated the first social library in the world. He organized the first fire company in America, and the first night-watch in Philadelphia. In 1741 he started the first magazine in America,— the

" General Magazine,"— the forerunner of the " North American," " Examiner," " New England Review," and a great host more. In the Quaker State of Pennsylvania, in 1744, he first organized the military force, getting ten thousand subscribers to maintain a volunteer militia. The women provided silken banners, which Franklin supplied with appropriate mottoes. He was himself colonel of the Philadelphia regiment.

He first enrolled men for the military defense of the Quaker city, in 1744, when Spanish pirates came up the river, and threatened to burn the town. He planned the admirable military organization for the whole colony of Pennsylvania, in 1754, for defense against the French and Indians, and in 1755 furnished the commissariat trains of General Braddock. He first proposed the union of all the provinces in 1754, and in 1775 he first made the plan of a confederacy of them all, which could not be adopted till 1778, though then with improvements. Such was the distracted condition of all things in America at that time, that this organizing skill seemed most of all things needful; and Franklin's great power was not only in invention, but in organization quite as much. He had a genius for creation and administration. He easily saw what things belonged together, and found the true principle which would make many coalesce and become an association, affording freedom to each individual, and social unity to all.

Yet his plan for the Constitution of the State of Pennsylvania did not work well;[11] nor would his scheme that the Federal officers should serve without salary[12] have proved to be desirable or practicable. His design for the excitement of the ambition of children at school I think was a great mistake.[13] He

founded many societies, which still continue, and his schemes have been extended far and wide. The people understood this genius for all kinds of practical and social arrangement, and put his name to many institutions of which he was but remotely the founder. Churches are called after Paul, Peter, James, John, but fire companies, debating societies, book clubs, libraries, hospitals, and the like, are named for Franklin. Institutions for theology have the name of theologic apostles, but institutions for humanity bear the name of this great apostle of benevolence.

Administrative as well as constructive, he was a most able manager. He knew how to deal with men, leading them to accept his conclusions, and accomplish his purposes. Here he was helped by his great shrewdness and knowledge of the world, and also by his admirable geniality and kindness of manner, good-humor, mirth, and reserve. He did not drive men, but led them, and that often with a thread so delicate that they did not see it. He did not affect to lead, but only to follow. So the wise mother conducts her refractory boy to school for the first time, not dragging him by the hand or by the ear, and hauling him there, school-mother fashion, but by throwing something forward, and letting little Master Wilful run and pick it up; then varying the experiment, and so conquering without a battle. He knew

> "Men should be taught as if you taught them not,
> And things unknown proposed as things forgot."

He took care not to wound the vanity of men, or hurt their self-esteem, by exhibiting his own immense superiority of knowledge, insight, and skill. He had tact, — that admirable art of hitting the nail on the head at

the first strike, and not bruising the fingers while it is driven home. He was one of the most adroit of diplomatists, fully equal to the European practitioners, whose fathers, from generation to generation, had been accustomed "to lie abroad for the advantage of their country." Candid and open with the honest, none knew better than he how to manage a cunning man. He knew how to conciliate. When others made a speech, he told a story, or invented a parable, and so cheaply drew the thunder out of the hostile cloud. If he could not help knowing the faults of the men he was obliged to work with, he forbore from letting them see what he knew.[14] He could speak at the right time, none more silvery; but he knew when silence was golden, and had a wise reserve. Hence he was often thought to dissemble and feign, because he said nothing. He knew how to work, and when to wait. When his iron was cold he heated it, and only struck it when it was hot; and he could make his chimney burn its own smoke.

Singularly modest, he claimed very little for himself of merit, honor, or originality. He let others, when it helped the common cause, use his political or philosophical thought as if it were common property, or the private estate of any claimant; knowing, as he said, that it would all come right in the end, without his wasting any words now. With abundance of private enemies, he had no private quarrels, which it always takes two to make. Calumnies against him he left time to answer. Where are they now? Assaulted by some of the wiliest, craftiest, and most insidious, he never broke a private friendship. Some he convinced, some he wooed, others he gently drew, and some he took up in his great fatherly arms, and carried, and kissed,

and set them down just where he would. He quarreled only with the public enemies of his country, but took the mildest ways of allaying trouble. When the Constitutional Convention was excited and inharmonious, Franklin suggested that their meetings should be opened with prayers. And so he shed oil on the troubled waters, and all tumult ceased. He knew how to use the auspicious moment, and to make hay while the sun shone. All men have fits of easy benevolence. He could take advantage of them.

Thus he procured the cannon from Governor Clinton, of New York, for the armament of the fort below Philadelphia, against a threatened invasion of French and Spaniards. Franklin, Colonel Lawrence, Messrs. Allen and Taylor, were sent to New York to borrow cannon of Governor Clinton. At first the Governor met them with a flat refusal. But after a dinner, where there was great drinking of Madeira wine, he softened by degrees, and said he would lend six. After a few more bumpers he advanced ten, and at length he very good-naturedly granted eighteen. They were fine cannon, eighteen pounders, with their proper carriages, and were soon transported, and mounted on the fort.

In like manner, seizing the opportunity when the news of General Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga reached Paris, he at once made the treaty of alliance between the United States of America and France. It could not have been done a moment sooner.

II. Franklin's moral powers were certainly great; his moral perceptions quick, distinct, and strong. His moral character was high, though by no means without defects. He uniformly sought justice in the relation between nation and nation, government and people,

man and man, and did not stop at the letter of treaties and statutes, or at habits and customs never so old, but went back to the natural rights of man. He loved peace, public and private, and hated all that was sectional and personal. He was the enemy of all slavery, called by whatever political or ecclesiastical name. Yet his moral sense does not appear to have been so active as were his affections and intellect in his early days. This is not uncommon. The faculty of conscience which sees the eternal right, is often dormant at the beginning of life. Hence he made " errata," as he technically calls them, which he afterwards pointed out himself, that he might warn others. He stumbled many times in learning to walk, and, as he was a tall youth, and moved fast, so he fell hard. At the last there is a little lack of that nice womanly delicacy which you find in a moral character of the very highest elevation. His was the morality of a strong, experienced person, who had seen the folly of wise men, the meanness of proud men, the baseness of honorable men, and the littleness of great men, and made liberal allowances for the failures of all men. If the final end to be reached were just, he did not always inquire about the provisional means which led thither. He knew that the right line is the shortest distance between two points, in morals as in mathematics, but yet did not quarrel with such as attained the point by a crooked line. Such is the habit of politicians, diplomatists, statesmen, who look on all men as a commander looks on his soldiers, and does not ask them to join the church or keep their hands clean, but to stand to their guns and win the battle.

Thus, in the Legislature of Pennsylvania, Franklin found great difficulty in carrying on the necessary

measures for military defense because a majority of the Assembly were Quakers, who, though friendly to the success of the revolution, founded contrary to their principles, refused to vote the supplies of war. So he caused them to vote appropriations to purchase bread, flour, wheat, or other grain. The Governor said, "I shall take the money," for "I understand very well their meaning,— other grain is gunpowder." He afterwards moved the purchase of a fire-engine, saying to a friend, "Nominate me on the committee, and I will nominate you; we will buy a great gun, which is certainly a fire-engine; the Quakers can have no objection to that."

Such was the course of policy that Franklin took, as I think, to excess; but yet I believe that no statesman of that whole century did so much to embody the eternal rules of right in the customs of the people, and to make the constitution of the universe the common law of all mankind; and I cannot bestow higher praise than that on any man whose name I can recall. He mitigated the ferocities of war. He built new hospitals and improved old ones. He first introduced this humane principle into the law of nations, that in time of war private property on land shall be unmolested, and peaceful commerce continued, and captive soldiers treated as well as the soldiers of the captors.[15] Generous during his lifetime, his dead hand still gathers and distributes blessings to the mechanics of Boston and their children.[16] True it is that

> "Him only pleasure leads and peace attends,
> Whose means are pure and spotless as his ends."

But it is a great thing in this stage of the world to find a man whose ends are pure and spotless. Let us thank him for that.

In his private morals there were doubtless great defects, and especially in his early life much that was wrong and low. His temperament inclined him to vices of passion. He fell the way he leaned, and caught an abiding stain from his intrigues with low women. His desertion of his betrothed, Deborah Read, who afterwards became his wife, was unjustifiable and mean. At the age of twenty-four he sought to negotiate a matrimonial engagement with a very deserving young woman. He demanded with her a portion of one hundred pounds, and required her father to mortgage his house to raise the money. The bargain was broken off, though the woman in question soon became the mother of his only son.[17] He then made overtures of marriage in other quarters, but soon found that "the business of a printer being generally thought to be a poor one," he was not to expect money with a wife that was worth taking without. At length he married his former love, Deborah Read,[18] whom he had deserted more than six years before.

I make no excuse for these things, and shall not call twelve a score when it is only a dozen. His conduct in these respects was mean and low. But it is Franklin who tells us these things against himself, and gives a conscientious list of "errata." What other American ever thus volunteered evidence to condemn himself? He diligently corrected his "errata" at a later day, and if the Sun of Righteousness did not shine bright in his morning hours, it yet made for him a long clear day. True, he was set free from the youthful bias of passion; but of the worser vices of ambition, vanity, covetousness, self-esteem, envy, revenge, malice, I find no trace in all his writings, or in those of his many enemies. Though he was terribly tried by Dr. Arthur

Lee, and by John Adams, I cannot remember a single revengeful or envious word that he ever wrote in all his numerous writings, public and private. He hated George III; and it must be confessed that, if that were a failing in an American, it yet "leaned to virtue's side." One of the wittiest of men, his feathered shaft was never pointed with malice, not a word has come from his laughter or scorn at the expense of his private foes.

Yet Franklin had his little inconsistencies. In his "Poor Richard's Almanac" he said, "Lying rides on debt's back," and "Pay as you go." But it must be told, "Benjamin Franklin, Printer," ran in debt at the grocer's, and the debt accumulated from year to year. It was two pounds in 1731; nine pounds in 1736; and twenty-six pounds in 1750. Some of the items are curious. "A fan for Debby," his wife, two shillings; a "beaver hat" for himself, two pounds; "dressing an old hat" for his son, two shillings. He talked against luxury; but in 1758 he sent home sixteen yards of floweret tissue, which cost nine guineas, or about fifty dollars, for a dress for his wife. And for his daughter he sends a pair of buckles, which cost three guineas. Also he purchased a "pair of silk blankets, very fine," taken by a privateer, and also a "fine jug for beer." Said he, "I fell in love with it at first sight, for I thought it looked like a fat, jolly dame, clean and tidy, dressed in a neat blue and white calico gown, good-natured and lovely; and it put me in mind of — somebody." But he was wealthy then, and the country prospered. In different times he had sterner practices.

I find in him no inordinate love of power, or of office, or of money. He laughed at his own vanity. None

else could find it to laugh at. At the period of his early life, men in Boston and Philadelphia, whose only distinction was that they were worth five or six thousand pounds, and were residents in provincial towns of ten or twenty thousand inhabitants, mocked at this printer, the son of a tallow-chandler, and spoke of his "mechanic rust." "Contempt pierces the hide of the rhinoceros," says the proverb. Franklin remembered this, and thus began his last will and testament: "I, Benjamin Franklin, printer, late Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of America to the court of France, now President of the State of Pennsylvania, do make and declare this my last will and testament," etc. He had no little resentments; he forgave his enemies, as few statesmen and few Christians do, except in formal prayers, where it costs nothing and leads to nothing. He was publicly generous, even to his country's foes. Mr. John Dickinson was Franklin's bitterest enemy in Pennsylvania.[19] He had written a special book against British grievances, the "Farmer's Letters," while Franklin was agent in London. Franklin reprinted the book, introducing it by an excellent preface written by himself, thus overcoming evil with good, and doing good to those who persecuted him.

Franklin had a strong will; all great men have; but it was not invasive or aggressive. It cut not other wills asunder. His large stream, swift and deep, kept its own banks, and did not overslaugh another's land. He would go to his purpose by your road. He was inflexible for principles and for ends, but very conciliating and accommodating as to means and methods; never obstinate. He could bend his own will, but not suffer it to be broken. Moderate, just, persistent, now open, now reserved, he accomplished the liberation of his country.

III. Franklin was eminently an effectionate man. He had a wonderful benevolence, and was even greater in this than in philosophy or politics. He was full of loving-kindness and tender mercy. This affectionate benevolence was not merely a principle, it was quite as much the instinct of a kindly nature. You find it in his earliest writings, those written before he was twenty-one years old. He was continually doing good in the most practical way. He took care of his poor relations, some of whom, of course, repaid him not with gratitude, but with perpetual grumblings and complainings. Franklin, like all men, found that gratitude was no common virtue. He attempted to improve the condition of sailors, soldiers, prisoners of war, servants, housekeepers, farmers, and the rest of mankind. He had many friends, making them easily, and retaining them long. His correspondence with them is full of beautiful and tender love. Witness his letters to Priestley, Vaughan, Bishop Shipley, Hartley, Whately, Jared Eliot, and the numerous ladies to whom he delighted to talk with pen or lip. Flowers of endearment bloom in his private letters —wild, natural, and attractive. Even in his public documents wayside blossoms of affection will spring up. Literature records the writings of few men that were so genial.

I think no man in the world ever set on foot so many good works of practical benevolence. He sowed the seed in Philadelphia, and thence the plants spread over all the northern states. In his private capacity he looked after the aged, the sick, and the poor. He tried to protect the Indians. He would have liberated the slaves. In his high diplomatic office he sought to confine the ravages of war to public property, and to

the actual soldiers in the field. Franklin was the universal " good Samaritan." When he first set his foot in Philadelphia he gave twopence worth of bread to a poor woman, and his last act was of the same character.

IV. It has often been said that Franklin had no religion. Even the liberal Mr. Sparks thinks it is to be regretted that he did not bestow more attention to the evidences of Christianity.[20] Mr. Sparks did not mean that he neglected the evidences of God's existence or of man's duty, or that Franklin required to be convinced of the need of honesty, truth, piety, morality, reverence, love to God, and the keeping of His laws. Many have called him not only negatively irreligious, but positively anti-religious and atheistic. Here all rests on a definition.

First, if religion be a compliance with the popular ecclesiastical ceremonies, then Franklin had little religion, for in his boyhood he did not frequent the meeting-houses or churches much, but spent his only leisure day in reading and writing; in his manhood he had little to do with church forms.

Second, if religion be a belief in the standard doctrines of the ecclesiastical theology,— the trinity, the fall, total depravity, the atonement, the invincible wrath of God, eternal hell, the damnation of men or of babies, the miraculous revelation of the Old Testament and the New, the miracles of famous men, Jews, Gentiles, or Christians,— then Franklin had no religion at all; and it would be an insult to say that he believed in the popular theology of his time, or of ours, for I find not a line from his pen indicating any such belief.

Third, if religion be fear, whining, creeping through

the world, afraid to use the natural faculties in the natural way; if it be hatred of such as think differently from the mass of those who do not think at all, but only hear and believe; if it be to damn men because they say there is no damnation; then Franklin had no religion at all, but was positively anti-religious and atheistic. For he stood up straight, like a man on his own feet, and walked manfully forward, daring to think and to tell what he thought himself, leaving others to think also for themselves, having a manly contempt for all bigotry, all narrowness, yet not hating the bigot.

But if religion be to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God; if it be to love God with all the mind, and heart, and soul, and one's neighbor as one's self; if it be to forgive injuries, to do good to all men, to protect the needy, clothe the naked, instruct the ignorant, feed the hungry, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, to lift up the fallen, to break the rod of the oppressor and let the oppressed go free, and at heart to endeavor to keep one's self unspotted from the world; then what statesman, what man, what bishop of that time, was his equal? Nay, bating the errors he has himself pointed out in his life, in what was he behind the very chiefest of the apostles? If such things as he practised make a man a Christian, then Franklin must stand high on the list. If they do not, then it is of no consequence who is called Christian, or Pagan, or Turk.

In boyhood he published some opinions, which he afterwards thought foolish. He had the manhood to be sorry for it, to say so, and to recall the little tract, the only printed thing of his that I have not seen. For a philosopher in that age he had a singularly devout

spirit, and took pains to improve the form of worship, making a new translation of the Lord's Prayer, and publishing a modified edition of the Book of Common Prayer of the English Church; there is a little volume of prayers still in manuscript, which Franklin made for his own use. He was on intimate terms with Priestley, one of the most able men of that age; with Shipley, an English bishop; with Dr. Price, a Scotch dissenter; with Jared Eliot, a Connecticut Calvinist; with Ezra Stiles, another of the same stamp, who calls himself " the most unworthy of all the works of God; " and with Whitefield, the great Methodist orator. He had no asceticism, no cant; he did not undertake to patronize the Deity. He was benevolent, cheerful, honest, reverential, full of trust in God.[21]

I do not mean to say that I like, in a religious point of view, everything that I find in his writings. Now and then there is a tone of levity which sounds ill. I do not think he meant it ill. Franklin has a bad reputation among ministers and in churches. You see why. Because he had natural religion; because he reverenced that, and trusted God more than he feared man. If he had sent for a minister on his death-bed, and declared that all his righteousness was as filthy rags; that he had not any faith in human nature, but through means of miracles and atonement,— then Franklin's praise would have been sounded from one end of the land to the other. Instead of these things, Franklin said, " If I should escape shipwreck, I should not build a church, but a lighthouse."

Franklin had the substance of religion, such as Jesus said should be rewarded in the kingdom of heaven with a " Well done, good and faithful servant," and " Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." [22]

No man ever rendered so great services to American education. They began forty years before the Revolution, and are not ended yet. His newspapers and pamphlets were of immense value to the cause of humanity; for he was able, wise, just, and benevolent. At twenty years of age he wrote as well as Addison or Goldsmith. His English is fresh, idiomatic, vigorous, and strong, like the language of Dean Swift. His style is direct and often beautiful as a fringed gentian in the meadows of September. He had great skill in making an abstract style popular. He reduced many things to a common denominator, that is to say, to their lowest terms, and so he made them easy for all to handle and comprehend, having in this respect the rare excellence of Socrates and Bacon. Believing sincerity to be the last part of eloquence, he has not left a line of sophistry in his ten volumes. For twenty-five years he published, annually, ten thousand copies of "Poor Richard's Almanac," full of thrifty maxims and virtuous counsel. It was one of the most valuable allies of the nation. For it made popular throughout the nation that thrift which enabled Congress to keep the Revolutionary army together for nearly seven years. I have often thought that the battles of the Revolution could not have been fought between 1775 and 1783 had not the Almanac been published from 1730 to 1755. It was the people's classic volume, hanging in the kitchens from the Penobscot to the Alleghany Mountains, and from Buffalo Creek to the mouth of the Savannah River. It was the Bible of the shop and of the barn. Poor Richard became the American saint, especially the saint of New England — a saint devoted to the almighty dollar.

His scientific labors were for the human race. Yet

science was only an incident in his life, which was devoted intensely to practical studies. In his early days he had no training in school or college, but he had a nature that was more college than the university that could not let him in. He had no acquaintance with the higher mathematics, nor any companionship with learned men until his great discoveries were all made. The magnificent works of Newton, Leibnitz, Haller, Blumenbach, Priestley, Cuvier, Von Humboldt, fill me with less surprise than the grand generalizations of Franklin, made with no help from society or from any intellectual atmosphere about him, and in the midst of laborious duties. He pursued science under the greatest of difficulties, and how magnificent were the prizes that he won!

Franklin's diplomatic labors in England before the Revolution, and during its period at Paris, were of immense value. Whenever the Revolutionary Picture shall be composed, Franklin and Samuel Adams will stand as the central figures. He is the great man of the epoch. He, of all other men, made the American cause popular in England, and so secured troops of friends in the heart of the enemy's camp. He, at an early day, obtained the efficient aid of France, supplies of money and military stores; and in 1778 he induced Louis XVI. to acknowledge the independence of the United States of America. It seems to me he was the only American that could have accomplished that work; and without the aid of France, it now seems that the Revolution would have failed, and would have been called a "Rebellion;" Hancock and the Adamses had been "traitors," and the rhetoricians would have made political capital by discoursing on the cowardice, the

treachery, and the wickedness of that infamous rebel, General George Washington!

But the services by which he is best known were doubtless rendered in his more common and ordinary life; in his powers of molding matter into machines, of organizing men into companies and institutions. It is amazing how much he accomplished in that way. Nothing was too small for him; nothing too large. He could teach a sea-cook to put a two-pound shot into his kettle of hard peas so that the roll of the ship should grind them to powder; and he could organize a state, a nation, or a household of nations. He was a Universal Yankee, for he filled all the space between the discoveries of a scientific or political truth and the operations of a mechanic who files a screw in a gun-lock.

Remarkable for special gifts of the highest kind, Franklin was yet more extraordinary for the admirable balance of all his faculties, intellectual, moral, affectional, and religious. He was not extravagant in conduct or in opinion, or even in feelings. I do not remember a single exaggeration in all his works. Among all the many schemes he was busy with, there were but two which could be called visionary. One was, that the legislature should be but a single body, and not two, as in England and America. The other was, that the Executive of the nation should have no pecuniary emolument. These were his only political or philosophic whimseys. He was seldom hurried away by his feelings. But here is one instance, as reported by himself. The famous preacher Whitefield was preaching in Philadelphia, to raise money to build an Orphan House at Savannah, in Georgia. There were then no materials, tools, or workmen in Georgia suitable to con-

struct such an asylum; and Franklin advised Whitefield to build the house at Philadelphia, and send the Georgia orphans to it. "But," says he, "he rejected my counsel, and I therefore refused to contribute. I happened soon after to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved that he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded I began to soften, and concluded to give the coppers. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver. And he finished so admirably that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all." [23]

His character was singularly simple and healthy. He used the homage of France, and of all Europe, and utilized his praises that were in the lips of men, so as to serve the great purposes of his country. His life shows the necessity of time to make a great character, a great reputation, or a great estate. You want a long summer to produce a great crop. His old age was beautiful. Honored and admired as no other man, he went to the house he had built a quarter of a century before, with his friends and descendants around him. He continued in public office till within six months of his death, and in the public service till within twenty-four days of it.

The warning he gives is plain — to beware of excess in early youth, of trifling with the most delicate sensibilities of woman, and of ever neglecting the most sacred duties of domestic life. Few men understood the art of life so well as he. He took great pains to

correct his faults. All remember the day-book, in which he kept an account of his virtues, arranging them under thirteen heads, until he had put under his feet those lusts that war against the soul. The guidance he gives is also plain. He shows the power of industry, by which he obtained a large estate of money, and still more a manly endowment of learning. At twenty-one he has had two years' schooling, and no more; at forty he is master of English, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, and German; at sixty, the greatest universities in the world, and whole nations, agree in calling him the greatest philosopher then living. He was not ashamed of the humblest industry whereby he made his fortune, his reputation, and his character.

What a life it was! Begun with hawking ballads in the streets of a little colonial town, continued by organizing education, benevolence, industry; by conquering the thunders of the sky, making the lightning the servant of mankind; by establishing Independence; by mitigating the ferocity of war, and brought down to its very last day by his manliest effort, an attempt to break the last chain from the feeblest of all oppressed men. What a life! What a character! Well said a French poet,—

> "Legislator of one world! Benefactor of two!
> All mankind owes to you a debt of gratitude."

II

GEORGE WASHINGTON

In the beginning of the eighteenth century, in the colony of Virginia, Westmoreland County, between the Potomac and Rappahannock Rivers, at a spot called Bridge's Creek, there was living an obscure farmer, named Augustine Washington. He was born in 1694, and came of a short-lived family, which had emigrated to America in the year 1657. He inherited but little, and by his own diligence and thrift acquired a considerable property, which chiefly consisted of wild land, negro slaves, and cattle. In the rude husbandry of the time and place, he raised corn, horned beasts, swine, and tobacco. Augustine Washington was first married at the age of twenty-one, to Jane Butler, who became the mother of four children. But she died, 4th November, 1728, only two of her children, her sons Lawrence and Augustine, surviving. Fifteen months later, 6th March, 1730, the elder Augustine, for a second wife, married Mary Ball, said to be beautiful, and the belle of the neighboring country. She became the mother of six children.

George Washington was the eldest, the fifth child of his father, and the first of his mother. He was born on Saturday, February 22nd, 1732, a day famous in the political annals of America. At his birth, his father was thirty-eight years of age; his mother twenty-eight. He first saw the light in a rude farmhouse, steep-roofed, with low eaves, one story high, having four rooms on the ground floor, and others in the attic. There were huge chimneys at each end,

which were built up outside the house. It was old and rickety then; not a trace now remains; only a plain stone marks the spot as "The Birthplace of Washington."

George Washington was descended from the common class of Virginia farmers. No ruler of the Anglo-Saxon stock has obtained so great a reputation for the higher qualities of human virtue. For more than one thousand years no statesman or soldier has left a name so much to be coveted. None ever became so dear to the thoughtful of mankind. In the long line of generals, kings, and emperors, from the first monarch to the last president or pope, none ranks so high for the prime excellence of heroic virtue. His name is a watchword of liberty. His example and character are held up as the model for all men in authority.

This is the ground-plan of Washington's life — the map of facts and dates, the headlands only being sketched in.

Born, on Saturday morning, February 22, 1732, he was baptized on April 3rd, of the same year, in the authorized Episcopal Church of the parish. His father soon after removed to Stafford County, on the left bank of the Rappahannock, opposite to the town of Fredericton. There George attended a poor private school,— there was no other,— kept by the parish sexton. At sixteen years of age, in 1748, Washington became a public surveyor of land, and found it a profitable business, earning a pistole each day (about $3.60), and sometimes more than that. He continued in this work for about three years, but had always a turn for military affairs.

There were continual troubles with the French, who

were advancing their frontier outposts from their settlements in the Mississippi Valley towards the western Virginia borders. Also the Indians, who dwelt and wandered through the valley of the Ohio River, and along the great lakes, took part in the expeditions and forages thence arising. Hence it became necessary to enroll a militia, which might, from time to time, be called to active duty. In this militia Washington, at the age of nineteen, in 1751, was commissioned by the Governor of Virginia, as adjutant-general, with the rank of major — an office about equal to that of a militia captain in New England. In 1752, he went to the West Indies with his consumptive brother Lawrence, rather a distinguished person in the eastern parts of Virginia, who died in 1752, leaving a large estate for George to settle, of which a considerable portion fell to him. In this way he became possessed of the handsome property of Mount Vernon, which the brother had named for the gallant British Admiral Vernon, under whom he had served in early life. Washington continued to hold his commission in the Virginia Army until the peace in 1758, in which year, about the end of December, he returned to private life as a farmer at Mount Vernon.

On the 6th day of January, 1759, he married Mrs. Martha Custis, the widow of John Parke Custis, a woman distinguished for beauty, accomplishments, and riches. He thus added about one hundred thousand dollars to his estate, which was already considerable. By her previous marriage she had a son of six, and a daughter of four years of age. From 1759 to 1775 he attended to the details of a country gentleman's life in Virginia, improving his land and adding to his property. He managed his large estate with

much skill for the time and place. He became a member of the House of Burgesses (the legislature of the colony of Virginia), and in 1774 he was elected a delegate to represent Virginia in the first general Congress of all the British provinces and colonies. This Congress was called and assembled through the influence of Dr. Franklin and Samuel Adams. They had devised means, and designed the objects of the assembly, and had laid out the work for it to do.

On the 15th June, 1775, he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the American Forces. No longer men called him Colonel or Esquire. He laid down that high military office on the 23rd December, 1783, and retired to private life at Mount Vernon. In 1787 he was appointed a member of the Federal Convention, which formed the Constitution of the United States of America, and, when that Convention was organized, General Washington was elected, by a unanimous vote, to preside over its deliberations.

He was President of the United States from 1789 to 1797.

He retired to private life again in March, 1797; but, on the following January, was elected Commander-in-Chief of the Armies then about to be called into service on account of the troubles threatening with the government of France.

He died at Mount Vernon on Saturday, 14th December, 1799, aged sixty-seven years, nine months, and twenty-two days, leaving an estate of about half a million of dollars, and no child. He was in the military service of Virginia about seven years, and of the United States of America a little more than eight years. He was President of the United States eight years. He was forty years a husband.

For convenience, divide his life into six periods.

I. His boyhood and youth,— his school time from birth to his nineteenth year, 1732–1751.

II. His service in the French and Indian War, from his nineteenth to his twenty-seventh year, 1751–1759.

III. His life as a citizen of Virginia, farmer, member of Assembly, member of the Central Congress, from his twenty-seventh to his forty-third year, 1759–1775.

IV. His service in the Revolutionary War, from his forty-third to his fifty-first year, 1775–1783.

V. His service as President, from his fifty-seventh to his sixty-fifth year, 1789–1797.

VI. The close of all, 1799.

I. In his boyhood and youth, his opportunities for education were exceedingly poor; not equal to those afforded by the public district free schools at that period maintained in every New England village. During the life of his father, while he lived in Stafford County, and until he was eleven or twelve years old, he had the help of Mr. Hobby, a tenant of one of his father's houses, and also schoolmaster and parish sexton. With him, the lad was taught only reading, writing, and arithmetic. He never studied grammar. That seems to have been one of the lost arts, neglected both in conversation and in writing; and even the art of spelling was in a sad condition. His father died soon after George was eleven years old. He then lived, for a time, with his brother Augustine, at Bridge's Creek, and attended the " superior school " of Mr. Williams, where he seems to have learned the rudiments of geometry.

Some of his early manuscript books are still pre-

served. One has the autograph, "George Washington, aged thirteen." These writing-books are handsome monuments of neatness and boyish diligence. "The child is father to the man." In one of these he copied "Forms of Writing," copies of mercantile and legal papers, notes of hand, wills, leases, deeds, and the like. In the same book he also shut up for safe keeping some specimens of "poetry," or what passed for such,— hard-trotting verses, adorned with the jingling bells of rhyme. He copied, likewise, "Rules for Behavior in Company and in Conversation," which have rather a cold, conventional, and worldly air, showing the greatest deference to men of superior social rank, and implying, in general, that more respect should be paid to the condition than to the real quality of men. These "Rules" seem to have had much influence upon his manly life. His actual manners reflected them.

His fondness for the military profession began early, and was stimulated by the condition of the country, though the tastes of the leading men of Virginia could never be made soldierly. Virginia was always an unmilitary state.[1] His elder brother, Major Lawrence Washington, a powerful man in those parts, was of a soldierly turn. So at fourteen, George procured a midshipman's warrant, and left school. It is said his luggage was put on board the ship. But at the last moment his mother refused her consent: he must not be a British naval officer. On how small a hinge turns the destiny of how great a man! He lived with his brother Lawrence for about two years more, and studied geometry and trigonometry enough to become a practical surveyor of land. His early field-books, while a learner, are said to be models of neat accuracy. They

contain plottings of the fields about his home or schoolhouse.

In the autumn of 1747, before he was quite sixteen, he left school, yet residing with his brother Lawrence at Mount Vernon, and continued his humble mathematical studies. He was a public land surveyor at the age of seventeen. His manuscript "Book of Surveys" begins the 22nd January, 1749, and is still extant. When he was about sixteen,[2] it seems he fancied himself in love with a maiden whose name has perished, but who gave his boyish heart no little puerile unhappiness. He complains that she "is pitiless of my griefs and woes." The course of his true love not running smooth, but being crossed as usual, like other bashful young men he sought to improve its flow by stringing such rhymes as could be had or made, and he talks of his

> "Poor, restless heart,
> Wounded by Cupid's dart."

But he survived this affliction, and only his melancholy verses remain to tell the tale. He calls his flame his "Lowland Beauty." It is said she was a Miss Grimes, subsequently wife of Mr. Lee, and the mother of General Henry Lee, who was a favorite with Washington. A little later another maiden, Miss Carey, created mischief in his heart, to which some drafts of letters, still to be read in his journal, bear fruitful witness. He complains that her presence "revives my former passion for your 'Lowland Beauty.' Were I to live more retired from young women, I might, in some measure, alleviate my sorrows by burying that chaste and troublesome passion in the grave of oblivion." It seems he never told his love, but absence, business and

fox-hunting at length cured him, and maidens and whining verses for ever disappeared from his journal, which, instead, is filled up with details of surveying.

His early life afforded slender means for acquiring knowledge of books, literature, science, or any enlarged ideas. Yet it gave him a good opportunity for learning practical details of American life, and for the development of character. He was much in the fields, fond of athletic sports, riding, hunting, leaping, fencing, and the like. His mother was a woman of rather a severe and hard character, with a high temper, and a spirit of command, which her son inherited. She was a good manager, a practical housekeeper, prudent and thrifty, an exact disciplinarian, reserved and formal in her manners. When Lafayette visited her in 1777, he found the thrifty farmer's widow at work in her garden, with an old sunbonnet on her head; and she had the good sense not to change her working dress when she came to receive the courtly friend of American liberty. She was a woman of few books,— perhaps of only one,— Sir Matthew Hale's " Contemplations, Divine and Moral," which her son reverently kept till his own death. She plainly had a great influence upon Washington.

He continued in his business of land-surveying for about three years, till he was nineteen years old, and thus passed his youth. He was not brought up on books, but on the breast of things. Great duties came on him early. He learned self-command and self-reliance. His education was not costly but precious. It is doubtful whether any king in all Christendom, in the eighteen century, had so good a preparation for the great art to rule a state as this farmer's son picked

up in the rough life on the frontier of civilization in Virginia.

II. His early military life began at the age of nineteen (1751), and lasted about seven years, with various interruptions, till 1758. He was occupied in raising and drilling the soldiers, and commanding them in their rude warfare against the Indians and the French. He was sent across the Alleghanies to the Ohio River on business of great importance. But as the British Government treated the officers of the local militia with contempt, upon the formal declaration of the war he resigned his post, and became a volunteer in General Braddock's army in 1754. In this he held the rank of colonel, and was stationed on the frontier of Maryland. Here, for the first time, he saw regular soldiers, well disciplined and accustomed to a soldier's life. His previous exposure had made him familiar with the wild country in western Virginia and in Pennsylvania, and also with the Indian mode of fighting. The "frontier colonel" of twenty-three had a military knowledge which, in this expedition, was worth more than all Braddock had gathered from the splendid strategic parades of England and Holland. Had Washington's counsel been followed, the expedition would have been successful.

After Braddock's disastrous defeat, Washington was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the forces of Virginia, with the rank of colonel, and held the office till the return of peace in 1758. His position was singularly difficult. First, because the English Governor Dinwiddie, his chief, was ignorant and ostentatious, at once capricious and obstinate, domineering, now commanding and then countermanding, with no reason in

either case. He both despised and hated the American colonies, and, with gross insolence, trampled on the young men of eminent talents. He vexed, thwarted and outraged Washington continually. Second, the Virginia Legislature, who voted the money and the men, was by no means high-minded, but parsimonious, and short-sighted, and had besides a weak and inefficient military system. Third, the Virginians did not make either good soldiers or good officers. It was difficult to obtain recruits for the rank and file of his little army. When found, they were idle, wasteful, impatient of discipline, and continually deserting, which the civil authorities encouraged them to do. Many of the officers were ignorant, idle, jealous, disobedient, and tyrannical. Washington must create both the body and the soul of his army, and even the legislative disposition to support it. It is hard to conceive a more trying position.[3] He stood in a cowardly army, and had on one side an imbecile administration, an obstinate executive, and a miserly legislature; on the other, a people parsimonious, and seemingly indifferent to their own welfare. While the Indians were ravaging the border, and driving whole towns of people away from their homes, he was obliged to impress soldiers, and to seize provinces by force. He dared not venture to part with any of his white men for any distance, says the Governor, as he must have a watchful eye on the negro slaves. His army was always ill fed and ill clad. He complains continually of a perpetual lack of provisions, clothing, and even shoes. "Scarcely a man has shoes or stockings, or a hat." He finds fault with his "whooping, halloing gentlemen-soldiers." Dinwiddie treated him ill, because he complained, and sometimes answered him with capricious

cruelty. Amid all these difficulties, the youth of twenty-two to twenty-six went on with coolness, bravery, and moderation, and rarely overstepped his duty. Sometimes his discipline was a little severe. If a soldier swore, he had twenty-five lashes; five hundred for quarreling and fighting; one hundred for drunkenness. Desertion was punished with death. His authority was great. From natural disposition he loved the exercise of power. He complains, "No order is obeyed but such as a party of soldiers, or my own drawn sword, enforces. Without this, not a single horse, for the most earnest occasion, can be had." To such a pitch was the insolence of the people carried by having every point conceded to them. But he was singularly careful to defer to the civil authority when possible. If the right was doubtful, the conscientious young soldier left it to be exercised by the magistrate, not by the military arm. This is to be noted, because it is so rare for military men to abstain from tyranny, especially for young soldiers. And, in fact, it is hard for such, since naturally they incline to quick methods and severe measures.

His seven years' apprenticeship in that terrible war, from 1751 to 1758, was an admirable discipline to fit him for greater trials, in a wider and more conspicuous field. The French War was the school for the American Revolution. Here this great scholar took his first lessons. He learned caution, reserve, moderation, and that steady perseverance which so marked his later life.

III. From the last week in December, 1758, till the 15th June, 1775, Washington had no direct part in military affairs. On January 6, 1759, he married the

rich and handsome widow of Mr. Custis, and three months after went to live on his large farm at Mount Vernon, where he continued mainly busy with the common affairs of a Virginia gentleman of large estate. He attended to his farming, raising crops there, and disposing of them in London. He bought and sold land, of which he owned large tracts, chiefly in the unsettled parts of the province. He visited the wealthy people of Virginia a good deal; was often at Williamsburg, the capital of the colony, a town of about fifteen hundred or two thousand inhabitants. He received much company at his own house. Most of the distinguished men of Virginia and Maryland, including the royal governor, were there in these fifteen or sixteen years. His wife's relations he seldom saw more than once a year, they lived so far away.

We usually conceive of Washington as a public man, sternly occupied with most important concerns; but from 1759 to 1774 he was mainly free from all great public duties or cares. He could employ his time as he liked. His diary, kept on the blank leaves of an almanac, and still preserved, shows how almost every day was spent. From this and his letters, then not very numerous, we see how he passed that period. He was active in parish affairs,— a vestryman in two churches; one at Pohick, seven miles off, the other at Alexandria, ten miles off. He attended at one of them every Sunday, when the weather and the Virginia roads permitted. He kept a four-horse coach, with a driver, postilion, and footman,— all negro slaves, all in Washington livery,— and lived after the old style of Virginia elegance, in a great, but rather uncomfortable house, surrounded by negro slaves.[4]

At first, his dress was plain and cheap. Thus, in

October, 1747, he records in his diary that he delivered to the washerwoman "two shirts, the one marked G. W., the other not marked; one pair of hose and one band, to be washed against the November courts in Frederic County." In his backwoods fighting, he was often dressed in the Indian style, as were also many of his soldiers. He found it most convenient. But he afterwards acquired a taste for fine dress from his intercourse with British officers. So, in 1756, he orders from England "two complete livery suits for servants (that is, for his slaves), with a Spanish cloak, the trimmings and faces of scarlet, and a scarlet waistcoat, and two silverlaced hats; one set of horse furniture, with livery lace, with the Washington coat on the housings; three gold and scarlet sword knots; three silver and blue of the same; one fashionable gold-laced hat." The next year, his book records an order on Mr. Richard Washington, a London trader, for "one piece of finest cambric; two pair of fine worked ruffles, at twenty shillings a pair; half-a-dozen pair of thread hose, at five shillings. If worked ruffles should be out of fashion, send such as are not worked; as much of the best superfine blue cotton velvet as will make a coat, waistcoat, and breeches for a tall man, with fine silk buttons to suit it, and all other necessary trimmings and linings, together with gaiters for the breeches; six pair of the very neatest shoes; six pair of gloves, three pair of which to be proper for riding, and to have slit tops, the whole larger than the middle size." [5]

These little good-for-nothing straws show that for a while the great Washington's stream turned off from its straight course, and spread out into broad shallows, trifling with its flowery shores. He was a rich farmer, a country gentleman, raising tobacco, and sending it to

England for sale; managing his own affairs with diligence and shrewdness; keeping his own accounts with great neatness of detail. His family seems to have been rather fond of dress, with a great desire to be "fashionable," and made a considerable show in their little provincial world, where life was dull and monotonous to a terrible degree, being relieved only by visitors and visiting.

How did he pass his time? His diary shows.

"January 1st, 1770. At home alone.

"2nd January. At home all day. Mr. Peake dined here.

"3rd. At home all day alone.

"4th. Went a hunting with John Custis and Lund Washington. Started a deer, and then a fox, but got neither.

"5th. Went to Muddy Hole and Dogue Run. Carried the dogs with me, but found nothing. Mr. Warner Washington and Mr. Thurston came in the evening.

"6th. The two Colonel Fairfaxes dined here, and Mr. R. Alexander, and the two gentlemen that came the day before. The Belvoir family (Fairfaxes) returned after dinner.

"7th. Mr. Washington and Mr. Thurston went to Belvoir.

"8th. Went a hunting with Mr. Alexander, J. Custis, and Lund Washington. Killed a fox (a dog one), after three hours' chase. Mr. Alexander went away, and Mr. Thurston came in the afternoon.

"9th. Went a ducking, but got nothing, the creek and rivers being froze. Robert Adam dined here and returned.

"10th. Mr. Washington and Mr. Thurston set off

home. I went hunting on the Neck, and visited the plantation there, and killed a fox, after treeing it three times, and chasing it about three hours.

"11th. At home all day alone.

"12th. Ditto, ditto.

"13th. Dined at Belvoir, with Mrs. Washington and Mr. and Miss Custis, and returned afterwards.

"14th. At home all day alone.[6] Bottled thirty-five dozen cider. Fitted a two-eyed plough, eyed instead of a duck-bill plough, and with much difficulty made my chariot wheel-horses plough. Put the pole-end horses into the plough in the morning, and put in the postilion and hind horse in the afternoon; but, the ground being well swarded over, and very heavy ploughing, I repented putting them in at all, for fear it should give them a habit of stopping in the chariot. Peter (my smith) and I, after several efforts to make a plough upon a new model, partly of my own contrivance, were fain to give it over, at least for the present."

A week later we find, "Spent the greater part of the day in making a new plough of my own invention."[7] His household books contain the names of his horses and his dogs. He does not seem to have busied himself with any intellectual pursuits. Books seldom appear in his orders for supplies from England. His diary contains no philosophic thought,— nothing which indicates an inquiring mind, only a mind attentive to the facts of every-day life, and scrupulously diligent in recording things of no great consequence. From this it appears that it took his grist-mill fifty-five minutes to grind four pecks of corn, but he was surprised to find that it made five pecks of Indian meal.

This is the only scientific observation I have heard of in his diary. His account of the way his slaves did their work is amusing as well as instructive.

While still in active military service, in 1758, he was chosen member of the Virginia House of Burgesses for the next year. The poll cost him thirty-nine pounds six shillings. Among the articles necessary for the election, his book reads, a hogshead and a barrel of punch, thirty-five gallons of wine, forty-three of strong beer and cider.[8] In the Virginia Assembly he was punctual in his attendance, modest in his deportment, but seldom spoke, and never made a set speech. He was distinguished for sound judgment and undeviating sincerity. When troubles came, and the British Government sought to oppress the colonies, Puritan New England began the complaint, and Virginia did not tamely submit. A man of details and habits, more than of ideas or of philosophic principles, Washington was not one of the first to move, but at length joined readily and firmly in all the heroic acts to which the wild and eloquent Patrick Henry stirred the Virginia Legislature. He took a prominent part in opposing the Stamp Act, and other oppressive measures of the British king, after the Boston Port Bill. In the extraordinary Convention, it is said Washington made the most eloquent speech that was ever made, and said, "I will raise one thousand men, subsist them at my own expense, and march myself at their head for the relief of Boston." [9] In 1769 he was thinking of the possibility of a fight between the Mother and Daughter.[10]

The first Continental Congress met at Philadelphia, on September 5, 1774. Washington was one of the

six delegates from Virginia, but does not appear to have been much distinguished. Yet Mr. Wirt relates that Patrick Henry said, " In respect to solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on that floor." [11]

He was a member of the second Congress, which met 10th May, 1775. This was after the battle of Lexington; and he appeared there every day dressed in his military uniform. Like the war paint of an Indian, his soldierly dress was a figure of speech, to tell that the time of compromise had passed by, and the question must be settled, not by words, but by blows.

IV. On June 15, 1775, at the suggestion of John Adams, Washington was chosen Commander-in-Chief of the American Army. Political motives determined the choice, fixing it on a Virginian. This was to conciliate the South, and make it friendly to the war. His personal character, his wealth, his knowledge, moderation, skill, and integrity drew to him the far-reaching, honest eyes of John Adams. New England sagacity and self-denial alike suggested the choice. But New England ambition was not content. In the French War New England had done much service, and had won laurels. The southern states did nothing. Washington was the only officer who had acquired any distinction; and he less than several men from the eastern states. They naturally found fault. Hancock wanted the post. Certainly he had done more than Colonel Washington to promote the Revolution; and he long cherished a grudge, I think, against Adams for his nomination of Washington. The choice was a thoughtful compromise. New Eng-

land overcame her prejudices against a southern man. The modest Virginian declared to Congress, "I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room that I declare, with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with." He declined the compensation of five hundred dollars a month, and said, "As no pecuniary considerations would have tempted me to accept this arduous employment, . . . I do not wish to make any profit from it. I will keep an exact account of my expenses, which I doubt not the nation will discharge, and that is all I desire." He wrote a letter to his wife — the only one that he wrote which is preserved — concerning his election, and his acceptance of the office, and enclosing his will, just made. "As it has been a kind of destiny," says the modest man, "that has thrown me upon this service, I shall hope that my undertaking is designed to answer some good purpose." He left Mount Vernon in May, 1775. He did not enter his own doors again till January, 1784.

The new Commander-in-Chief left Philadelphia June 21, and reached Cambridge on the 2nd July, and took command of the army the next day. He found a motley collection of troops; about seventeen thousand men, more than three thousand sick, all ill-dressed, ill-armed, ill-disciplined, and some with no muskets. The line extended fifteen or sixteen miles, by the then existing roads, from Charlestown Neck to Roxbury. Most of the soldiers had enlisted for a short time. Few were willing to submit to the self-denial and stern discipline of actual war. The officers were ignorant of their duty. General Ward, the previous Commander-in-Chief, was old, and almost im-

becile; another general kept his chamber, talking "learnedly of cathartics and emetics." [12] The camp was full of jealousies, rivalries, resentments, petty ambitions; men thinking much for themselves, little for their imperiled nation. We greatly misunderstand the difficulties of the time. About one third of the people in the colonies were openly or secretly Tories. Self-denial is never easy, and then much of it was needful. The patriot's trials were often borne grudgingly, and with many attempts to shift the burdens. Had such a spirit prevailed as our rhetoricians and orators of the Fourth of July tell us of, then the Revolution had all been over in a twelve-month, and every red-coat had been driven into the sea. But people were as mean and selfish in 1775 as they have been ever since. The battle of Lexington did not change human nature. Washington must create an army, create even the raw material of it. Congress had no adequate conception of the cost of war, and dealt out money with a stingy hand. It had little enough to give, and a war is of guineas. The people trusted in a volunteer militia serving but a few months, and were afraid of a standing army and a military tyrant. Nothing was ready, no clothes, tents, cannon; even powder was scarce, and at one time there were not seven cartridges to a man. The sentinels returning from duty were not allowed to fire their pieces, but drew the charge.

In Boston lay the British army, superior in numbers, well drilled, armed well, and provided with all that wealth could buy or knowledge could devise. We talk of the heroism of 1776. We do not exaggerate. No nation was ever more valiant and self-denying. But Washington complains of "an egregious want

of public spirit," of "fertility in the low arts of obtaining advantages." There were noble men, who would give up all their own property for the public good; but there were others mean and base, who would take all from the public for their own advantage. Then, as now, times of trouble produced a Hancock, an Adams; but how seldom! The superior property, the superior education, was on the Tory side. Very cool, very cautious and reserved, Washington had yet the zeal of an enthusiast, and hated the petty selfishness he met. He was not always quite just to the New Englanders. From the beginning of July, 1775, till the end of February, 1776, the army did nothing. How could it? Often reduced to ten thousand men! Washington improved the intrenchments, drilled the soldiers, gave unity of action to the whole army. Feeble in men, and supplied only with poor and inefficient arms, he acted on the defensive. But in one night he clinched the industrial New England palm with a mighty fist, and on the sixth anniversary of the Boston Massacre, smote the British army a deadly blow. The enemy soon left New England, and took twelve hundred Tories along with them. A hostile troop has appeared in Massachusetts but once since,— when it filed through the streets of Boston, and did its wicked work, with none to lift an arm, slashing the citizens with coward swords,— a wickedness not atoned for yet, but remembered against the day of reckoning.[13]

In New England, the people dwelt more compactly together than elsewhere in the northern states. They were comparatively rich, educated, and very industrious, with that disposition for military affairs belonging to men familiar with the French and Indian

Wars. But, after driving the British from Boston, Washington drew his army to New York, and, not having such support as he found in Massachusetts, there followed a whole year of disasters. The Americans were driven from Long Island. Two New England brigades of militia ran disgracefully from before the British guns.[14] Washington abandoned New York. Fort Washington surrendered to the enemy nearly three thousand soldiers. The flower of the army, with a great quantity of artillery, ammunition, and stores, were lost. The British ships sailed far up the Hudson River, once thought to be impregnably defended. Washington retreated through the Jerseys, his little army dwindling at every step; without intrenching tools, without tents, and with few blankets. Many of the soldiers were barefoot. He flew over the Passaic, over the Raritan, over the Delaware Rivers. At Christmas, the army made one desperate step back again, crossed the Delaware, captured many soldiers at Trenton; then withdrew into the mountains, and into the darkness of night and the snows of winter. So ended the first campaign. The very January after the Declaration of Independence, with three thousand or four thousand men, Washington crept into his winter quarters at Morristown. What an army for such work! The difficulties seemed immense. The midland states were full of Tories,—cruel, revengeful, and malignant. Some of the American generals were of doubtful faith. General Lee had purposely suffered himself to be taken prisoner, that he might concert a treason worse than Arnold's.[15] Congress, discouraged, left Philadelphia and fled to Baltimore. Rhode Island was in the hands of the enemy. Many respectable citizens in the mid-

land states went over to the British. The Quakers hindered the American cause. The time of most of the soldiers expired. Recruits came in but slowly, and a new army must be created. Still Washington did not despair!

The next spring he regained the Jerseys, but was soon forced to retire. Pennsylvania then, as now, the most ignorant of the northern states, with its Quakers, did little for independence. The principal citizens were not friendly to the war, or to its object.[16] Philadelphia was almost a Tory town. Washington had no New England energy close at hand to furnish him provisions or men. He lost the battle of Brandywine, failed at Germantown. Philadelphia fell into the hands of the enemy. During the winter of 1777–78 he went into winter quarters at Valley Forge. What a terrible winter it was for the hopes of America! In 1776 he had an army of forty-seven thousand men, and the nation was exhausted by the great effort. In 1777 it was less than twenty thousand men. Women, who had once melted their pewter plates into bullets, could not do it a second time. At Valley Forge, within a day's march of the enemy's headquarters, there were not twelve thousand soldiers. That winter they lay on the ground. So scarce were blankets, that many were forced to sit up all night by their fires. At one time, more than a thousand soldiers had not a shoe to their feet. You could trace their march by the blood which their naked feet left in the ice. At one time, more than one fourth of all the troops there are reported as "unfit for duty, because barefoot or otherwise naked." Washington offered a prize for the best substitute for shoes made of untanned hides! Even provisions failed. Once there

was a famine in the camp, and Washington must seize provisions by violence, or the army would die. He ordered the Pennsylvania farmers to thresh out the wheat and sell it to him, or he would take it, and pay them only for the straw! Congress was disheartened. The men of ability stayed at home, and weaklings took their place. For some time there were only twenty-one members, and it was difficult to assemble a quorum of states for business. Tories abounded. There were cabals against Washington in the army. Mifflin, Conway, Gates, Pickering, Schuyler, were hostile;[17] and they found abundant support in Congress. Samuel Adams distrusted Washington. So, too, did John Adams. James Lovell, of Massachusetts, and Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, were not more friendly, and far less honorable.

It is not wholly to be wondered at. Within a year Washington had lost New York and its neighborhood, — lost Philadelphia, and all the strongholds around it. He had gained but one victory worth naming, that at Trenton. In the mean time Burgoyne, an able soldier, with an admirable army, had walked into a trap on the North River, and had been taken by Gates and the Northern army, who were most of them militia of New England. It is not wonderful that men doubted, and thought that the selfish, mean-spirited, and loud-talking General Conway would do better than the modest Washington to command the army. Samuel Adams wanted democratic rotation in office, that the general should be hired by the year! If he had not been possessed of great wealth, and cared for nothing, I think Washington's command had come to an end before 1778. But Dr. Franklin was on the other side of the sea, and, with consummate

art, he had induced the French Court to favor America with contributions of money and of arms, and after the surrender of Burgoyne, to acknowledge the independence of the United States, and to make an open treaty of alliance, furnishing America with money and men, artillery and stores. Then, first, America began to uplift her drooping head. But it must be confessed that when she found that a foreign nation was ready to assist her, she was the less willing to raise money or men, or otherwise to help herself. She was fatigued, and wanted to rest.

Within our moderate limits there is not time to tell the story of the war — the mingled tale of nobleness, cowardice, and treachery. Peace came at last; and was proclaimed in camp on the 19th of April, 1783, eight years after the battle of Lexington. On the 23rd of December Washington returned his commission to Congress, and presented his account of personal expenses from January 15, 1775, to that date. They were, in all, sixty-four thousand, three hundred and fifteen dollars. He then went home to Mount Vernon, and attended to the duties of private life. During the whole war the nobleness of the man stood out great and clear. But when the war was over the soldiers were not at once dismissed. The nation did not seem inclined to compensate them for their sufferings, losses, or even for their expenses. They naturally became irritated because the money was thus withheld, which they had earned by such toil in the grim trials of battle. Then it was that they thought of seeking redress by their own armed hand. And then it was that Washington's nobility stood out grander than ever before. He placed himself between the nation and the army, and sought and found justice to both.

V. The beginning of 1784 beheld Washington at Mount Vernon with no public office. For almost eight years his shadow had not fallen on his own threshold. His affairs had lapsed into some decay, spite of the prompt and vigilant care he took at a distance. "The horse is fatted by its master's eye," and letters, once a week for eight years, are not like the daily presence of the owner. The active habits of public office were on him still; and when he woke at daybreak, or before, it was his first impression to forecast the work of the day, till he remembered that he had no public work. But public cares still lay heavy on his mighty soul. The soldiers were his children; and still ill fed by the nation, and scattered abroad, they looked to him for help. He could give sympathy, if nothing more. He had his eye on the whole nation personally, not officially; anxious for the universal welfare. His correspondence was immense. He attended to agriculture, always his favorite pursuit; improved his lands, introduced better seeds and breeds of cattle. He exercised a great hospitality, and visitors of distinction crowded about his mansion. He sought to improve the whole State of Virginia, and had a scheme for uniting, by a canal, the Potomac and James Rivers with the waters beyond the Alleghany Mountains. He took a deep and hearty interest in the public education of the people, giving both money and time for that purpose.

America was then in a sad condition. The states were free from England, but not firmly united. "Thirteen staves, and ne'er a hoop, do not make a barrel." The destructive work of liberation had been once achieved by the sword. Next must come the constructive work of union. Franklin's plan of confedera-

tion, first proposed in 1754, afterwards offered in 1775, and at last accepted, with many variations, in 1778, was hardly adequate to unite the nation, even when war pressed these thirteen dissimilar members together. In peace they soon fell asunder. The old government was utterly inadequate. Congress was a single body, composed of a single House, not of two Houses, as now. The vote was by states. Rhode Island, with sixty thousand, counted as much as Virginia, with six hundred thousand inhabitants. There was no executive head. Congress was to administer its own laws. There were no judiciary, no organized departments for war, for foreign affairs, or for interior administration. There were only administrative committees of Congress.

The general government could not raise money — could not pay a debt. The states were intensely jealous of each other. Men called Virginia, or Carolina, "my country," and did not recognize America as such. It was a great work to organize the nation, and form a national union of America, while, at the same time, the rights of the states, and the personal freedom of individuals, were also to be sacredly preserved. How could the nation found a firm central power, which was indispensable, and yet keep intact the local self-government which each state required, and to which it had become accustomed? Unless this theorem could be demonstrated in America, "Liberty" would become a mere Latin word, borrowed from the French. Tories said, "It is impossible!" An insurrection had already broken out in Massachusetts, which frightened the best men in the nation, making John Adams and Washington tremble, and doubt democratic institutions. "Would it not be better to have

a limited monarchy, an hereditary senate?" So men talked.

The Federal Convention of all the states was to meet at Philadelphia, May 14, 1787. Many able men were chosen as delegates, Washington among them, and some very weak ones. But so little zeal was then felt, that on that day only two states — Virginia and Pennsylvania — appeared to be represented at all. It was not until the 25th of May that seven states, the required quorum for business, appeared by their delegates in the Convention, and then Massachusetts was represented by only a single man. Washington was president of the Convention, but it does not appear that he took any prominent part in making the Constitution. On the 17th of September the work was finished and signed —"done by consent of the states." I think no member of the Convention was satisfied with it. Nobody thought it perfect. Franklin and Washington disliked much of it, for opposite reasons perhaps. Democratic Mr. Gerry opposed it, and refused to sign it. Samuel Adams, John Hancock, and many more, not members of the Convention, were also hostile. At this day we are not likely to do full justice to its authors, representing such diverse local interests, and animated by such hostile political principles. To some the Constitution is a finality, an idol, and its authors inspired men. To others it is "a covenant with death," and its authors proportionately evil.[18] I know its faults, at least some of them. Time will no doubt develop others, perhaps yet more fatal. I see its victims. There are four millions of them in the United States. I blame its great men, especially Franklin, the greatest man then or since on the American continent. But I see their difficulties, and remem-

ber that nobody is so wise as everybody, and that now is a fool to the ages which are to come. There was a monarchic party, who wanted a strong central government. Alexander Hamilton was the ablest representative of that tendency.[19] And there was a Democratic party, which contended vigorously for state rights, and wished to keep all popular power, undelegated, in the hands of the people. Jefferson was the typical man of the Democrats. But he was out of the country, on his mission to France. There really was a danger that the thirteen states should not find a hoop to bind them all into a well-proportioned tub, which might stand on its own bottom. But the states accepted the Constitution, one by one, adding invaluable amendments. Seventy years is a short time in the life of a great people, and the day for the final judgment of the Constitution has not yet come.

VI. Washington was chosen President. With him there could be no competitor for that office. For the Vice-Presidency there might be many; for, while it was plain who was the first man in popular esteem, it was not equally clear who was the second. But John Adams was chosen. In the beginning of the Revolution, Massachusetts and Virginia went side by side. So in the beginning of the independent United States must they be joined in the administration of public affairs. It was very difficult to construct the new government. All must be made anew. There were two great parties in the nation. The Federalists, who were friendly to the Constitution, and inclined to a strong central government, some of them perhaps favoring a monarchy and an hereditary Senate. The Anti-Federalists, first called "Republicans," and after-

wards "Democrats," who had opposed the Constitution, disliked a strong central power, and relied more upon the local self-government of the states, or upon the individual man. With his usual sagacity, Washington selected the best political talent of the country to help the great work, and with characteristic fairness he chose men from both parties. Jefferson was Secretary of State, Hamilton of the Treasury, General Henry Knox of War, and Edmund Randolph, Attorney-General. These composed the Cabinet. The Supreme Court were to be appointed. He put John Jay at its head. He would not be President of a party, but sought to reconcile differences, and to fuse all parties into one. The attempt could not succeed. There were quarrels in his own Cabinet, especially between Jefferson, who was an ideal Democrat, with great confidence in the mass of the people, and Hamilton, who inclined towards monarchy, and had but small confidence in the people. In the eight years of Washington's two Presidencies the country was full of strife and contentions between these parties. No President has since had such difficulties to contend with —all was to be made anew; the departments of government to be constructed, treaties to be negotiated with foreign powers, the revenue to be settled, the public debt to be paid, the continental paper money to be provided for, or the question disposed of, the limits of the constitutional power of the general government to be fixed, the forms of procedure in the Federal courts to be settled. The Union itself was so new, the elements were so diverse, the interests of North and South so hostile, it was to be feared the whole would soon fall to pieces. But quickly the government was organized, an admirable plan of administra-

tion was devised, and the eight years brought increased stability to the American institutions, greater confidence in them, greater welfare to the whole people, and additional renown to Washington.

I will not here recapitulate the chief acts of his administration. They are to be found in historical and biographical works. His leading principle was simply to be just to all, and demand justice from all. This was especially difficult in a time of such trouble; for while the constructive work of American democracy was going on here, in Europe the great destructive forces of humanity made the earth to quake, and to swallow down the most ancient monarchy in the Christian world. Both countries felt the shock of the French Revolution. The Federalists generally took sides against France, and with England, who feared the revolutionary contagion. The Democrats favored the French, and were hostile to England, as being willing to arrest the progress of mankind. Both parties were a little crazy.

VII. On the 3rd of March, 1797, Washington withdrew from public life, and in a few days again sat down at Mount Vernon, devoted himself to agriculture, and hoped to enjoy the pleasing leisure of a country life. But his farewell address could not save him from public duties. He was to die with his harness on. Fear of war with France called him again to the head of the American army, which must be reconstructed in the midst of new and endless difficulties. But soon a peaceful trumpet called him to another field. On the 14th December, 1799, Washington ceased to be mortal; and he who had been "first in war, and first in peace," became also "first in the hearts of his countrymen," where he still lives.

It is not difficult to understand a character which is so plain, the features so distinct and strongly marked.

1. Look at his intellect.

He had not a great reason — that philosophic principle which seeks the universal law and the scientific truths, resting in them as ends. He was not a speculative, but a practical man; not at all devoted to ideas. He had no tendency to science. He did not look after causes, ultimate reasons, general laws; only after facts. He was concerned with measures, not with principles. He seldom, if ever, made a philosophic remark on matter or on man. His diary is full of facts. It has no ideas, no hints or studies of a thoughtful character. He had little curiosity to learn the great generalizations of nature. It does not appear that he ever read a single philosophic book. His letters contain no ideas, and refer to no great principles.

2. He had not much imagination — that poetic power which rests in ideal beauty as its end. There was little of the ideal element in him. He takes no notice of the handsome things in nature, art, or literature. I remember but one reference to anything of the kind. That is to be found in the "Lowland Beauty," who so charmed him in boyhood. He looked at use, not at beauty. Handsome dress he prized for the dignity and consequence it gave him. This unideal character marks his style of writing, which is commonly formal, stiff, and rather prim,[20] without ornament, or any of the little wayside beauties which spring up between the stones even of a military road.

He seems to have had as little fondness for literature as for science. The books he read were practical works, which contained only information, and were quite destitute of the beauty, the inspiration, and the charm of letters. In the great mass of documents which bear his name it is not always easy to see what is his. Some of his greatest state papers were the work of other hands. The Farewell Address must be adjudged to Madison,[21] who made the original draft in 1792, and to Hamilton, who wrought it over in 1797. Washington wrote it out anew with his own hand, making some alterations. It required four months to get it ready, so important did Washington deem the occasion. The greater part of the letters which fill eighty manuscript volumes are written by his secretaries, who must think for him as well as write. Still, there are enough which came unaltered from his pen to show us what power of writing he possessed.

It is refreshing to find that he sometimes departed from the solemn, dull, conventional language of state papers, and calls the British soldiers "Red Coats," and General Putnam "Old Put;" talks of "kicking up some dust," "making a rumpus," of nominating "men not fit to be shoe-blacks;" speaks of "the rascally Puritanism of New England," and "the rascally Tories;" "a scoundrel from Marblehead — a man of property." But in general his style is plain and business-like, without fancy or figure of speech, and without wrath. His writings are not grass which grows in the fields; they are hay which is pitched down from the mow in a barn.

3. Washington had a great understanding. He had that admirable balance of faculties which we call

good judgment; the power of seeing the most expedient way of doing what must be done,— a quality more rare, perhaps, than what men call genius. Yet his understanding was not of a wide range, but was limited to a few particulars, all pertaining to practical affairs.

Thus gifted, Washington was not an originator. I think he discovered nothing, invented nothing — in war, in politics, or in agriculture. The "new plough of my own invention" came to nothing. He was a soldier nearly sixteen years. I do not find that he discovered anything new in military affairs. He sat in the Virginia Assembly of Burgesses; was a delegate to the Continental Congress, and was a member of the Federal Convention, at the time when those bodies were busy with the most important matters; but I do not learn that he brought forward any new idea, any original view of affairs, or ever proposed any new measure. He was eight years President, and left behind him no marks of originality, of inventive talent, or of power of deep insight into causes, into their modes of operation, or even into their remote effects. Here he stood on the common level of mankind, and saw no deeper or farther than ordinary men.

But he was a good organizer. Naturally systematic, industrious, and regular by early habit, he had the art to make things take an orderly shape, and to serve the purpose he had in view. Thus his large farm at Mount Vernon was managed with masterly skill; the routine of crops was adjusted as well as was then known to the art of agriculture. In the French and Indian War he took the raw human material, arrayed it into companies and regiments, and made a serviceable little army. In the War of the

Revolution he did the same thing on a larger scale, and with, perhaps, yet greater difficulties in his way. He took the rude, undisciplined mass of New England valor at Cambridge, in 1775, and in a few months made it quite an effective army, able to strike a powerful blow. He was called on to do the same many times in that war, and almost always accomplished such tasks with consummate skill. He laid out his plans of battle or campaign with great good sense. But I think he had no originality in his plans, or in his mode either of arranging his grounds or of marshalling his soldiers. He followed the old schemes, and always took abundant counsel. As President, he had much of this work of organization to attend to. With the help of the able heads of Adams, Jefferson, Hamilton, Jay, and others, it was successfully done.

His great talent was that of administration. He had that rare combination of judgment, courage, and capacity for action which enabled him to manage all things well. He was fond of detail — no little thing was too minute for his delicate eye. He administered his farm with severe and nice economy; yet the system of slavery did not allow it to be very productive. His day-books show what all the men are doing. At home he remembered the value of the master's eye.

While absent from Virginia eight years in the army, he had accounts continually remitted from his chief overseer, telling him of all the minute details of the ploughing, planting, reaping, threshing, raising tobacco, and selling it; the birth of cattle and slaves, the health of his animal and of his human stock. Always, once a week, Washington wrote to his overseer, even in the most troublous times. I think that he

never failed of this in all the period of storms, from January, 1776, to December, 1784. With the same skill he administered the affairs of the little miserable Virginia army in the French and Indian War, and the greater cares of the Revolutionary army. The nearer we come to the facts, the more are we astonished at the great difficulties he surmounted — want of powder, want of guns, want of clothes, want of tents, want of shoes, and above all, want of money, which is want of everything. We are amazed at the jealousy of Congress, the bickerings and petty rivalries of little and mean men ambitious of his military renown, at the coldness of the people of Pennsylvania, of Maryland, of the Carolinas, of Georgia, and their indifference even to their own success. But we are still more amazed at the high ability with which he administered his humble supplies of means and of men, and at the grand result he brought to pass. He was not a swift thinker; he never fought a brilliant campaign, or more than a single brilliant battle — that at Trenton;[22] but I doubt that Alexander, that Cæsar, that Napoleon, or even Hannibal, had more administrative military skill, save in this, that he had not the power to make rapid combinations on the field of battle; he must think it all out beforehand, draw on paper the plan of movement, and fix the place of the troops. Hence he was skilful in attack, but not equally able when the assault was made upon him. He had slow, far-sighted judgment. In much time he prepared and wrought for much time. He had a real military talent, not a genius for war.

As President, he administered the political affairs of the nation with the same skill, the same patience in details, the same comprehensive diligence. A man of

judgment, not of genius, in all important military matters he required each colonel and officer to furnish a written report of what ought to be done, compared them all carefully, and made up his mind after a thorough knowledge of the facts, and a careful examination of the opinions of able men.

I do not find that Washington had any new ideas about government, or about political affairs. He opposed the British despotism in 1768; but all New England had gone that way before him, and he followed after in the train of the ablest and some of the richest men in Virginia. He favored the union of the colonies; but Franklin had suggested that in 1754, and Massachusetts, in 1770, appointed a committee to confer with all the colonial legislatures. He attended the Continental Congress in 1774; but Franklin, then in England, had really originated it. He sought for independence; but, long before him, the great souls of Samuel Adams and Joseph Hawley had shown that it was indispensable; and the fiery tongue of Patrick Henry had proclaimed it. I think the Constitution does not owe a thought to him. The original plan of the details of the Federal Government does not seem to have come from him, but from Jefferson, Hamilton, Jay. Let us be reverent of great names, also just. Washington's superiority to others was not intellectual. He was continually surrounded by abler minds in the Virginia Legislature and in the Continental Congress, in the army and in the Cabinet. Compare him with Franklin, Samuel Adams, John Adams, Jefferson, Hamilton, Jay, Madison, with Greene, Pickering, and many more. But he pretended to no intellectual greatness, and was one of the most modest of men. This appeared in all his life, from the day the Virginia

Assembly presented the blushing colonel with their thanks, until he gave the people of the United States of America his Farewell Address.

II. His excellence was moral. He had that constitution and quality of moral power which is to virtue what good sense is to intellect. One of the most conscientious of men, he was not morally romantic, enthusiastic, or transcendental. There was no more moonshine in his moral than in his intellectual character. His virtue was not

> "too bright and good
> For human nature's daily food."

1. His natural temperament did not much incline him to the vices of passion in youth, for he was of that stern and austere make which leans to strictness rather than to self-indulgence. He wrote in his copy-book, "Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience." In few hearts did it ever burn with a steadier and more constant flame. Yet there was no unusual rigidity in his rules of life. He was man, and not an ascetic.

He had a nice love of order, and a quick instinct for decorum. This appears in the neatness of his writing-books at the age of thirteen; in the accuracy of his diagrams made when he was a surveyor, farmer, or soldier; in the clear round hand and lucid style of his writings; in the regularity of his habits; the stately deportment which marked him, whether in the forest, the camp, or in the Senate of the nation. Yet, if you look carefully, you find he was not so fastidious as to order in thoughts as in things. He was fond of form and parade, and when President,

adopted the stately customs of monarchic courts, not unjustly complained of at the time as savoring of aristocracy, and looking toward kingly institutions. It may be that Hamilton, Adams, and others had more to do with this foolish parade than Washington himself. Yet he loved splendor, and rode in a coach with four and sometimes six horses. Other Virginia gentlemen did the same. Men could not forget the old nonsense all at once. "Nihil saltatim, omne gradatim," is nature's rule of conduct. He was accurate in his accounts, omitting no little detail, punctual in regard to time, orderly in all things.

2. He had great power of wrath, inheriting the high, hasty temper of his mother. In youth he was "sudden and quick in quarrel." In middle life his passion was tremendous, sometimes getting vent in words, sometimes in blows. He never overcame this excess of heat, this congenital distemper of the blood. Jefferson tells of a great "occasion when the President was much inflamed, got into one of those passions when he cannot command himself," called Freneau a rascal, and did not miscall him, and said that, by God, he would rather be in his grave than in his present situation.[23] In the latter years of the Revolution his temper greatly offended the officers.

In 1775, at Cambridge, the army was destitute of powder. Washington sent Colonel Glover to Marblehead for a supply of that article, which was said to be there. At night the Colonel returned, found Washington in front of his headquarters, pacing up and down. Glover saluted. The General, without returning his salute, asked, roughly, "Have you got the powder?" "No, sir." Washington swore out the

great, terrible Saxon oath, with all its three specifications. "Why did you come back, sir, without it?" "Sir, there is not a kernel of powder in Marblehead." Washington walked up and down a minute or two, in great agitation, and then said, "Colonel Glover, here is my hand, if you will take it, and forgive me. The greatness of our danger made me forget what is due to you and to myself."

Tobias Lear, his intimate friend, and private secretary, says, that in the winter of 1791, an officer brought a letter telling of General St. Clair's disastrous defeat by the Indians. It must be delivered to the President himself. He left his family and guests at table, glanced over the contents, and when he rejoined them, seemed calm as usual. But afterwards, when he and Lear were alone, he walked the room silent a while, and then broke out in great agitation. "It is all over. St. Clair is defeated, routed; the officers nearly all killed, the men by wholesale; the disaster complete, too shocking to think of, and a surprise into the bargain!" He walked about, much agitated, and his wrath became terrible. "Yes," he burst forth, "here, on this very spot, I took leave of him. I wished him success and honor. 'You have your instructions,' I said, 'from the Secretary of War. I had myself a strict eye to them, and will add but one word, beware of a surprise! I repeat it, beware of a surprise! You know how the Indians fight!' He went off with this, as my last solemn warning, thrown into his ears; and yet, to suffer that army to be cut to pieces, hacked, butchered, tomahawked, by a surprise, the very thing I guarded him against! O God! O God! he is worse than a murderer! How can he answer for it to his country? The blood

of the slain is upon him, the curse of widows and orphans, the curse of Heaven!" His emotions were awful. After which he cooled a little, and sat down, and said, "This must not go beyond this room. General St. Clair shall have justice. I looked through the despatches, saw the whole disaster, but not all the particulars. I will receive him without displeasure; I will hear him without prejudice. He shall have full justice." [24]

3. By nature and education he had a strong love of approbation, and seemed greedy of applause. This appears in his somewhat worldly "Rules of Conduct," which he copied out in his youth; in his fondness for dress, which did not come from a nice artistic sense of beauty, but rather from a desire to win the respect and esteem of other men; and from that sensitiveness to public opinion which appears at all periods of his life, especially at the period when he was criticized with such cruel injustice and wanton insult. In early life he loved honor, and was ambitious for distinction, and so obtained a commission in the forces of Virginia.

I think he never had that mean passion of love of approbation which is called vanity, and is to honor what the foam is to the sea. The scum it genders drives before the wind, and unsubstantial melts away. Yet in all his manly public life as legislator, general, President, I cannot find an instance in which he courted popularity. Office always sought him; he never sought it. In no instance did he stoop his majestic head to avoid calumny, or to pick up the applause which might be tainted with the least uncleanness. Admirers there were about him; there was no place for a flatterer.[25] In all his public addresses, in all his official

or private letters, and in the reports of his familiar talk, there is no evidence that he referred to himself, or alluded to any great or good deed he had ever done! In the eleven thick volumes of his works, and in the many other manuscripts which are still preserved, I find not a line which was written with the peacock feather of vanity, not a word which asks applause. After 1790, the eyes of the nation — yes, of the world — were on the sublimest man in it. His eye was on the nation, and on the eternal right, not on George Washington, or on his great deeds. Popularity is a boy's bonfire in the street. Merit is the heavenly light of sun and moon and star.

4. Washington was a courageous man. He had that vigorous animal bravery, which laughs at danger and despises fear. But this was tempered with caution. It was discreet valor, which did not waste its strength. In his report of the little battle of Jumonville, in 1754, when he was twenty-two years of age, it is related that he said, "I heard the bullets whistle, and, believe me, there is something charming in the sound!" King George the Second added, "He would not say so if he had been used to hearing many." When Washington was once questioned about the story, he answered, "If I ever said so, it was when I was young." [26]

But he had that high moral courage, which dares affront perils greater than the whistling of bullets. He chose the right cause, though it were unpopular, and held to it, fearful of nothing but to do wrong. When defeated, he still bore up amid the greatest difficulties. The Americans were beaten in every attack made upon them, from the battle of

Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775, till the battle of Fort Mifflin, October 22, 1777: they were victorious only when they made the charge. Yet Washington did not despair. At Cambridge he had no powder, yet his courage and perseverance held out. He lost Long Island, New York Island, Fort Washington, and some three thousand men. This was the greatest disaster of the whole war. He fled through the Jerseys, his army dwindling and shrinking till he had hardly seven thousand men, ill armed, unpaid, ill clad, ill fed. Yet his heart did not fail him. He wrote his brother, "If every nerve is not strained to recruit the new army with all possible expedition, I think the game is pretty nearly up." On the 20th December, 1776, he tells the President of Congress, Mr. Hancock, "Ten days more will put an end to the existence of our army!" The recruits came in slowly, and the enemy, in full force, lay at New York, within two days' march of him. But Washington's courage did not fail him, nor his hope. Many of the early officers of the Revolution left the army in disgust. The nation did not pay their expenses, and made no promise of future indemnity. This discouraged the men, and they could not enlist again after their favorite commanders were gone. But Washington still held on, and sought to cheer the fainting souls of both officers and men. In 1777, when the British held Philadelphia, and Washington went into winter quarters at Valley Forge, only a day's march off, at a time of the greatest peril, the cowardly State of Pennsylvania had but twelve hundred militia in the field to defend their own firesides. Tories abounded, full of insolence. Congress was thinly attended. There were whole weeks with no quorum of states. Many of the members were hostile

to him. But his great heart did not give up. There was a cabal in the army against him. Conway, Gates, Mifflin, coveted his place, and attempted his ruin. Reed, his confidential secretary, was party to the intrigue. Members of Congress distrusted him, and openly or secretly opposed him, and wished to remove him from office. Had he not served them for nothing, they would have done so; and yet this great soul bore up against it all, and never quailed before so manifold a storm of evil.

5. Washington had a will of mighty strength,—firm, resolute, tenacious. When his mind was made up, nothing turned him aside. But he had such admirable self-command that he was not at all invasive of the opinions of others. He respected the personality of men, and did not impose his will upon them; neither did he allow others to intrude upon him; but he kept himself apart, austerely as the northern star. He held the military power in exact subordination to the civil. Where he was present, the laws spoke with clear voice. In the midst of arms, he did not abuse power.

Yet he sometimes proposed harsh measures. He wished, in 1776, to arrest and confine all who refused to receive the Continental paper money at par, and to report them for trial to the states to which they belonged. He wanted speculators and forestallers brought to condign punishment. "I would to God," said he, in 1779, "that some one of the more atrocious in each state were hung in chains upon a gallows five times as high as the one prepared for Haman." [27]

6. The highest moral quality is integrity, faithfulness to conviction and to all delegated trust. This

was his crowning virtue. He had it in the heroic degree. It appears in all his life,— from the boy of thirteen, diligently copying his tasks, to the famous man, well nigh three-score and ten. Here I know not who was his superior. I cannot put my finger on a deliberate act of his public or private life which would detract from this high praise. He had no subtilty of character, no cunning; he hated duplicity, lying, and liars. He withdrew his confidence from Jefferson when he found him fraudulent; from his secretary, Reed, when he was found false in a small particular. He would not appoint Aaron Burr to any office, because he knew him to be an intriguer. He could be silent, he could not feign; simulation and dissimulation formed no part of his character. Reserved, cautious, thinking before he spoke, I can find no act of his civil life which implies the least insincerity, the least want of ingenuousness in the man.

In war, he used fraud to spare force, and won the greatest triumph of the Revolution by a military lie. In 1781, the British General Clinton had an army at New York, Cornwallis another in Virginia. Washington lay along on the North River and the Jerseys. He meant to strike Cornwallis. To render the blow sure and effective, he must make it appear that he intended to attack New York. He did so more than a year beforehand. He deceived the highest civil officers, the highest military officers, and all the middle and eastern states. To mislead the enemy, he collected forage and boats in the neighborhood of New York, built ovens, as if he intended to remain there and attack the city. He wrote letters to the American and French officers, ordering them to that place, for he should besiege the town, and sent them so that they were sure

to fall into the enemy's hands. He deceived friend and foe. Then at the right moment he broke up his camp, marched hastily to Virginia, and dealt the fatal blow at Cornwallis at Yorktown. All this deception was as necessary to his military plan as powder to his cannon. It implies no deceitfulness of character in the deceiver.

He had no meanness, no little resentments. If he wronged a man in his hasty temper, he sought to repair the wrong. There was nothing selfish in his ambition. He rises above the most of men about him, — in the camp, in the Congress, or the Cabinet,— as a tall pine above the brushwood at its feet. He did nothing little. After the fighting was over, the army was not paid, and there was no certainty of payment. The nation might leave it to the states, and the states might refer it back again to the nation. The government was weak from its center, and not efficient or respectable from the character of some of its members. A portion of the officers of the army, aided by monarchical men in all the states, wished to make Washington king. He needed only to say "Yes," and the deed was done. He pushed the crown away with conscientious horror.

How admirable was all his conduct after the cessation of hostilities! He was faithful to the army, faithful to the nation, because he was faithful to himself. How grand was his address to the army,— his letter to the governors of the states,— his address to Congress when he returned his commission! In all the history of mankind, can one find such another example of forbearance — a triumphant soldier refusing power, and preferring to go back and till his farm?

"His means were pure and spotless as his ends."

III. Washington was not what would be called an affectionate man, or one rich in tender emotions of love. Neither his nature nor his breeding tended that way. His nature seems more stern than kindly; exact and moral, but not loving. He was a soldier at nineteen. Great cares lay on him in his early youth, and chilled the growth of the gentler emotions. His marriage was not very propitious. Mrs. Washington appears as a dressy, fashionable woman, without much head or heart. The one letter of her husband, and his occasional references to her, do not give us a very pleasing picture of the woman. It is said "she took the forward end of the matrimonial yoke." To command and obey is a soldier's duty. The great general practised the first in the army, and the last at Mount Vernon. He had no children, and so lost the best part of his affectional education. There was nothing in his circumstances to supply the original defect of nature. And so, upright in his principles before God, and downright before man, he was not affectionate and loving.[28] Few flowers of that tender quality spring up along his military, official, or domestic paths. He was a just guardian, rather than an affectionate uncle. He was bashful and silent among women. Yet he was a benevolent man, and charitable. He was attached to his relations. He seems to have loved Lafayette. He had confidence in Generals Knox, Lincoln, Greene, Governor Jonathan Trumbull, Joseph Reed, Madison, Tobias Lear, perhaps Harrison, and at one time Jefferson. I think of none besides; but beyond this confidence he had little affection for them. Yet he had no tendency to cruelty, and mitigated, as far as possible, the horrors of war. He had delicate feelings towards prisoners,

but no pity for the "rascally Tories," as he calls them. He wore his wife's miniature all his life. It lay on his bosom when he died. But at his death there were no tender partings for her. He took leave of no one, but died like a soldier.

Nobody was familiar with Washington; scarcely any one intimate. Men felt admiration, reverence, awe, devotion for this collection of grand qualities, but not love. They would lay down their lives for him, but they could not take him to their heart. He would not suffer it.

IV. In Washington's religious character there appears the same peculiarity which distinguished his intellectual, moral, and affectional relations. He had much of the principle, little of the sentiment of religion. He was more moral than pious. In earlier life a certain respect for ecclesiastical laws made him a vestryman of two Episcopal Churches, and kept him attentive to those externals, which, with ministers and reporters for the newspapers, pass for the substance of religion. It does not appear that he took a deep and spiritual delight in religious emotions, still less in poetry, works of art, or in the beauty of nature. His disposition did not incline that way. But he had a devout reverence for the first cause of all things, and a sublime, never-failing trust in that Providence which watches over the affairs alike of nations and of men. He had a strong, unalterable determination to do his duty to his God, with an habitual dread of aught unworthy of that holy name. I do not think he always forgave his enemies, like Dr. Franklin; but he took no revenge on others, and never, save in momentary wrath, spoke ill words of men who hated and sought to ruin him.

In the later years of his life, from 1778 till death, he partook of what is called the Lord's Supper but once. Ministers have taken their revenge for the omission, and have denied or doubted his religious character.

It is not easy to ascertain in detail his theological opinions, for on that matter he held his peace. Ministers often sought to learn his creed. It was in vain. Once only he spoke of "the pure and benign light of Revelation," and "the Divine Author of our blessed Religion." Silence is a figure of speech. In his latter years he had no more belief in the popular theology than John Adams or Benjamin Franklin, though, unlike them, he was not a speculative man. He was entirely free from all cant, bigotry, and intolerance.

Ministers, anxious to claim so noble a man for the Christian Church, find proof of his religious practices in the fact that he punished swearing in the army, had prayers in the camp at Fort Necessity in 1754, attended meeting, referred to Divine Providence, spoke with praise of Christianity, and once, during the Revolution, took bread and wine in a Presbyterian meeting-house. I find his religion rather in the general devoutness of the man, and in his continual trust in God; in the manly self-command which triumphed over such a wild tempest of wrath as he sometimes held chained within him, and which kept within bounds that natural love of power, of all evil tendencies the most difficult, perhaps, to overcome. I find it in that he sought duty always, and never glory. I find it in the heroic integrity of the man, which so illustrated his whole life. Above all do I find it in his relation to the nation's greatest crime. He was born a slaveholder, and so bred. Slaves fell to him by his mar-

riage, which were the entailed property of his wife, and could not be got rid of till her death. The African slave-trade was then thought as legitimate and honorable a trade as dealing in cattle, in land, in wheat, or in oil. Washington disliked slavery, thought it wrong and wicked. In June, 1774, he was chairman of the committee which drafted the resolutions of Fairfax County, and was the moderator of the meeting which passed them. "No slaves ought to be imported into any of the British colonies on this continent." They express the "most earnest wishes to have an entire stop put for ever to such a wicked, cruel, and unnatural traffic." In 1783, he writes to Lafayette, who had bought an estate in Cayenne, with a view to emancipate the slaves, "I shall be happy to join you in so laudable a work. It is a generous and noble proof of your humanity. Would to God a like spirit might diffuse itself into the heart of the people of this country. But I despair of seeing it. By degrees it certainly might, and assuredly ought, to be effected, and that, too, by legislative authority."

In his famous farewell to the army, he congratulated the soldiers of the Revolution on their "helping out this stupendous fabric of freedom and empire, on protecting the rights of human nature, and establishing an asylum for the poor and oppressed of all nations and religions." He sought to promote the emancipation of all the slaves in Virginia. That could not be done. At last, by his will, he set free all his own bondmen. Their delivery was to take place at the death of his wife. He wished it before, but it could not be brought to pass. He provided for the feeble and the old. The young ones were to be free at twenty-five, and be taught to read and write. He

says, " I do hereby expressly forbid the sale, or transportation out of the said Commonwealth, of any slave I may die possessed of, under any pretence whatsoever. I do moreover most pointedly and most solemnly enjoin it upon my executors to see that this clause respecting slaves, and every part hereof, be religiously fulfilled, without evasion, neglect, or delay." Here Washington rose superior to his age; here I find proof of the religious character of the man. If Christianity be more than one of the many delusions imposed on a groaning world, it is because it is that religion which consists in natural piety, the love of God, and in natural morality, the keeping of His laws. And if morality and piety be religion, then who shall dare charge Washington with lack of Christianity?

But great man as he was,— conscientious, moral, religious, in the high sense of that abused word, " religion,"— he was not without his errors and great offenses in the matter of slavery. A negro fell in the Boston Massacre. One of the seventy at Lexington, " who fired the shot heard round the world," [29] was a negro, and died for liberty on the 19th April, 1775. There were many Africans in the battle of Bunker Hill; [30] the Rhode Island troops, in the Revolution, were full of black men.[31] In the terrible fight in defense of Red Bank, on the Delaware, in 1777, a negro regiment from New England stood in the thickest of the battle.[32] Washington was a leading member of the Federal Convention. He and Franklin were the greatest men in the nation. Had Washington, the great and successful general, the president of the convention, with the nation's eyes fixed upon him, said to that body, " Let there be no slaves

in the United States," there had been none to-day. We might have lost the termagant and noisy Tory sister Carolina; we should have gained millions of freemen. But Washington sat, and said nothing. I doubt not his conscientiousness.

When he was chosen President in 1789, numerous public bodies sent him their congratulations; most of the states adding their hearty testimonials of personal respect. The Legislature of Georgia sent the address of that State, and complained of "the facility of our black people crossing the Spanish line, from whence we have never been able to recover them." This was the beginning of the Florida War. Washington promises to attend to that matter, and in 1791 attempts to recover those poor exiles of Florida, who had sought refuge from bondage among Christians, by fleeing to the Creek Indians in Spanish America. Thus Washington appears in the second year of his Presidency as a national stealer of men, no doubt sorely against his will.[33] He seized the first fugitive slave in June 7, 1793,— one of the early invasions of the Federal Government upon the rights of the states. One of the favorite slaves of his wife ran away. He heard she was living at Portsmouth, in the State of New Hampshire, and he wrote to some government officer there, asking if she could be arrested and brought back without riot and public scandal. The answer was, "No! The arrest of a fugitive woman as the slave of General Washington would not be tolerated in New Hampshire." The President gave up the pursuit. I make no doubt with inward delight.

You will say, "He did little for the freedom of the slaves." He did more than all Presidents, with the

exception of Jefferson and Madison. Think of any President for forty years daring to call slavery "wicked," "unnatural," to commend emancipation, or liberate his slaves at his death. Some ministers would say, "He hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel!" Judge men by their own acts, and by their own light, not by yours or mine. Before he left the earth, he wrenched the fetters from off each bondman's foot, and, as he began his flight to heaven, dropped them down into the bottomless pit of hell, where they may find who seek.

In his person, Washington was six feet high, and rather slender. His limbs were long; his hands were uncommonly large, his chest broad and full, his head was exactly round, and the hair brown in manhood, but gray at fifty; his forehead rather low and retreating, the nose large and massy, the mouth wide and firm, the chin square and heavy, the cheeks full and ruddy in early life. His eyes were blue and handsome, but not quick or nervous. He required spectacles to read with at fifty. He was one of the best riders in the United States, but like some other good riders, awkward and shambling in his walk. He was stately in his bearing, reserved, distant, and apparently haughty. Shy among women, he was not a great talker in any company, but a careful observer and listener. He read the natural temper of men, but not always aright. He seldom smiled. He did not laugh with his face, but in his body, and while calm above, below the diaphragm his laughter was copious and earnest. Like many grave persons, he was fond of jokes and loved humorous stories. He had negro story-tellers to regale him with fun and anecdotes at Mount Vernon. He was not critical about

his food, but fond of tea. He took beer or cider at dinner, and occasionally wine. He hated drunkenness, gaming, and tobacco. He had a hearty love of farming, and of private life. There was nothing of the politician in him, no particle of cunning. He was one of the most industrious of men. Not an elegant or accurate writer, he yet took great pains with style, and, after the Revolution, carefully corrected the letters he had written in the time of the French War, more than thirty years before. He was no orator, like Jefferson, Franklin, Madison, and others, who had great influence in American affairs. He never made a speech. The public papers were drafted for him, and he read them when the occasion came.

Washington was no democrat. Like the Federal party he belonged to, he had little confidence in the people. He thought more of the judicial and executive departments than of the legislative body. He loved a strong central power, not local self-government. A little tumult, like Shays' insurrection in Massachusetts, or the rebellion in Pennsylvania, made him and his Federal associates tremble for the safety of the nation. He did not know that "something must be forgiven to the spirit of Liberty." In his administration as President, he attempted to unite the two parties,— the Federal party, with its tendency to monarchy, and perhaps desire for it, and the Democratic party, which thought that the government was already too strong. But there was a quarrel between Hamilton and Jefferson, who unavoidably hated each other. The Democrats would not serve in Washington's Cabinet. The violent, arbitrary, and invasive will of Hamilton acquired an undue influence over Washington, who was beginning, at sixty-four, to

feel the effects of age; and he inclined more and more to severe laws and consolidated power, while on the other part the nation became more and more democratic. Washington went on his own way, and yet filled his Cabinet with men less tolerant of Republicanism than himself.

Of all the great men whom Virginia has produced, Washington was least like the state that bore him. He is not southern in many particulars.[34] In character he is as much a New Englander as either Adams. Yet, wonderful to tell, he never understood New England. The slaveholder, bred in Virginia, could not comprehend a state of society where the captain or the colonel came from the same class as the common soldier, and that off duty they should be equals. He thought common soldiers should only be provided with food and clothes, and have no pay. Their families should not be provided for by the state. He wanted the officers to be "gentlemen," and, as much as possible, separate from the soldier. He asked the Massachusetts Legislature, of 1775, to impress men into the revolutionary army, and to force them to fight for the liberty of not being forced to fight. He finds more fault with New England in one year than with all the other nine states in seven years. He complains of the egregious want of public spirit in New England; but little Massachusetts provided more men and more money than all the wide states south of Mason and Dixon's line, and drove her Tories down to Halifax, while the southern states kept theirs at home! While he was uttering his murmurs, the little State of Rhode Island had more than four thousand soldiers and sailors in actual service; yet her whole population was not sixty thousand souls. Thus one fifteenth of her

entire population, counting men, women, and children, was in active service at one time. In like ratio, Virginia should have had forty thousand soldiers in the field. Yet in 1779–80 General Arnold, the traitor, with less than two thousand men, ravaged the whole State of Virginia for two years. Jefferson did nothing against him. Washington does not complain of Virginia's egregious want of public spirit. He never understood New England; never loved it, never did it full justice.

It has been said Washington was not a great soldier; but certainly he created an army out of the roughest materials, outgeneraled all that Britain could send against him, and in the midst of poverty and distress organized victory. He was not brilliant and rapid. He was slow, defensive and victorious. He made "an empty bag stand upright," which Franklin says is "hard." Some men command the world, or hold its admiration, by their ideas or by their intellect. Washington had neither original ideas, nor a deeply cultured mind. He commands by his integrity, by his justice. He loved power by instinct, and strong government by reflective choice. Twice he was made dictator, with absolute power, and never abused the awful and despotic trust. The monarchic soldiers and civilians would make him king. He trampled on their offer, and went back to his fields of corn and tobacco at Mount Vernon. The grandest act of his public life was to give up his power; the most magnanimous deed of his private life was to liberate his slaves.

Washington is the first man of his type; when will there be another? As yet the American rhetoricians do not dare tell half his excellence; but the people should not complain.

Cromwell is the greatest Anglo-Saxon who was ever a ruler on a large scale. In intellect he was immensely superior to Washington; in integrity, immeasurably below him. For one thousand years no king in Christendom has shown such greatness, or gives us so high a type of manly virtue.[35] He never dissembled. He sought nothing for himself. In him there was no unsound spot; nothing little or mean in his character. The whole was clean and presentable. We think better of mankind because he lived, adorning the earth with a life so noble. Shall we make an idol of him, and worship it with huzzas on the Fourth of July, and with stupid rhetoric on other days? Shall we build him a great monument, founding it in a slave pen? His glory already covers the continent. More than two hundred places bear his name. He is revered as "The Father of his Country." The people are his memorial. The New York Indians hold this tradition of him: "Alone of all white men," say they, "he has been admitted to the Indian heaven, because of his justice to the red men. He lives in a great palace, built like a fort. All the Indians, as they go to heaven, pass by, and he himself is in his uniform, a sword at his side, walking to and fro. They bow reverently, with great humility. He returns the salute, but says nothing."[36] Such is the reward of his justice to the red men. God be thanked for such a man.

> "A soul supreme, in each hard instance tried,
> Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,
> The rage of power, the blast of public breath,
> The lust of lucre, and the dread of death."

III

JOHN ADAMS

In 1634 the General Court of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay made a grant of lands at Mount Wollaston (now in the town of Quincy) to enlarge the town of Boston. In 1636 the inhabitants of Boston granted some of those lands in lots to individual settlers, and even to new residents, who presently formed a church, and settled their ministers. In 1640 they were incorporated as a town, which bore the name of Braintree. I find forty acres of land granted to one Henry Adams. He died in 1646, and left an estate appraised at seventy-five pounds thirteen shillings. It consisted of the land, a barn, and a house, which had one kitchen, one parlor, and one chamber in the attic, where dwelt the eleven persons who made up the family. The inventory of his estate, taken after his death, catalogues "three beds," which must have contained them all at night. He left also one cow, one heifer, swine, some old books, and a silver spoon. He was grandfather's grandfather to the second President of the United States. It was not a conspicuous family in those times, though it has since borne two Presidents, and is still vigorous and flourishing, promising I know not how great future glories. On the other side of the water antiquaries and genealogists find that the family was old and baronial.

Indeed, the name would justify a larger genealogical claim. The Adamses ought to be an old family and a great. According to the received accounts, it is the

first in the world. Look at the far-famed descendant of this Puritanic Henry of Braintree, and see what he did and suffered, and what extraordinary events he thereby brought to pass.

To understand his life, divide it into six parts: —

I. His childhood and youth, from birth till twenty-three. 1735 to 1758.

II. His doings as a lawyer in Suffolk County, from twenty-three till about forty. 1758 to 1775.

III. His work as a politician in Congress and at home, from forty till forty-three. 1775 to 1778.

IV. Diplomatic services in Europe, from forty-three till fifty-two. 1778 to 1787.

V. His conduct in the Executive of the United States as Vice-President and President, from fifty-two to sixty-five. 1787 to 1800.

VI. His demeanor in private life, from sixty-five till nearly ninety-one, the close of all. 1800 to 1826.

I. John Adams was born October 19, 1735. His father, John Adams, then forty-four years old, and married but the year before, was a farmer, with small means, living in that part of Braintree now called Quincy; a farmer and a shoemaker at the same time, says the local tradition. When he died, in 1760, he left an estate of thirteen hundred and thirty pounds nine shillings and eightpence — about four or five thousand dollars in our money. He was an officer in the militia, and for several years one of the selectmen of the town, and also for many years a deacon of the church. He seems to have been a well-educated man, thoughtful, thrifty, careful, with considerable capacity, genuine piety, and great uprightness of character.

Integrity is a virtue his son could inherit if virtue runs in families.

John was the eldest child of this household, which at length counted twelve,— a number then not uncommon. Of his childhood and early youth I find nothing on record. In his sixteenth year he entered Harvard College. He had studied with two tutors — Mr. Cleverly, the Congregational minister of the town, and Mr. Marsh, the reader at the Episcopal Church. Slender help it was that he got from them. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1755, ranking as fourteenth in a class of twenty-four. In the classes the precedence was dependent upon the social condition of the parents; and as to that, his mother, a Boylston from Brookline, seems to have been considered of higher family than that of the deacon, his father. The learning he brought out of college would not now qualify a boy to enter there. But it appears that he stood well in his scholarship. Certainly he had " small Latin, and less Greek." A year after his graduation I find him studying Virgil, mastering thirty lines in one day, and " about forty " the next, in the precious spare time left to him by his more serious work. Three years later he is reading Horace. In 1760 he writes in his diary, " In consequence of the ignorance of parents, masters Cleverly, Marsh, Waters, Mayhew, etc., and by reason of the ignorance of my instructors in the more advanced years of my life, my mind has lain uncultured, so that at twenty-five I am obliged to study Homer and Horace." Certainly he got little classic culture from Harvard then. Yet his class contained men afterwards distinguished, who, perhaps, got less even than he. The standard of what was called education was then exceeding low. But then, as now, scholarship

and manhood were different things, and did not always ride in the same panniers.

Presently, after graduating, he went to Worcester to keep a common school, which was kept continuously throughout the year, in a town of perhaps fifteen hundred inhabitants, where he seems to have taught all disciples, from A, B, C, upwards to Latin and Greek, or as far as his pupils could go. He thought his labor was great, and his pay small. He "boards round," as the phrase was then; a little while here, a little while there. It was the custom of the times. I do not find exactly what his salary was, but the town had several district schools, each keeping part of the year, and raised but seventy pounds, or two hundred and thirty-three dollars forty-four cents, for the support of them all. Adams's share could not have been more than one hundred and twenty-five dollars, or perhaps one hundred and fifty dollars, in addition to his board. He does not like the business, and now and then grumbles about it. "The mischievous tricks, the perpetual invincible prate, and the stupid dullness of my scholars, roused my passions." His situation was extremely irksome. He says, "The school is indeed a school of affliction. A large number of little nurslings, just capable of lisping A, B, C, and troubling the master." Some one tells him he may make those little creatures "plants of renown," and "cedars of Lebanon." But Mr. Adams tells him "that keeping this school any length of time would make a base weed and ignoble shrub of me." He kept it nearly three years, however, and yet grew up to a pretty respectable tree, not yet done blossoming in the politics of America, but still fresh and vigorous as a hundred years ago. It came of good seed that tree. The people of the town pleased him no better.

"All the conversation was dry disputes upon politics and rural obscene wit." Yet there were intelligent and reading men in the little village. Mr. Adams's proclivity to grumble appears early. How he kept school I know not. But as he went for two years, and staid more than three, it would appear he surpassed other teachers.

He must choose a profession, this young Hercules. His father intended him for the Christian ministry. His uncle Joseph, the eldest of his grandfather's twelve children, had before him entered that profession. The pulpit then absorbed most of the best talent of New England, which now runs away from it with swift acceleration. His nature inclined him to become a minister, for he was a devout man, severe in his morality, warring against all the sins of passion, austere, fond of theological books and of ecclesiastical ceremonies. But he had a profound need of looking all important things in the face, and taking nothing on hearsay, or at second hand. He was possessed with a love of freedom, and a contempt for all bigots and haters of mankind. It soon appeared clearly that a New England pulpit was no place for him. He became acquainted with a noble, generous young man, of fine genius, admirable culture, who aspired to the best parish in the province. But he was suspected of Arminianism, and accordingly "despised by some, ridiculed by others, and detested by most." "People are not disposed to inquire for piety, integrity, good sense, or learning in a young preacher, but for stupidity (for so I must call the pretended sanctity of some absolute dunces), irresistible grace, and original sin." So he wrote on his twenty-first birthday: "The pulpit is no place for you, young man! And the sooner you give up all thoughts

of it the better for you, though the worse for it, and for all such as look up to it." His attention was called to the profession of medicine, boarding as he did with Dr. Willard, who "had a large practice, a good reputation for skill, and a pretty library." He read a good deal in Cheyne, Sydenham, Van Swieten, but turned away his eyes from the healing art. Nay, he seriously thought of the opposite art — that of killing. "Nothing but want of interest and patronage prevented me from enlisting in the army. Could I have obtained a troop of horse or a company of foot, I should infallibly have been a soldier." [1] It was in 1756, the time of the French War, and all New England blazed with military ardor. Trade and farming attracted his attention, but he finally fixed his eyes upon the law, and determined on that for his calling. On his twenty-first birthday, in the same letter before quoted, he writes: "If I can gain the honor of treading in the rear, and silently admiring the noble air and gallant achievements of the foremost rank, I shall think myself worthy of a louder triumph than if I had headed the whole army of orthodox preachers. The study and practice of law, I am sure, does not dissolve the obligations of morality or of religion."

So he agrees to study with a Mr. Putnam, a thriving lawyer of Worcester, for two years, and to pay him one hundred dollars for the instruction when he may become able to pay the debt. Here he continued till October, 1758, keeping school six hours a day, and studying law most of the spare time, as his health and temper allowed. His educational helps at Worcester were not to be despised. There were several educated and thoughtful men there, who had broken away from the ecclesiastical chains which yet bound so many. The war forced men

to think and discuss great matters, the result of which is reflected in one of his earliest letters. He read the works of some thoughtful men,— Lord Bacon, Bolingbroke, Morgan, Bishop Butler, not less than Tillotson and Baxter. The influence of the freethinkers, Bolingbroke and Morgan, is obvious and decisive.

He studied laboriously the law books deemed essential in those days, some of which look rather frightful to young lawyers now that the legal road is straightened, smoothed, and made easy. He loves to go to the original source of things. This appears in his early habits of study. But he had great difficulties to contend with, whereof poverty was the least. His diary tells us what he thought of himself. He affected wit and humor. His attention was unsteady and irregular. "He had a remarkable absence of mind, a morose and unsocial disposition." He complains of his own idleness, late rising, waste of time in day-dreams, and gallivanting the girls. This latter annoyed him for a long time, till he remedied that mischief in the most natural way. He charges himself with "rash and profane swearing," with "virulence" against divers people. But his intense vanity was his greatest foe in early life. "Vanity," writes the candid youth of twenty, "is my cardinal vice and cardinal folly." Envy, likewise, gnawed at the heart of the poor lad; but he keeps free from the vices of passion.

II. After his two years of study at Worcester, he returns to Braintree, is admitted to practice in the Superior Court of Massachusetts, October 5, 1758, and establishes himself as a lawyer in his native village. But his legal education is only begun. In the midst of internal difficulties, he toils away at his work, not

without sighing for his old school at Worcester, which he so much disliked while there. His plan of legal study was quite comprehensive. He wished to understand natural law, which is justice, and so would study the great writers on ethics, the common law of England, and the statutes, and also the civil law of Rome, which has had such influence on the administration of justice throughout all Christendom. Such study demanded the reading of many books — a weariness to his flesh; for he was lazy and impetuous by turns, and unfit for the scholar's slow, silent work. But his ambition was intense and persistent, though he grumbled at the difficulty of studying law while practising it during "a rambling, roving, vagrant, vagabond life," "of here and everywhere." His townsmen were disposed to honor their young lawyer a little. They therefore elected him one of the highway surveyors, and he willingly undertook the business of mending the roads of Braintree — his first official work. His first cause in court was a failure. His writ was ill drawn. He feared it would be so, and did not wish to undertake it; but the "cruel reproaches of my mother," and other considerations, misled him. However, he overcame his own defeat, and after some years had a considerable business. Still his reputation grew slowly.

On the 25th of October, 1764, he married Miss Abigail Smith, daughter of Rev. Mr. Smith, minister of Weymouth, a town adjoining Braintree, and then he commenced housekeeping on his own account. The course of true love, it seems, had its troubles in his, as in many cases. Mr. Smith held his daughter in high consideration. He had married the daughter of Colonel John Quincy,[2] who was of an aristocratic Braintree family, having some property, and being a good deal

engrossed in the public affairs of the colony. Her grandmother was named Norton, and came from the town of Hingham, Massachusetts, and was of the same family as the famous John Norton, a dreadful minister of Ipswich, and afterwards of Boston, who helped to hang the Quakers.[3] John Norton was a man very pious, it was said, but in his case, it was " grace grafted on a crab stock." She was also a daughter of the minister at Hingham, and descended from the famous Thomas Shepard, first minister of Newtown, now Cambridge. These were the aristocracy and " first families " of that day. The minister and his daughters belonged to the West End of Weymouth, for even Weymouth had its West End at that time. But poor John Adams, a man of obscure descent, did not belong to the West End of anything. Should he be allowed to carry off such a prize? Tradition says the reverend father thought not. He had three daughters, Mary, or, as she was then called, Polly, the elder, Abby, the middle one, and Betsey, the younger. Mr. Richard Cranch, also of Braintree, but born in England, was a man of some talents, with great mechanical skill, wherewith he had fought his own way to education, and had acquired reputation and some wealth as a lawyer. He also came a wooing at the same mansion, addressing himself to Miss Polly, while Mr. Adams made similar visits on behalf of Miss Abby. Mr. Cranch was warmly welcomed by the reverend father. He treated him with great consideration. On Sunday nights, which were even then, as now, consecrated to the pious uses of the religion of young hearts, Mr. Cranch's horse was well cared for at the parochial barn, and he was himself treated with great kindness and consideration in the parochial house. But John Adams was thought a disloyal sub-

ject by the minister; hot, impetuous, impatient, uncertain, with nothing on hand, and no decided future. So, while the daughter smiled, the father frowned on the poor, obscure lover. He treated him rudely, neglected him, overlooked and annoyed him not a little. His horse ate hay on Sunday night. Of course all the little country parish knew how his affairs were going on in the minister's family, and the story soon spread to the regions round about.

Mr. Smith had told each of his daughters that the Sunday before their marriage he would preach them a sermon, from whatever text they should choose. When Mr. Cranch was ready, Miss Polly selected "Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her." John and Abby were both present to hear the discourse, and all the parish sat and listened with greedy wonder. The old gentleman expatiated upon the "good part." It was obedience. He dwelt with great unction on the necessity of obedience on the part of children to their parents. It was especially important that daughters should obey in all things; and more particularly in the matter of selecting a husband. "And Mary hath chosen that good part." But, in due time, Mr. Adams also had a cage ready for the minister's second bird. Abby must choose her text, the bright girl. She took, "John came neither eating nor drinking, and they say, He hath a devil." The old man objected, but the daughter would not be entreated, and he preached on the text in the case of the aforesaid John and Abby, and to no little delight of the parish.[4]

Miss Abby was an admirable woman, religious without fanaticism or bigotry, affectionate as wife and mother, conscientious to the last degree, but not at all austere; thrifty, wise, prudent, and forecasting, and

with calm, cool judgment, which saw the right proportion of all things. If Adams was not blessed in his courtship, he was in his marriage. Few men had ever a nobler mate. He long afterwards writes of his marriage, that it was "the source of all" his "felicity." Her education was quite scanty and irregular; she was never sent to school, but picked up a little here and there. She read a few books, chiefly poetical, it seems; but the Spectator was among them. So were the historic plays of Shakespeare, and perhaps the others. These were faithfully read, judiciously pondered over, and abundantly quoted during all her life, in her letters. She said herself,—

> "The little knowledge I have gained
> Was all from simple nature drained."

The education of women was greatly neglected in New England by the Puritans. Mrs. Hutchinson had made them afraid of her strong and subtle mind, accomplished with conscientious culture. In Adams's youth it was fashionable to ridicule "female learning."

After his marriage to the minister's daughter of Weymouth, the descendant from such reverend ancestors, his profession and business received a considerable increase. A year or two later his townsmen honored him by making him one of the selectmen of Braintree. He entered upon his office the 4th of March, 1766. He mentions the fact with hearty exultation, not thinking of another fourth of March, thirty-one years later, General Washington and fifteen states in the background. For four generations some of his family had been members of the board of selectmen. Before long he became well known in the county. He took lively interest in opposing the Stamp Act, and got a town

meeting called at Braintree, to instruct her representative in the General Court to oppose this wicked measure, and resist its execution. He drafted the resolutions, and the town meeting passed them unanimously. Forty other towns soon accepted them without alteration. They contain brave words, thoughtfully spoken at the right time.[5] His celebrated revolutionary kinsman, Samuel Adams, adopted some of his paragraphs, and the town of Boston, in Faneuil Hall, then said "Aye." In the midst of the Stamp Act trouble, 22nd December, 1765, Forefathers' Day, Sunday, he writes in his journal, "At home with my family, thinking;" and again, Christmas Day, "At home, thinking, reading, searching concerning taxation without consent; concerning the great pause and rest in business."

There was great matter for him to think of. New England stood at the threshold of Revolution, and only Samuel Adams and a few more saw where the next step would be. As the people would not accept the stamps, the courts of justice were all closed. Boston asked the Governor and Council to open the courts, and chose Mr. Gridley, James Otis, and John Adams to defend their position. It was a great honor for the young men, Otis and Adams, to be employed in such a cause, and to be associated with such counsel as Gridley, the ablest lawyer and the most elegant speaker in New England. This was "the matter" he was "thinking" about. He believes the people showed cowardice by this inactivity, and too much respect for the Act. He says the lawyers, most of them, became Tories and went down to Halifax. "The bar seem to behave like a flock of shot pigeons!" "The net seems to be thrown over them, and they have scarcely courage left to flounce and to flutter." The "Sons of Liberty"

were made of other stuff, and so was John Adams.

But the Stamp Act troubles got ended by the repeal of the law in 1766. "It was founded on a mistaken principle." But the Massachusetts Legislature had already taken the first needful step of revolution, and had called a convention of delegates. All the colonial legislatures had been summoned to meet at New York on the first Tuesday of October, 1765.

In the spring of 1768 Mr. Adams removed his family to Boston, living in Brattle Square. Governor Bernard offered him a considerable place in the government,— the office of Advocate-General. Adams at once refused it. He was poor: this offered him money. He was ambitious: this assured him respect and high consideration, and opened the road to all honor. But he was just, and said, "Get thee behind me, Satan." Nay, he would not ask to be appointed justice of the peace, so cautious was he of receiving favors which might bias his judgment. Yet he took no active part in politics, would not speak at the Boston town meetings, then so frequent and important. He would not even attend them. He devoted himself to his profession and to the support of his family. Yet he was popular with the patriotic party. The Sons of Liberty came at night and serenaded him in his house, close to the main guard of the British soldiers, who had then been quartered upon the suspected and rebellious town. He was placed on the committee to prepare instructions for James Otis, Thomas Cushing, Samuel Adams, and John Hancock, the Boston representatives.

On March 5, 1770, the Boston Massacre, so called, occurred. Captain Preston, who commanded, and the six soldiers who fired the fatal shot, were arrested and held in jail, to be tried for murder. They applied to

Mr. Adams to defend them. He consented, against the advice of all his friends. He induced Mr. Josiah Quincy, Jr., to aid in the defense.[6] Distinguished lawyers had declined to help the soldiers, for they feared the popular opinion, which demanded their blood. His acceptance of this duty was a most unpopular act, making him suspected of favoring the government whose soldiers he was called upon to defend. It was considered "ruinous" for him. A great clamor was raised against him. He managed the case skilfully. All were acquitted of the charge of murder, two only found guilty of manslaughter. Thus far this was the most valiant deed of his life. It cost him fourteen or fifteen days of most arduous work, and the sum received in payment of all his labor and success was nineteen guineas, say, ninety-five dollars!

While the case was still pending, he was chosen one of the representatives of the town of Boston to the great convention, 16th of June, 1770. I believe Samuel Adams brought this to pass. Now, for the first time, is he really committed to the politics of the people. "I consider the step as a devotion of my family to ruin, and of myself to death," said he. "At this time I had more business at the bar than any man in the province. My health was feeble, and I was throwing away as bright prospects as any man ever had before him. I had devoted myself to endless labor and anxiety, if not to infamy and to death, and that for nothing, except what indeed was, and ought to be, all in all, a sense of duty." He told his wife; she saw the peril, burst into tears, and said, the noble woman, "You have done as you ought, and I am willing to share in all that is to come, and to place my trust in Providence."

Soon after, the Boston representatives, or, as they were then called, "the Boston Seat," raised some controversy with the Governor. Governor Shirley, then living in retirement at Roxbury, hearing of it, asked, "Who are the Boston Seat?" He was told, "Mr. Cushing, Mr. Hancock, Mr. Samuel Adams, and Mr. John Adams." The old Governor replied, "Mr. Cushing I know, and Mr. Hancock I know, but where the devil this brace of Adamses comes from I know not." Had he lived a little longer, he might have found out where they went to, taking the nation with them.[7]

In the General Court, John Adams was of great service to the patriots. They needed an able and ready lawyer. Thatcher was dead; Otis was worse than dead, the victim of his own intemperance and of the malignant blows of an assassin. Mr. Hawley, one of the ablest and most farsighted men in the province, lived at Northampton, and was, moreover, too melancholy for a principal leader in the General Court. John Adams seemed made for the vacant place — a skilful lawyer on the people's side. You find his name on most of the important committees, and the marks of his pen, his thought and technical skill, in the chief papers of that session. But his health failing, he declined reelection, and retired to his farm at Braintree, still keeping his office in Boston, determined to avoid politics altogether. But his profession, nature, and the circumstances of the times, were too strong for him. He must take sides with the people, and against the officers of the crown; and I find his busy pen writing articles for the newspapers in the great controversy of the day.

Though no longer in the General Court, it seems that he drafted the most important paper on the great question of those times, and was called upon to defend it.

This he promptly and ably did; and Hutchinson was foiled in his attempt to prove the legal right of Parliament to tax the colonies, or to rule them against their consent. Then came (1773) Dr. Franklin's exposure of the letters of Hutchinson and Oliver, who had suggested to the British Government that in New England "there must be an abridgment of what we call British liberties." The wrath of the people was fairly stirred by this adroit movement of Franklin reaching across the sea.[8]

May 25, 1773, was election day in Massachusetts. The House of Representatives chose John Adams as one of the Council. Governor Hutchinson put his negative on the choice, because of "the very conspicuous part he had taken in opposition to the Government." But soon the General Court addressed the king, asking him to remove Governor Hutchinson and Lieutenant-Governor Oliver, both Massachusetts men, both traitors. Hutchinson went to London to confer with the British Government, but he never saw his native land again. No patriotic eye drops a tear on the neglected grave of the New England man whose splendid talents and popular eloquence were devoted to the ruin of his native land, and who struggled violently to put a chain on the neck of his fellow-countrymen. Hutchinson had prevented Adams from being one of the Council; but, before the eye of the world, he himself soon became unknown, and trampled in the dust.[9]

The British Government wished to control the judges. It is an old trick. "Let me interpret the laws, I care not who makes them," is the motto of tyrants to this very day. Of course, the judges were willing; when were they otherwise? But the people of that day refused to have a chain of gold put round the court-

house by the king, under which all his creature judges must crawl as they went in. One Chief-Justice, without performing any of the duties of his office, actually took the royal salary for eighteen months afterwards. Three of the puisne judges could not be relied upon. The House adjourned the General Court, and asked the Governor to remove the Chief-Justice. The Governor forbade the adjournment, and refused the removal. What should be done? Should such a judge, who himself is the king's slave, hold a court, and determine the law for freemen? In 1773 wise men thought that such folly would be ruin! John Adams said, "Impeach the Chief-Justice. The Charter of William and Mary gives the House of Representatives the power." Other lawyers — lawyers are always a timid class of men, their maxim being "stare decisis"— hesitated. They did "not know;" there was "no American precedent." John Adams was not only careful to follow the old precedents that were good, but also to make the good precedents that we use now. The Chief-Justice was impeached; ninety-two to eight in the House of Representatives. When jurors came into the courts of Suffolk County they would not be sworn. Said they, "We shall not sit under a judge impeached of high crimes and misdemeanors." Jurors did the same all over the state. The Royal Court never sat again. Nay, there were no courts till after April 19, 1775, when the Provincial Government set things on their feet again. Here was a deadlock for the Government. Hutchinson and Oliver, and their gang of Tories, were routed in the House, routed in the courts, and routed before the people.

It was the beginning of the end; but, generally, men did not see it, only such men as Samuel Adams, Joseph

Hawley, and the far-sighted Franklin, already advising a general Congress. Adams, then thirty-eight years old, was the ablest lawyer in New England, perhaps in America. He had the right thought at the right time, and the courage to make that thought a thing. Shall such a man be left "to live on potatoes and Indian meal" at Braintree, with nothing to do? Massachusetts thought otherwise.

III. The Boston Port Bill, and other revengeful acts, were passed through the Parliament of Great Britain in March, 1774. In the following 13th May, General Gage, the military Governor of Massachusetts, came to Boston with his army, to dragoon the people into submission. As the judges were impeached, the courts were all closed, business was at an end, and grass growing on the Long Wharf. Adams did not receive a shilling a week from his profession.

The 17th of June is a marked epoch in American History. On that day, 1774, the General Court, in session at Salem, sat with its doors bolted fast. "No man must go out to tell what they are doing, nor come in to interrupt them." They chose, by a vote of one hundred and seventeen ayes to twelve nays, James Bowdoin, Thomas Cushing, Robert Treat Paine, Samuel Adams, and John Adams, as delegates to the Continental Congress, to meet at Philadelphia on the first of the next September. Adams doubted his own ability, doubted the nation's genius.[10] Mr. Bowdoin did not attend. He had too much money to risk in such an enterprise, too much respectability to be a member of a Revolutionary Congress.

The four delegates rode to Philadelphia in a coach —"four poor pilgrims." Their journey through New

England was a triumphal procession. At New Haven they visited the grave of Dixwell the Regicide. A significant visit that was to the tomb of one of the fifty-two, who said, "Off with the head of Charles Stuart. He is not fit to live, and enslave Englishmen." Until he reached New York at this time, Adams had never been out of New England.

In Congress the New England delegates had a very difficult part to perform. They were regarded with great distrust. First, they were Puritan people; second, they were thought desirous of breaking with the British Government, and aiming at independence. Virginia alone stood with New England. All the other states looked on with suspicion, especially New York and Pennsylvania. This was the problem: To have New England ideas prevail without putting forward New England men. Samuel Adams was the most far-sighted and revolutionary man then in the nation. None surpassed him in the great art of organizing men, of leading the unwilling, while he seemed only to follow. At first the two Adamses did not seem to have much influence. They were looked on with great suspicion. At length it turned out that they put their ideas into all the rest. But, at the beginning, Virginia was nearly as far advanced as New England. Richard Henry Lee stood side by side with Samuel Adams. "The grave, stern figure" of George Washington was not far off. There he was, at the second session, after the battle of Lexington, symbolically clad in his military uniform, a sword at his side, the thoughtful colonel, who spoke in deeds, not words.

John Adams continued as a member of Congress from September, 1774, till November, 1777. The first session lasted but eight weeks — consulting, making a

Declaration of Rights and Grievances, and preparing petitions and memorials to the British Government and people. On the 10th of May it assembled again. During his service in that body Mr. Adams tried to induce Congress to adopt the Massachusetts army,— which had been gathered after the battle of Lexington,— to make the fight national, and to put that gallant son of Virginia, George Washington, at its head; thus to gain that great State of Virginia, and all the southern states, so that they should make common cause with New England; to advise the individual states to annihilate their old Provincial governments and dependence on Great Britain, and to make a new Constitutional government of their own; to declare independence; to unite the states into one confederation; to make alliances with foreign nations, and to establish a navy.

It was a difficult matter to accomplish all this, but it was done; partly by John Adams's ardent vigor; partly by the admirable resource and persuasive talent of Samuel Adams, so ably helped by Richard Henry Lee, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, and others; partly by the quiet diligence and immense intellect of Dr. Franklin. But at this day it is impossible to tell in detail what each man did. Congress sat with closed doors. The journals gave nothing but reports, and these in the most official and meager form. Mr. Adams's diary, his own letters, and those of others, help to eke out the scanty record.

The Declaration of Rights and Grievances, October 18, 1774, was one of the most important documents of the Revolutionary Congress. Mr. Adams drafted it, and was the author of its most important parts. He seems to have had something to do with composing the

Declaration of Independence. A copy of the original draft is still extant in his handwriting, and in England another copy in Franklin's, it is said. John Adams was the chief orator in defense of the Declaration, and of independence itself (" the Colossus of that debate "), but no vestige of his speech remains. He drew up the rules and regulations for the navy, the foundation of the present naval code; also he drafted the articles of war. We must thank him for selecting George Washington to be the Commander-in-Chief of the army. Mr. Hancock, it seems, wanted the office, and never forgave Adams for placing Colonel Washington in it. But afterwards John Adams, like Samuel Adams, and many others, had at times some distrust of Washington. It was not to be wondered at; not surprising that such should have been the case.

In several things Adams ran before the mass of the leaders in Congress. He did not wish the vote to be by states, for this gave to Delaware and Rhode Island as much power as to Virginia and Massachusetts. He did not hope much good from the short-sighted agreement not to import from Great Britain, and not to export to her shores. He saw the importance of a navy, perhaps before any other member of Congress, and he decidedly favored a military academy.

He labored hard in three years of his service. He was chairman of twenty-five committees, and served likewise on sixty-five more. This does not include a number of committees as to which the names of the members are not recorded in the journals of Congress. For a long time he was chairman of the Board of War, performing the work of the Secretary of War under the revolutionary government. Yet he was never a recognized leader in Congress. His rapid, impatient mind

disdained the intermediate steps in the slow process of attaining great ends. But he really led men, the course of events greatly aiding him. Still, in the march of independence, he never shot so far before the rest as his deep-hearted and more silent kinsman, Samuel Adams, nor had he such insight into the rights of the people as Jefferson, nor yet had he such confidence in them. Besides, Adams was capricious, and in the most critical period of the Revolution, while chairman of the Board of War, he absented himself from Congress nearly four months, from October 13, 1776, to February 9, 1777 — a period full of terrible defeats, though enlightened by the brilliant actions at Trenton and Princeton. He was not conciliatory in word or deed.

He left Congress on the 11th of November, 1777, and returned home. While a member of Congress, he was at the same time one of the selectmen of the town of Braintree, and successively a member of the General Court and of a Council of his native state, and was appointed Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, October 28, 1775. He accepted the office though he never entered on its duties or received any salary.[11] He wrote an admirable proclamation to the people of his state, full of sound principles of government, and addressing itself to the nobler emotions of humanity. In the newspapers of Boston he also wrote some able papers in defense of the rights of the colonists. But the most valuable document he wrote in this period of his life was his "Thoughts on Government," published in 1776 — a work which seems to have had much influence upon the forms of government which the colonies adopted.

IV. In November, 1777, while Mr. Adams, a member of Congress, but absent on leave, was arguing a cause in the Admiralty Court at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, he was told by a friend that he (Mr. Adams) was appointed one of the Commissioners to France, in place of Silas Deane, whose conduct forced Congress to recall him. James Lovell, one of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, wrote him, "We want one man of inflexible integrity on the embassy." To accept the office was to risk great difficulty and danger. The chance of capture in crossing the ocean, and of living for a long time shut up in the Tower as a rebel, was great. The payment was little for a poor man with a large family. But it opened a wide field for his ambition, and what was still more with him, duty said, "Go," and he went. He left home 13th of February, 1778, and reached Paris, April 8. But the commercial treaty and alliance between France and America had been skilfully made before he reached there. He found American affairs in no little confusion, and a great deal of quarreling among the agents — Deane, Franklin, Izard, and the two Lees. He hastened to bring matters to better order, and partly succeeded. A new disposition of diplomatic offices was made. Franklin became sole Minister to France, and Adams, thus left without place or duty, soon returned home. He reached Boston, August 2, 1779; the next week was elected a delegate for Braintree to the Convention presently to assemble, and to form the Constitution of Massachusetts. It met at Cambridge, September 1, 1779, and immediately resolved that they would proceed "to establish a free republic," and that the principle of it should be, "The government of a people by fixed laws of their own making." A committee of

thirty-one was chosen to draft a Constitution. They chose a sub-committee of five to do the work, and these five delegated it to Mr. Adams. There were already two parties in the new state — a party of property, represented by James Bowdoin, who could not go to Congress because he had great riches; and a party of persons, represented by Samuel Adams, who had done more than any one man to consummate the ideas of the New England leaders, and to advance the progress of the Revolution. John Adams stood between these two parties, desiring to give a due share both to money and to numbers. He drafted the first Constitution of Massachusetts. It was not greatly altered in the large committee, or in the Convention. He also took the most prominent part in forming the political institutions of Massachusetts, and so he influenced the forms of government of all the many states which have since copied its provisions. I think this was one of the most important acts of his life.

But he never sat in the Convention; for before it reassembled, in October, he had been appointed one of the Ministers to treat with Great Britain, and to negotiate, first, a treaty of peace, and, second, a treaty of commerce. Attended by his oldest son,— John Quincy Adams, then only promising what he afterwards so successfully performed,— he sailed for Europe, November 13, 1779, and reached Paris (via Spain), February 5, 1780. He had a disagreement with Dr. Franklin, then Minister at Paris, and with the Comte de Vergennes, the actual Chief of the French Government under Louis the Sixteenth. He could not proceed to England, and Vergennes advised him not to announce the fact of his approach to the British Court till a more favorable opportunity should occur. He

was greatly irritated at this, and seems to have disturbed the affairs that he was sent to compose. He wrote important articles on America, and had them published in the semi-official journal — the "Mercure de France." A mutual animosity between Adams and Vergennes continued during all his residence in France, not well founded on either side.

July 27, 1780, he went to Holland, to ascertain if he could borrow money for the United States. His hopeful mind made things look more promising than he afterwards found them to be. He had important articles published in the Dutch journals, giving information respecting American affairs, artfully getting some of them first published in London. He wrote a work, then published for the first time, but often afterwards, entitled "Twenty-six Letters upon interesting Subjects respecting the Revolution of America." They were admirably suited to the time and place, and greatly helped the cause of America. He informed the Dutch Government, January 1, 1781, of his appointment as Minister Plenipotentiary to their Court, and presented them a memorial, asking to be recognized as such. As they were slow to respond to his claim, he appealed to the Dutch people, and had his memorial widely circulated among them. Strange as it may seem, this extraordinary appeal succeeded. The Independent Provinces, one by one, demanded his reception, and on the 19th of April, 1782, the authorities voted that he be recognized as Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of America. The Government at first was hostile to him, for Holland was under English influence, and Adams frankly acknowledged this as the greatest success of his life. Soon after he procured a loan of about two millions of dollars, and sub-

sequently yet others, which were of the greatest service at a time when the United States could get no more credits from France. Still further, he negotiated a treaty of amity and commerce between the United States and Holland, October 7, 1782. In the meantime, July 1781, at Paris, he had taken part in the negotiations for peace with Great Britain, under the mediation of Austria and Russia, but it all came to nothing. After finishing his admirable successes in Holland, October 26, 1782, he is again at Paris, with Franklin and Jay, to negotiate a definitive treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States. It was a long and difficult matter, full of complication and confusion. Both Franklin and Jay had great talents — Franklin a genius for diplomacy, furnished with more than twenty years of experience at European Courts during times of the greatest trial. But it must be confessed that the quick, wide-seeing intelligence of John Adams — his energy, his boldness, and his irresistible will — were of great service in securing the rights of America in that negotiation. On 30th November, 1782, the treaty was signed without the knowledge of the French Court. The French Government had been so treacherous, that the American Commissioners departed from their instructions from Congress, and finished the treaty without the knowledge of the Comte de Vergennes. June 21, 1783, it was signed by the authorities of France, England, and America, and peace was definitively restored. Mr. Adams resigned his offices, hoping to return home; but Congress appointed him, with Franklin and Jay, Commissioner to negotiate a treaty of commerce with Great Britain.

Exhausted by labor and racked by a fever, Adams

went to England in a private capacity, and was admitted to the House of Lords as the "friend of Lord Mansfield." The next day some one said to him, "How short a time since I heard that same Lord Mansfield say, in that same House of Lords, 'My Lords, if you do not kill him (Mr. Adams), he will kill you?'" Mr. West, the American painter, said "this scene would make one of the finest paintings in the progress of American Independence." In the winter, he hurried over to Holland, to negotiate a new loan, and succeeded in the midst of difficulties, caused by the rashness or dishonesty of the American Government in recklessly overdrawing their credits on Holland.

He assisted in making other treaties, with Sweden and with Prussia, the latter being the celebrated one which does such honor to Dr. Franklin. Adams continued to live in the neighborhood of Paris, where his wife and family joined him in the summer of 1784. Here he passed, perhaps, the happiest period of his life. John Quincy Adams, a promising lad of seventeen, now and then shows himself in the formal letters of his father and mother. But halcyon days are few. February 25, 1785, he was appointed Envoy to Great Britain. Vergennes said to him, "It is a great thing to be an ambassador from your country to the country you sprang from. It is a mark!" The Duke of Dorset said, "You will be much stared at." In May he went to London as Minister. He was presented to the King in his closet; only Lord Caermarthen was present. Adams made the three reverences, and said, "I think myself more fortunate than all my fellow-citizens, in having the distinguished honor to be the first to stand in your Majesty's royal presence in a diplomatic character." The King said, "I was the last to consent to

separation, but I will be the first to meet the friendship of the United States as an independent power." Both were greatly moved, the King the most. In conversation afterwards, the King told him he understood he was not much attached to the manners of France. Adams smartly answered, "I have no attachment but to my country;" whereto the King replied, as quick as lightning, "An honest man will never have any other!" But this interview did not prevent the King from publicly turning his back on the American Commissioners, Adams and Jefferson! Whereupon all respectability turned its pliant back.

Adams's condition in England was unhappy. America was treated as rebellious, and despised for her weakness; shall I not also say, for the dishonorable manner in which the Americans refused to pay their debts. He met with cold and formal civility, "such as only the English know how, in perfection, to make offensive." "No marked offense, but supercilious indifference!" No treaty of commerce could then be made. The King was cold, his family cold, the courtiers cold, all respectability cold: only a few dissenters and democrats were on his side. The British appointed no Minister to America. Adams resigned his office, and came home in 1788. But before he left England, he published an important work,— his "Defense of the American Constitution,"— which had a good deal of influence throughout the United States.

V. Mr. Adams left America in the dark hours of 1779. All was then uncertain. America might fail in contending with her gigantic foe. He came back in a cloudy day of 1788; it might turn out to be a stormy one. For though the foreign foe was overcome, the

domestic trouble from ourselves was by no means so easily disposed of. Property and persons were less safe in the states after the peace, than in the five years before the outbreak of the Revolution. The states were not so prosperous as the colonies. The provisional government which had carried the country through the Revolution was falling to pieces. The new federal government was not yet established. One by one the states, led by reluctant Massachusetts, tardily gave in their consent to a form of national government. The federal constitution then offered to the people of America for their adoption was the work of the merchants in the seaports, of the southern planters, of the officers of the Revolution, of the government officials, of the men of superior education, and of the prosperous classes in general. Shays' rebellion in Massachusetts frightened men who had the most intense democratic hostility to centralized power. So some of them assented to the new constitution. Madison, Jefferson, Hancock and Samuel Adams were types of this class. But many were hostile to it. Had it been put to a popular vote six months after the convention adjourned, not a state, I think, had adopted the constitution.

Great events march through gates which turn on little hinges. Upon Mr. Adams's return, the Constitution was adopted; a new government organized. The great officers were first to be chosen, President and Vice-President. There could be but one candidate for the highest place. Washington had all the sixty-nine electoral votes. No doubt he should be the first man in the nation. But the second would be a long way behind him. There were ten competitors in the field. Mr. Adams had thirty-four votes; thirty-five were against

him. He was elected Vice-President by a minority of votes. His most conspicuous rivals were Samuel Adams and John Hancock. But Alexander Hamilton was his chief opponent, and worked against him in his astute and secret way. The motives of Hamilton's conduct at this election are not yet quite apparent.[12]

When John Adams took his oath of office, 21st April, 1789, it was not a bright sky that hung over him. He was not a member of the Cabinet. It was his office to preside in the Senate. That consisted of twenty-two members, though only twenty were usually present. When that body was equally divided, which happened twenty times during the two years of the first Congress, he gave the casting vote. It was always then in favor of Washington's administration, and the measures supported by the Federal party. He took sides with England and not with France. But in the dull life of a Vice-President he found no scope for his special talents, which were power in debate and firmness in execution. Eight years this unhappy Theseus sat in the chair of the Senate, deciding points of order, and now and then giving a casting vote. Silence, calmness, impartiality, were chiefly required for that office. They were not his shining talents. He called his "the most insignificant office that ever the invention of man contrived, or his imagination conceived." In a period of great excitement, 1789, he wrote the "Davila" papers, once read with intense wrath, and with unlimited delight, now dead, cold, neglected, and forgotten. Yet these writings were his most important contributions to the public service between 1789 and 1797.[13]

He disliked two men, the most powerful in Washington's Cabinet; nay, he hated them! Jefferson, the Democrat, and Hamilton, the Federalist. But while he

was Vice-President, he secured the friendly regards of both parties in the Senate notwithstanding those stormy times.

When Washington withdrew from public office, Adams was the only man deemed by the Federal party fit to be elected President. But some of the Federalists, who were leading men in their party, thought that the British government, with all its complicated establishments, was the best government that there was in the world, or that there ever would be. These men did not trust Mr. Adams, because his most transcendental theories of government displeased them. Hamilton, his old enemy, now worked in secret, and attempted to thrust him aside, while his great and more magnanimous opponent, Jefferson, appeared in open day — as a rival rather than as a foe. Adams had seventy-one votes, Jefferson had sixty-eight. So Adams was President and Jefferson Vice-President. Adams was much chagrined at his meager majority, only one vote more than the bare number which the law required. He called himself a " President of three votes." He was sworn into the office on the 4th of March, 1797. Thirty-one years before, on that day, he entered on his duty as one of the honorable selectmen of Braintree! There was now a less pleasant prospect before him. The retirement of Washington took away the last check which had curbed the frenzy of Federalists and Democrats.

On the day when he became Vice-President, and so, as chairman of the Senate, was obliged to declare his own election to the great office, his wife characteristically wrote him from her New England home,—

> " ' The sun is dressed in brightest beams,
> To give thy honors to the day.'

"My thoughts and meditations are with you, and my petitions to Heaven are that 'the things which make for peace may not be hidden from your eyes.' My feelings are not those of pride or ostentation upon the occasion. They are solemnized by a sense of the obligations, the important trusts, and numerous duties connected with it. That you may be enabled to discharge them with honor to yourself, with justice and impartiality to your country, and with satisfaction to this great people, shall be the daily prayer of your

"A. A."

The great strife between Federalists and Democrats was then at its height, while at the same time the wars in Europe roused the passions of all Americans, who fiercely took sides and embraced opposite opinions. The Democrats, however, were to triumph in the end. Nothing but reverence for Washington sustained the Federal party during the first four years, under the new Constitution. But Washington had now withdrawn, and to weaken yet more the conservative cause, the Federalists had not entire confidence in Adams.

By his relation to his party, he felt bound to accept the feeble Cabinet which Washington had left in power; Pickering and Wolcott from New England, McHenry from New Jersey, and Charles Lee from Virginia. They had no hold on the country. By great services or great talent, they could give Adams no moral or political support. They were only qualified to conduct the routine of office, and to superintend official work.

These old officials felt no obligation to Adams, and bore no allegiance to him. Three of them were Hamilton's men, by him selected for General Washington, who had a misplaced confidence in Hamilton.[14]

Adams's Cabinet originally looked to Hamilton as their master and chief, not to the actual President. Their writings prove this. Adams wished to be President of the nation. He found it impossible, because his Cabinet insisted that he should be President only of the Federal party.

The chief acts of Adams's administration are briefly told. The French, in the fury of the Revolution, became hostile to America; treated our ministers with contempt, ordering them out of their territory, plundering our ships, and through their agents violating the sovereignty of our soil. There was danger of a war with France, and so it became necessary that the nation should be put in a state of defense. The ultra-Federalists wanted a war with France, and to compromise their differences with England. But the chief Democrats favored France, and hated England to an extraordinary degree. Adams, who was now the slave of a party, wished to act purely on the defensive. He broke with his Cabinet on the question of the command of the new army. All were agreed that Washington should be General-in-Chief. The Cabinet desired that Hamilton should be second in rank. Such was the ambitious claim of Hamilton himself; and Washington quietly favored it.[15] Adams wished to commission Knox or Pickering. After much contention, Adams yielded to Washington, but not graciously.

The French Court had rejected the American Minister. A most respectable commission, Mr. Marshall, Mr. Pickering, and Mr. Gerry, were sent out to settle affairs. They, too, were treated with equal disdain. In a message to Congress, 21st of June, 1798, Mr. Adams said, "I will never send another Minister to France without assurance that he will be received, re-

spected, and honored as the representative of a great, free, powerful, and independent nation." War seemed unavoidable. The nation armed itself, and made ready for fight. The Dutch offered to mediate. The French agent advised Mr. Murray, our Minister at the Hague, that if the Americans should send a new envoy, he would be " received as the representative of a great, free, powerful, and independent nation." Should Adams refuse the offer? That were indeed madness. Should he consult his Cabinet? They were all in favor of war, and would betray the measure to other Federalists. They might, and probably would, defeat the peaceful policy he had determined to pursue. He took the responsibility upon himself, and on the 18th of February, 1799, he sent a message to the Senate, nominating Mr. William Vans Murray Minister to France, at the same time transmitting the despatch of Talleyrand, promising that France would receive an envoy from America. " Is Mr. Adams mad? " asked a Federal senator of Mr. Pickering. The Federalists were indignant. The Senate committee on the nomination sought an interview; but they found the President as inflexible as the granite of his own native hills. He added Mr. Ellsworth and Patrick Henry to the commission. The Senate confirmed the nominations, but as Henry declined, George Davie, of North Carolina, was put in his place.

This was one of the great acts of his life; no public deed cost him more courage. It saved the nation from a war, but it purchased for Adams the hatred of his party, at least of its controlling and most ambitious men. Though wisdom may ride in one pannier, the other is often heavy with folly. After this great deed, on March 10, 1799, Adams retired to his home at

Quincy for more than seven months, abandoning the Government to his faithless Cabinet; only occasionally corresponding with his Secretaries upon such matters as were submitted to him. He had afterwards much cause to repent that he had not during this period remained at the seat of government, and in the control of its executive affairs.

The Alien and Sedition Laws, so deservedly hateful to Americans, were the measures not of himself, but of his party. He assented to them, and so his was the blame; but he never liked them, and pardoned John Fries, the first man ever tried for treason against the United States, if indeed he could be said to have been tried at all. This again brought on Adams the wrath of his Cabinet and of the leading men of his party.

Such, at last, became the discrepancy between him and his Cabinet, that he removed the chief men from office, filling their places with others of a different stamp. He settled some complicated difficulties with both England and France. But his party was displeased with him. Some of them — Hamilton and others — sought to destroy him.

He was beaten at the next election. Jefferson was chosen President in his place. This was the great grief and sorrow of his life. He took what vengeance he could on his triumphant rival — once his intimate friend. Just as he was leaving office he filled up many new judicial appointments, then recently created by act of Congress. These were called the appointments of "the Midnight Judges," from the commissions of some of them having been made at nine o'clock on the evening of the 3rd of March, 1801, while, as it was then considered, his Presidency was to cease at

midnight of that date. On the 4th March before sunrise, he left the seat of Government, his feelings not suffering him to attend the inauguration of his Democratic successor! Private grief, also, for the recent death of a son, lay heavy on his heart, with his great political defeat.

VI. Crushed with shame, and filled alike with grief and indignation, Mr. Adams went home to his farm at Quincy, passing at once from the most intense activity of mind to the dull existence of a country gentleman in a little town. On the last year of his office his letters came to him by thousands. The next, out of office, there were hardly a hundred. His franking privilege seemed to be all his visible record for five and twenty years of earnest public toil. He who so proudly

> "Once trod the ways of glory,
> And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,"

now finds all men desert him when the mantle of Presidential power fell off.

> "Love ends with hope; the sinking Statesman's door
> Lets in the crowd of worshippers no more."

But dear old Massachusetts would not desert her son, faithful and yet dishonored. The Legislature sent him, for his past services, their thanks, in an address sincere, beautiful, and affectionate. It was a noble act of his native state, which he had done so much to illustrate and to protect. It touched the sad old man's always thankful heart, and he found the final applauses of his state "more grateful than any which had preceded them." The farmers and mechanics of the town of Quincy honored his next birth-

day, cheering him with words of endearment, where words of consolation might not have availed.

The remaining twenty-five years of his life he devoted to farming, always his favorite employment; to political writing upon his own conduct, or upon the topics of the day; to literature, and to corresponding with his friends, who really prized him in power or in disgrace. With the exception of his letters,— historical, literary, and philosophic,— his writings at this period do him no honor. They are marked by partisan rage and by personal hatred. The world has forgotten them. Let us not call them from their appropriate tomb.

His wife died on the 28th of October, 1818. Fifty-four years and three days had they lived together, a blameless and beautiful wedlock, blessed with three sons and a daughter. He was eighty-three, and ever after wore a tinge of unaffected sadness. The sprightly humor vanished from his letters and his talk. How could he be cheerful when the sun of his early being shone on him only from another home, so near and yet so far and separate!

In 1820 Massachusetts found it needful to revise the Constitution which he had chiefly drafted in 1779. Eighty-five years old, his native town sent him a delegate to this Convention, as they had done to the other one, forty years before. He was chosen its President,— a fit honor, which the feeble old man as fittingly declined. What a change from the time when it seemed radical to demand that writs, title-deeds, and commissions should run in the name of the state; that is, of the people, and not in that of the king! In the Convention of 1820 Adams appeared a little more conservative than in that of 1779. The man at eighty-

five is more timid than at five and forty. But in one thing he was more venturesome, younger, and more progressive than his fellows. He demanded perfect religious freedom, not only for Christians, but for non-Christians and anti-Christians. All men should be equal before the law. The state should not be Christian, but human, as Jesus himself was. Puritanic bigotry was then too strong for the old man. The time came, and Massachusetts did what he had wished, thirty or forty years afterwards.

Able-bodied, able-minded, Mr. Adams gradually faded away. His hearing decayed, his eyes failed him, his hands were tremulous; but still the brave old soul held on, making the most of the wreck of life, now drifting along to the islands of the blessed. Independence Day, the great day of his life, drew near. It was its fiftieth anniversary. The nation was to keep its solemn jubilee, grateful alike to God and to His servants here below, for the blessings of the smiling and happy land. A few days before the time the town orator asked him for a "sentiment" to suit the approaching occasion. The old man, in his ninety-first year, infirm, feeble, and mortally sick in his bed, answered, "Independence for ever!" The day came, and found him living, but fast losing his hold upon earth. "Thomas Jefferson still survives," said the old man — his coadjutor and his rival, yet his friend. These were his last words. Soon after, while the land rang with cannons jubilant over his great deed, he passed onward, and ceased to be mortal. Jefferson had gone an hour or two before. How fortunate the occasion of his death! His son was then the President of this mighty nation; and on its fiftieth birthday, calmly, quietly, he shook off the worn-out body, and,

following his sentiment, went forth to "Independence forever!"

Look next at his character, and consider its four elements — the intellectual, moral, affectional, and religious.

I. Mr. Adams had a great mind, quick, comprehensive, analytical, not easily satisfied save with ultimate causes, tenacious also of its treasures. His memory did not fail until he was old. With the exception of Dr. Franklin, I think of no American politician in the eighteenth century that was his intellectual superior. For though Hamilton and Jefferson, nay, Jay and Madison and Marshall surpassed him in some high qualities, yet no one of them seems to have been quite his equal on the whole. He was eminent in all the three departments of the intellect — the understanding, the practical power; the imagination, the poetic power; and the reason, the philosophic power.

First. His understanding was ample. Though he was constitutionally averse to regular, severe, and long-continued attention, he yet easily mastered what lay before him, and reproduced it fluently when occasion required. He gathered a great amount of worldly knowledge, for he was a sharp observer of human affairs, if not a nice one. Yet he attended little to the world of matter, except for the economic purposes of agriculture, or the enjoyment of its visible beauty. It is only when he is stimulated by the great mind of Franklin that he gives any attention to the investigations of science.

At the age of forty he was the ablest lawyer in New England, perhaps the ablest lawyer in America. He

was the most learned in historic legal lore, the most profound in the study of first principles. He went to the fountains of English law, and did not disdain to follow the stream in all its crooked and self-contradictory course. He had a more complete collection of law books than any man in New England, and so both puzzled and defeated the officers of the crown with whom he contended. He was exceedingly well read, for that time and place, in the Roman law, the law of nature, and the law of nations; and also well versed in politics and in morals. He had read much in the histories of Greece and Rome, and had some acquaintance with a few of their great writers, though never an accomplished classic scholar. He was quite familiar with the practical affairs of New England life.

His first opinion was often faulty, not seldom utterly wrong; but his final thought was commonly deep and just respecting the true nature of things. Hence, in spite of great defects, he was a man not only of instinctive sagacity, but also of sound judgment. In respect to this he has not received justice. All the great acts of his life,— the defense of Captain Preston, the denial that the British Parliament had any right by English law to rule these colonies, the appointment of Washington as General, Commander-in-Chief, the Declaration of Independence, the sending of a commission to France in 1798,— all these things indicate the soundest of human judgment. But he lacked method in his intellectual processes. He had not the genius which is its own method, nor yet that sober, systematic habit of work, which, though seemingly slow, is, in the long run, so swift and sure. He did things helter-skelter. In his administration as President he had no rule for anything.

Second. He had a good, fair imagination, above the average of educated men. Yet his imagination was not equal to his understanding. Besides it had small opportunity for early culture, or even for accidental education in later life. He had more fondness for the beauty of nature, and even of art, than I find in his eminent political contemporaries. He was fond of music, of sculpture, and painting, and took delight in the grand works of European architecture, which so astonish an American. His larger works — his controversial writings, his political papers — are plain to dire homeliness; but his letters to his few intimates, and especially to his wife, are charged with wild flowers of wit, humor, and fancy, which spread a cheering light on the grim landscape which expands all around.

Third. He had a great reason, though its culture was greatly defective, and its method capricious and uncertain. He had not calmness enough to be a great philosopher, yet always looked for the actual causes of things, and studied carefully their modes of operation. This philosophic, metaphysical tendency appears in most of his deliberate writings, which always relate to political affairs. He is bold in his abstract speculation, always founding his work on the ultimate principles of nature. He is often profound in his remarks. Thus, in 1765, he speaks of " rights derived from the great Legislator of the universe,— rights that cannot be repealed or restrained by human laws; they are antecedent to all earthly government." " Rulers are no more than attorneys, agents, and trustees for the people; the people have a right to revoke the authority that they themselves have delegated, and to constitute abler and better agents, attorneys, and

trustees. The preservation of the means of knowledge among the lowest ranks is of more importance to the public than all the property of all the rich men in the country."

The Declaration of Grievances, which he wrote in 1774, contains many profound thoughts, partly his own, partly the work of James Otis and Samuel Adams. His "Thoughts on Government" is the finest specimen of his political writing. As it should be, his "plan" was borrowed from existing institutions; but it proves a careful observation of their effects, and a profound investigation of the causes of political welfare. His "Defense" of the American Constitution is less valuable, and contains many hasty generalizations, which experience has not confirmed, nor did history warrant them. He appeals from human history to human nature; from the actual of establishment to the ideal right of humanity.

Adams certainly had not a mind of the highest class. If he were the first American of that age after Franklin, he was second to him by a long interval, and several competitors stood nearly as high as he did. Unlike Franklin and Washington, he was not a man of well-balanced intellect or of self-controlled temper.

Thus constituted, he was an inventor; but he was not a great inventor. He was often in advance of his times, especially in his plan of government, his scheme of universal toleration, making a Christian humanity to constitute all men as equals before the state. His Christian commonwealth, like the kingdom of heaven, was to grant no privilege to Christians, but to secure justice to all mankind.

He ran before the foremost of his time in seeing

the nation's necessity of a navy and of a military academy. He required them in 1779, he founded them in 1799.

As an organizer, he could deal with political ideas, constructing them into a constitution. He could plan a government with masterly skill. But he had only the smallest talent for organizing men. He was always a lawyer, who could shape his principles into a measure. Here he had few equals; but he was never a practical politician, who could organize men about his idea, so that they should defend his measures and adopt his thoughts and conclusions. Thus many ran before him, and hence came the great failure of his political life. He could construct institutions, but he could not govern men.

He was not a good administrator, except in his own private affairs where perhaps his wife was the presiding spirit. He had no system, but was governed by the enthusiasm of the moment. In the most important matter he went to work fluently, often with haste and without good heed. In diplomacy, at Paris, 1780, he ran violently down steep places, careless whom he ran over or what he ran against. In 1798 he took the lead in appointing Washington Commander-in-Chief of the army without consulting him beforehand, and quarreled with him about the appointment of officers.

He acted often from personal whim and caprice, and in a time of great political crisis, in 1799, left the seat of Government, and went home to Quincy to stay for many months.

Hence he was not a skilful diplomatist abroad. When Vice-President, Washington doubted if he was fit for a foreign mission. His administration as President was not peaceful or prosperous. He could

not administer the nation well, nor even manage his own party. Yet it must be confessed that he won a great diplomatic victory in Holland, and was called the "Washington of Negotiation," and, while President, successfully settled difficult questions with France and England. I give the rule and the exceptions.

II. Mr. Adams had great moral virtues, also great vices. Able-bodied, compact, and vigorous, though not always healthy, he had abundant physical courage. In scholarly men this is a great and a rare virtue. He says he meant to have been a soldier, and always had doubted whether he should have been a hero or a coward. He needed not to doubt. No drop of coward blood ran in his impetuous veins. He inherited "spunk," and transmitted it too.

He had moral courage in the heroic degree. He could not only face the bullets of a British man-of-war, but face the Royal Government of Massachusetts in 1765, all through the ante-revolutionary period. Nay, he could front the wrath of his own friends and the whole town, and defend Captain Preston in 1770. He could face the indignation of the leaders of the Federal party in 1799. Let him be sure he was right, and he feared nothing but to be false to right. When the Massachusetts judges went under the golden chain of Britain in 1773, and the Government held it low to make them stoop the more lowly; when the precedent-loving lawyers knew not what to do, Adams said, "Impeach the Judges;" and the court did no more business. Conscious of great integrity, he did not hesitate to take great risks, and also to accept great responsibility.

He says he had four great trials in his life.

The first came from Captain Preston s case in 1770. The popular voice said, "Hang the authors of the Boston Massacre!" Adams's conscience said, "Defend them; give them a free trial!" His friends said, "If you save them, you ruin yourself!" But Adams was John Adams, and he did his duty, saving the lives of the soldiers, and the virtuous reputation of Massachusetts.

On the 24th July, 1775, he wrote two private letters for Congress, which fell into the hands of the British, and were published. In one of these he recommends disunion, independence, concentration of the legislative, executive, and judicial powers of the whole continent, a navy, and seizure of the Tories. Hateful doctrines these to all but a minority of the Congress. Besides, he spoke of John Dickinson of Pennsylvania, then a chief political favorite, in terms of exquisite contempt. The doubtful members of Congress looked at him with wrath. Mr. Dickinson passed him without recognition in the street. He bore it patiently, and waited for his time.

In 1781, while Minister to Holland, the Government delayed to acknowledge him as Minister. Others said, "Wait." He appealed to the Dutch people, who compelled their High Mightinesses to receive him, and so this bold and unprecedented diplomacy turned out to be a great success.

In 1798, his Cabinet, the Federal party, and even Washington, said, "Send no Minister to France." Adams took the responsibility on himself; did not consult his hostile and treacherous Cabinet, but sent the Minister, and so broke the cloud of war which hung dark and fearful over the land and sea. These four great trials — he came out of them all, clean and pure as he went in.

He was a conscientious man, and sought counsel of that still small voice, which tells the law of the mind, the eternal right, to whoso listens. He could not understand that the king's will was to govern the conscience of a subject. He had clear perception of justice, was veracious and outspoken, had an utter hatred of lies, of dissembling, and generally of hypocrisy in any form. He was terribly open, earnest, and direct, and could not keep his mouth shut. He knew this. Once he went with others to see the picture of Washington in Faneuil Hall. Some one remarked on the firm mouth, and said, "It looks as if he could keep it shut." "So he did," said Adams; but tapping with his cane his own bust, which the town of Boston had also placed in Faneuil Hall, he added, "that d—d fool never could." He hated all stratagems and tricks, and growled about the slow, noiseless way in which old, experienced Dr. Franklin threw out his lines, and drew in the treasures of the treacherous political deep. "Diplomacy is a silent art," and Adams was a talker. A man of deepest integrity, he could not dissemble, but wore his heart upon his sleeve. He had no reserve. His early rule was never to deceive the people, nor to conceal from them any truth essential to their welfare. He observed this as a maxim all his life. He had great moral delicacy, and, being President, doubted if he ought to retain his son John Quincy Adams in the diplomatic office to which Washington had appointed him. To his letter, asking advice upon this, Washington replied, "It is right for you to keep him there, not to put him there." [16] Yet Adams afterwards made his wife's nephew, William Cranch, Judge of the United States District Court at Washington, and his son-in-law, Colonel Smith, he put in a high

office. All our Presidents, except Washington and John Quincy Adams, have put their relations in office. It is a dangerous and unjust practice.

John Adams had a strong temptation to the indulgence of animal passions, but he kept all the appetites in their place; and in his old age could proudly write, "No virgin or matron ever had cause to blush at the sight of me, or to regret her acquaintance with me. No father, brother, son, or friend ever had cause of grief or resentment for any intercourse between me and any daughter, sister, mother, or any other relation of the female sex." Here he was greatly the superior of Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton, nay, of Washington himself.[17]

These are great virtues. Few politicians can boast such. But he was ill-tempered, "sudden and quick in quarrel," and madly impetuous. He was not a good judge of character. He often suspected the noblest of men, and put credulous faith in mean and deceitful persons, and so was unjust while he meant it not. Intensely ambitious of place and of power he yet sought always to rule his desire by his duty. But if he sought only excellent things, the spirit of the search was not in all cases commendable. The motive was often selfish, the method wrong, and the manner harsh. His temper was not magnanimous or noble. He was suspicious, and jealous, and envious of men before him in social rank, or above him in power. He attributes mean motives to all men, often to the noblest in the land. His early writings prove this abundantly, and his later also. He was envious of Dr. Franklin in France; and the frog stretched himself to resemble the ox. He hated a superior.

I think he rarely forgave a foe, or one he fancied

such. Reverence he had for God; little for noblest men. Witness his harsh words about Samuel Adams and John Hancock; his unrelenting enmity to Hamilton and Pickering.

But his wrath against Dr. Franklin was of the most needless, wanton, and malignant character. I think he bore it with him to his grave. Sound-headed by nature as he was, he was constitutionally a fighting man. This appears in his diary, and in the newspaper articles written by him before the Revolution and after it. It also became manifest when he was Vice-President, and in the higher office of President, and it may be observed in the autobiography which he wrote in his old age. His letters to Mr. Cunningham, in 1804–1809, seem to me not less than wicked.[18] He was intensely violent in his wrath, which a trifle could rouse, and nothing could stay. He was indiscriminate as to the object of it. It might be a member of his Cabinet who opposed a measure, or a butcher in Quincy who brought in his bill. But shortly after the passion of his wrath he cooled down, and did with delight what he had at first refused with vehement anger.

Impatient of process, and greedy of result, he was most intensely desirous of honor and applause. His early diary is full of examples; so, too, is the later. At Paris, in 1782, he was highly complimented for the success of his negotiation in Holland. He writes in his journal, "A few of these compliments would kill Franklin, if they should come to his ears." He reads all the complimentary nothings which the French said to him. Yet, great as his vanity was, I think it never bent him aside from his duty. Loving the praise of man, he never once stooped for it; never hesitated to do the most unpopular act if sure it was right; never

bowed that great, manly head to escape abuse which his imprudence or his temper brought upon him. He was excessively arrogant. "I always consider the whole nation as my children," he writes in 1809; "but they have almost all been undutiful to me. You two gentlemen," Mr. Wright and Mr. Lyman, "are almost the only ones, out of my own house, who have expressed a filial affection for John Adams."

He claims that he is the author of the chief things in the Declaration of Independence. "Jefferson has acquired such glory by his Declaration of Independence, in 1776, that I think I may boast of my declaration of independence in 1755, twenty-one years older than his." He refers to a letter of his written when he was a boy of twenty at Worcester. Some one ascribed to Samuel Adams "the honor of the first idea and project of independence." John Adams claims that it was his thunder, let off when he was twenty years old. "In 1755, when my letter to Dr. Webb was written, I had never seen the face of Samuel Adams. I heartily wished the two countries were separated for ever." "The Declaration of Independence of 4th of July, 1776, contained nothing but the Boston Declaration of 1772, and the Congressional Declaration of 1724. Such are the caprices of fortune! The Declaration of Rights [of 1774] was drawn by the little John Adams. The mighty Jefferson, by the Declaration of Independence of 4th July, 1776, carried away the glory of the great and the little."

Claiming so much for himself, he abused his rivals. Samuel Adams and John Hancock are the "Stone House faction, and will be sure of all the loaves and fishes in the National Government, and the State Government as they hope." He speaks sneeringly of

Hancock. "Yes, this is the place where the great Governor Hancock was born. John Hancock! a man without head and without heart; the mere shadow of a man; and yet a governor of old Massachusetts!" He did not like to hear the praises of Washington. One day he dined with a company in a neighboring town. After dinner, when he rose to depart, a clergyman attended him to the hall, and offered to wait upon him with his cloak, and said, "Sir, the country owes so much to Washington and you." Mr. Adams snapped him up. "Washington and me! Do not let me hear you say that again! Sir, Washington was a dolt." It was a momentary spasm of envy and of wrath, coming from "that weak humor that his mother," or some one else, "gave him." At other times he did justice to Washington, though always a little coldly, for neither liked the other.

Constitutionally, Adams was a grumbler. He hated things present, and longed for the absent or the past. Thus, while a schoolmaster at Worcester, he often complains of his irksome task; but at Braintree, studying law, he sighs for the mental activity which school-keeping forced out of him. His life as a country lawyer, riding his circuit, pleases him no more. It is a life of "here and there and anywhere," and will lead him to neither fame, fortune, power, nor to the service of his friends, clients, or country. In 1765, in the Stamp Act times, the courts were shut. Adam writes in his journal, "Thirty years of my life are passed in preparation for business. I have had poverty to struggle with, envy and jealousy and malice of enemies to encounter; no friends, or but few, to assist me, so that I have groped in dark obscurity till of late, and had but just become known, and gained a small degree of

reputation, when this execrable project (the Stamp Act) was set on foot for my ruin, as well as that of America in general, and of Great Britain." The very next day he finds that Boston has chosen him for her attorney, to appear before the Council on this very matter of closing the courts! What he thought was his ruin became the highway to fortune and to fame. By-and-by he complains of his public life, that he has done so much for the people. "I reap nothing but insult, ridicule, and contempt for it, even from many of the people themselves." "I have stood by the people much longer than they would stand by themselves. But I have learned wisdom by experience. I shall certainly become more retired and cautious. I shall certainly mind my own farm and my own office." But here he complains he is out of politics. "I believe there is no man in so curious a situation as I am. I am, for what I can see, quite left alone in the world."

He travels for his health along the beautiful valley of the Connecticut River, but gets "weary of this idle, romantic jaunt." "I believe it would have been as well to have stayed in my own country, and amused myself with my farm, and rode to Boston every day. I shall not certainly take such a ramble again merely for my health." "I want to see my wife, my children, my farm, my horse, oxen, cows, walls, fences, workmen, office, books, and clerks. I want to hear the news and politics of the day. But here I am at Bissell's, in Windsor, hearing my landlord read a chapter in the kitchen, and go to prayers with his family in the genuine tone of a Puritan." When in Congress he wants to resign. Ten days before the Declaration of Independence he writes, "When a few mighty matters

are accomplished here, I retreat, like Cincinnatus, to my plough, and, like Sir William Temple, to my garden, and farewell politics! I am wearied to death. Some of you younger folks must take your trick, and let me go to sleep." (He is then about forty-one.) "My children will scarcely thank me for neglecting their education and interest so long. They will be worse off than ordinary beggars, because I shall teach them, as a first principle, not to beg. Pride and want, though they may be accompanied with liberty, or at least may live under a free Constitution, are not a very pleasant mixture nor a very desirable legacy, yet this is all that I shall leave them." In the grand letter which tells of the Declaration of Independence itself, while his own magnificent defense of it is still echoing in his ears, and composing music at the end of his pen, he tells his wife he cannot accept the office of Chief-Justice of Massachusetts. He has not "fortune enough to support my family, and what is of more importance, to support the dignity of that exalted station. It is too high and lifted up for me, who delight in nothing so much as retreat, solitude, silence, and obscurity." "In private life no one has a right to censure me for following my own inclinations in retirement, simplicity, and frugality. In public life every man has a right to remark as he pleases. At least he thinks so." "I had rather build stone walls on Penn's Hill (part of his farm), than be the first Prince in Europe, or the first general, or the first senator in America." So he wrote on the 18th of August, 1776. When Vice-President, he does not like the office; it is the most insignificant in the world. "I wish very heartily that a change of Vice-President could be made to-morrow. I have been too ill used in the office to be

fond of it, if I had not been introduced into it in a manner that made it a disgrace. I will never serve in it again upon such terms." President Jefferson appointed John Quincy Adams Minister to Russia. The father was not pleased. "Aristides is banished because he is too just." "He will not leave an honester or abler man behind him. He was sent away, as a dangerous rival too near the throne."

Certainly these are great vices; but John Adams possessed such virtues that he can afford to have them told, and subtracted from his real merit. He was so perfectly open that it is himself who furnishes all the evidence against himself. If he exaggerates the faults of other men, he treats his own quite as seriously. He defended Hancock, whom he sometimes abused, and said, "If he had vanity and caprice, so had I. And if his vanity and caprice made me sometimes sputter, as you know they often did, mine, I well know, had often a similar effect upon him. But these little flickerings of little passions determine nothing concerning essential characters."

III. Adams was not very rich in his affectional nature; the objects of his love were few. Out of the family circle, I think he had no intimates or confidants. There were no friendships between him and the leading patriots of the Revolution. His diary represents him as a man "intensely solitary," who confided little in any one, and quarreled often with many. He liked the Lees of Virginia; liked Ralph Izard,—a quite unworthy man; but made friendships with none of them, not even with Washington, Samuel Adams, John Hancock, and other famous chiefs of the Revolution. But in the later years of his life a friend-

ship quite beautiful sprang up with Jefferson, his old rival and former foe. The letters which passed between them are an honor to both of them, and form one of the pleasantest episodes in the later lives of these two great men. The rage of ambition is all over, and a tone of friendship enlivens the themes of the letters which occasionally passed between them, and in which both much delighted. His correspondence with Mr. Van der Kemp, a learned and scholarly Dutchman,[19] whom the French Revolution drove to America, shows his affection in its most pleasing light. He was a charitable man, and did his alms in secret. While President, in a time of great distress, he subscribed five hundred dollars for the poor at Philadelphia; but he did it in private, and kept his name out of sight. He was lenient towards offenders. Thus, against the vehement advice of his Cabinet, he pardoned Mr. Fries, condemned for treason. The leading Federalists hated him for this act of righteous clemency. But he sometimes writes truculent letters about men who used what he called seditious language. He was violent in his hasty speech, never cruel in his deliberate acts.

IV. Mr. Adams had strong religious emotions — reverence for God, conscientious desire to keep his natural laws, a deep remorse when he violated the integrity of his own conscience, and a devout, unfailing trust in the goodness of God, which is alike the protection of nations and of individual men. He, by his nature, inclined to the ministerial profession; and but for the bigotry of that age, and for his own spontaneous enlightenment, would probably have been one of the most powerful in that class which has enrolled so

much of the talent and virtue of New England, and made so profound a mark on the character of the people. All his life long Mr. Adams had a profound religious sense. Though hating formality, he was yet an ecclesiastical man as well as a religious man. But he hated hypocrisy, hated bigotry, hated intolerance. Not a word of cant deforms his writings. In his early life he learned to hate Calvinism. That hatred continued all his days. He was an Arminian at twenty. He read Bolingbroke, Morgan, and other free-thinking writers, in his youth. Their influence is obvious. They helped to emancipate him from the thraldom of New England theology. But they did not weaken his religious sense, nor impair his virtue. When an old man, he read the great French writers on religious matters, not without enlightenment and profit; but he did not show that audacious immorality which delighted to pull down, with mockery, the sacred instruction which they neither could nor would replace, nor even attempt to supply. His theological opinions seem to have been much like those of Franklin, though in his case they do not seem to have had the same genial influence.

In framing the Constitution of Massachusetts, in 1779, he wished religion to be left free. All sects, Christian and non-Christian, were to be equal before the law, and alike eligible to all offices. He could not carry that point. He labored for the same end in the convention which revised the Constitution of Massachusetts in 1820; but still without success. In respect to religious toleration in 1779, he was far in advance of the convention which sat forty years later, and indeed he was far in advance of the courts of Massachusetts of this present day. He introduced a remarkable

section into that Constitution for the encouragement of literature, science, and morals. He had a lively indignation against "that system of holy lies and pious frauds that has raged and triumphed for fifteen hundred years." He detested the cruelties practised in the name of religion. "Remember the Index Expurgatorius, the Inquisition, the stake, the axe, the halter, and the guillotine, and oh! horrible, the rack!" He writes to Jefferson, in 1817, "Twenty times in the course of my late reading have I been on the point of breaking out, 'This would be the best of all possible worlds if there were no religion in it!' But in this exclamation I should have been as fanatical as Bryant or Cleverly. Without religion, this world would be something not fit to be mentioned in polite company,— I mean hell. So far from believing in the total and universal depravity of human nature, I believe there is no individual totally depraved. The most abandoned scoundrel that ever existed never yet wholly extinguished his conscience; and while conscience remains, there is some religion. Popes, Jesuits, Sorbonnists, and Inquisitors have some conscience and some religion. Fears and terrors appear to have produced a universal credulity. . . . But fears of pain and death here do not seem to have been so unconquerable as fears of what is to come hereafter." He sympathized with all sects in their desire for piety and morality, and thought Jefferson as "good a Christian as Priestley and Lindsey, who had called Jefferson an unbeliever." "The human understanding is a revelation from its Maker, which can never be disputed or doubted." "No prophecies, no miracles are necessary to prove this celestial communication." He scorns the doctrine of eternal damnation. "I be-

lieve no such things. My adoration of the Author of the Universe is too profound and too sincere. The love of God and of His creation — delight, joy, triumph, exultation in my own existence,— though but an atom, a molécule organique, in the universe,— these are my religion."

"Howl, snarl, bite, ye Calvinistic, ye Athanasian divines, if you will. Ye will say I am no Christian. I say ye are no Christians, and there the account is balanced. Yet I believe all the honest men among you are Christians in my sense of the word." He finds Christianity before Christ, Christian piety in the sacred writers before Jesus of Nazareth. He does not believe in demoniacal possessions; even if the evangelists believed it, he does not.

Of course the charge of infidelity was brought against him, as against all thoughtful and outspoken men, who seek to understand the causes of things, and to trample fear beneath their feet.

I find his lack of religion in his bad temper, in envy, jealousy, hate, wrath; but not in his disbelief of malignant devils and eternal hell. The proof of his real religion I find in his veracity, his justice, philanthropy, and in that integrity which, I think, never failed him.

Mr. Adams's personal appearance was not imposing or dignified. He was less than the average height of New England men, though with much more than an average of weight and width. He was, in fact, a stout, corpulent man. His head was large, wide at the base, nearly round, but not high. His forehead was full and ample, though low for its width; the mouth well cut, the nose sufficiently massive. The general

appearance of the face indicated power and repose, not that terrible vehemence of wrathful emotions with which it was sometimes animated. His bust and features seem to afford a good likeness of the man.

Mr. Adams wrote much, but he only wrote books designed to meet the need of the hour. His most important writings are: a Discourse on the Canon and Feudal Law, 1765; the State papers in the quarrel between the Colony of Massachusetts and Governor Hutchinson; the Rights and Grievances of the American Colonies, 1774; his Plans of Government of the Independent States, 1776; the Constitution of Massachusetts, 1779; the Defense of the American Constitution, 1786; and the papers on Davila, written while he was Vice-President, and published in the Philadelphia newspapers. These were applications of his political principles to the actual affairs of America. In all these the style is poor, inelegant, and yet artificial. He is often inaccurate in his statement of facts, and sometimes hasty in his generalizations. His first address as President contains a sentence which I think was then the longest in what is known of the English language. It since has been but once surpassed, and that by another citizen of Massachusetts who is yet more distinguished than Mr. Adams for literary culture.[20]

His letters are the most pleasing part of his works, the only part now readable. Here the best are found in the beautiful correspondence with Jefferson, full of wit and wisdom, and above all, enriched with a gentleness and affection that you vainly seek in so many other works of the great man. But the most charming of all his many writings are the letters to his wife. I think more than three hundred of them have been

printed, and I know not where in the English language to find so delightful a collection. He had but one confidant, his wife; but one intimate friend, the mother of his children. To her he told all — his loves and his hates, his anger and his gratitude, his hopes and his fears. She was able to comprehend his great mind, to sympathize in all his excellence. Her judgment seems to have been as sound as his own. If not original like his, like Washington's it was cool, critical, and accurate. She poured oil on the troubled waters of his life, and called him to behold the heavenly bow of beauty and of hope in the cloud which brooded over them. The cloud dropped down, and the sunshine followed in the footsteps of the storm.

He was not what is now called an eloquent man. He had no oratorical tricks, no stops for applause, no poetic images, nothing of what the editors and reporters and half-educated ministers name "fine writing," and what school-girls call "perfectly splendid." But everywhere strong sense, mastery of his matter, philosophic knowledge of causes, vehemence of emotion, and condensed richness of thought. The form is often faulty and misshapen, but the substance strong and sound. He moved other persons, for he was moved himself, and the great natural force which stirred him he brought to bear on other men. So he was always powerful as a speaker and writer. Yet, July 2, 1776, I think men did not say, "What a fine speech John Adams made!" but only, "Down with the kingly government." He abounded in ἐνέργεια, which Demosthenes said was the first, second, and third requisite in oratory. Scarce any specimens of his speeches are left; only the fame of their power survives. You often find profound thought in his writings. No

American writer upon politics more abounds in it.

He had not much confidence in the people, no instinct of democracy. He leaned to aristocratic forms of government. So, in the Constitution of the State of Massachusetts, he would give the Governor an absolute negative to all acts of the Legislature, and empower him to appoint all the officers in the militia, the generals, colonels, majors, captains, and so on down to the sergeants and corporals.

He insisted on four things in his plan of government. (1.) A separation of the legislative, judicial, and executive powers. (2.) The legislature must have two bodies, a house and a senate. (3.) The judiciary must be appointed during good behavior. (4.) The executive must be single; one man, not a council of men. It was a wise man who devised such a scheme in 1776. He was often accused of favoring monarchy, and wishing to establish in America a king and a house of lords. The charge is utterly false. I think Jefferson is not blameless for his representation of Adams's opinions. He foresaw the greatness of America, and in 1786 said, "We are now employed in making establishments which will affect the happiness of a hundred millions of inhabitants at a time, in a period not very distant." He wrote a book on all the liberal governments of the world, to show their virtues and their vices. He dared tell the faults of our own institutions. Who ventures on that now? Even then he was, for doing so, much abused.

In 1780 Dr. Franklin wrote from France home to his Government, that "Adams means well for his country, is always an honest man, often a wise one, sometimes, and in some things, is absolutely out of his senses;" and adds also, "I know that by telling it I

hazard a mortal enmity." The criticism was just, and also the forecast of its consequence. But weigh the man in an even balance. His faults were chiefly of ill-temper and haste; his virtues — patriotism, truthfulness, moral courage, integrity — have seldom been surpassed, nay, rarely equaled, in public men. He had no prejudice against any section of the country. Here he was superior to both Jefferson and Washington, who ever denied justice to New England. He was an intense patriot, and did not hestitate to sacrifice his dearest personal wishes for the good of his country. In his later days some distinguished foreigners came to visit him at Quincy. He met them by appointment, and sat in a great chair in the shade close by his house. "In the beginning of the fight did you think you should succeed?" asked one of the visitors. "Yes," said the old man; "I never doubted that the country would succeed, but I expected nothing but certain ruin for myself."

The hate against him has not died away. Still, for old Federalist and for old Democratic families, detraction is busy at its work. But after all just deduction is made from his conduct, it must be confessed that no man has had so wide, so deep, and so lasting an influence on the great constructive work of framing the best institutions of America. And the judgment of posterity will be, that he was a brave man, deep-sighted, conscientious, patriotic, and possessed of integrity which nothing ever shook, but which stood firm as the granite of his Quincy hills. While American institutions continue, the people will honor brave, honest old John Adams, who never failed his country in her hour of need, and who, in his life of more than ninety years, though both passionate and ambitious, wronged no man nor any woman!

IV

THOMAS JEFFERSON

New England was settled by real colonists; men full of ideas which were far in advance of their times. These ideas could not be carried out in England, and therefore they emigrated to what was afterwards called the "New England." Here democratic institutions at once sprung up among them. Their antecedents and their principles could not have produced any different growth. The distinction between rich and poor, educated and ignorant soon became the chief differences in their social scale. There was but one sort of men, though many conditions. The government was by the people, and it favored the distribution of wealth, not its accumulation in special families. Education was open to all, at public cost. The form of religion was Congregational. The Congregational Church had more individual members than any Christian sect. The theology was Calvinistic, and that always stimulates men to metaphysical speculation and to liberal study.

In Virginia it was quite different. Religion had nothing to do with its settlement. Partly, the emigrants were younger sons of younger brothers, descendants from wealthy houses, who either had some moderate property, or had got manorial grants of land from the crown; partly, they were the servants and vassals of these nominal lords of manors; and partly, they were the scourings of the British jails. They

brought no superior ideas along with them. They did not found democratic institutions; for all their care was to keep their institutions aristocratic. The government was in the hands of a few, and it favored the entailment of property on a few, not its distribution among many. It kept up the division of castes, so that there should be as many sorts of men as there were conditions of society. Social distinction was founded on the acknowledged differences in birth, property, and powerful connection, and to appearance not at all dependent upon knowledge, virtue, or true nobility of character. No pains were taken to provide for public education.

The printing press had come early to New England, where it had printed Eliot's translation of the Bible into the Indian language, and had published two editions of it long before Virginia had produced a printed line.

The form of religion in Virginia was Episcopal. None other was tolerated. It encouraged neither metaphysical thought nor biblical study. This tended to repress individuality of religion.

In New England wealth was diffused; education, political power, all were diffused widely. In 1764, James Otis said, " The colonists are men; the colonists are therefore free born; for, by the law of nature, all men are free born, white or black. No good reason can be given for enslaving them of any color. Is it right to enslave a man because his color is black, or his hair short and curled like wool, instead of Christian hair? Can any logical inference or form of slavery be drawn from a flat nose, or a long or short face? The riches of the West Indies, or the luxury of the metropolis, should not have weight to swerve

the balance of truth and justice. Liberty is the gift of God, and cannot be annihilated."

In a word, in Virginia everything was condensed upon a few, while in New England all was thoroughly democratic. Still it might be seen, that in Virginia, while her institutions were framed, and intended to be thoroughly aristocratic, yet in spite of them the excellent men in that new country could not be kept down. They would rise, and by the natural high pressure of their qualities they would, like water, seek their natural level, because a downward tendency is impossible to human nature. And so, too, in New England it happened that, although all her institutions had been from the beginning most eminently liberal and popular, yet many things there hindered the immediate and free development of the people.

In the beginning of the last century in Virginia there were three classes of free white men.

First. The great proprietors, who owned large tracts of land. These were the "first families" of Virginia, who, though dwelling in "abodes comparatively mean," affected to live in the style of British nobles. They had rude wealth, land, cattle, fine horses, slaves, white servants, "bought for a time," and abundance of maize, wheat, and especially of tobacco — the great article of export.

Second. The small proprietors, men with moderate landed estates, cultivated under their own eye. Some of these became rich men, but never acquired that social rank to which the first were born. Yet the primal vigor of this population, its ready talent, and all its instinct of progress, lay in this second class, whence have arisen, I think, all the distinguished men of Virginia.

Third. Below these was the class of poor whites, indispensable to such a scheme of society. These were laborers, without landed property more than a patch of ground and a little hovel, which added the deformity of a low humanity to the original beauty of nature. These men had no literary or scientific education, and could obtain none.

Underneath all were the negro slaves, who gave a peculiar character to the entire colony, affecting its industry, its thought, and its morals.

In the second class, of small proprietors, was born Peter Jefferson, on the 29th of February, 1708, at Osbornes, on James River, in Chesterfield County. The family had come from Wales. Peter seems to have inherited no property; the Jefferson family, I think, was poorer than the average of the class, just above the poor whites. Peter had no education in early life, but was able-minded as well as able-bodied, with a thoughtful turn. He became a surveyor of land, mainly self-taught, I fancy. He got a little property together, and in 1735 "patented" one thousand acres of land; that is, had it granted him by the Legislature of the colony of Virginia. He bought four hundred acres more, the consideration paid being "Henry Weatherbourne's biggest bowl of arrack punch"! He made a little clearing in the primeval forest, and began his career as a planter. In 1738 he married Jane Randolph, she being in her twentieth, he in his thirtieth year. She was the daughter of Isham Randolph, a wealthy man, who lived in rough splendor, and had great pretensions to family dignity, well educated for a man of that time; he was, moreover, intelligent and generous. Peter took his wife, delicately bred as she had been, to his rough farm, which he called Shad-

well. Here he planted his family tree, and subsequently became a prosperous man. He was appointed by the Legislature, in connection with Professor Fry, to make a map of Virginia. The work was done well for the time. He was commissioned justice of the peace, and appointed colonel, and afterwards elected member of the House of Burgesses of the colony of Virginia. He died August 17, 1757.

At Shadwell, on the 13th of April, 1743, his first son and third child was born, and christened Thomas. His lineage was humble, as Virginians count genealogy; his destination was not humble, as Virginia's history may certify. After the great men I have before sketched, none has had so much influence on the destiny of America. Let us look this boy carefully in the face, and consider his deeds throughout all periods of his life, the character therein developed, and the extraordinary eminence he thereby acquired.

I. Look at his boyhood and youth. 1743–1764.

At the age of five he was sent to a common school at Tuckahoe, where the family moved when he was two years old. At nine years of age he studies under the Rev. Mr. Douglass, a Scotchman, a scholar, and an Episcopal minister at Shadwell. With him the boy begins Latin, Greek, and French. He lived with the minister, and found good instruction and moldy pies. At fourteen he goes to Rev. Mr. Maury's school, fourteen miles off, at Peter's Mountain. Mr. Maury, also a Scotchman, was a good scholar and a good teacher. In his spare time Thomas hunts on Peter's Mountain, and acquires an intimate knowledge of the animals and the plants, and some general knowledge of natural history. These two gentlemen kept schools at their par-

sonages. When company came the schools broke up, and thus Thomas got less Latin and more hunting. The pay for his board and instruction was sixteen pounds a year at the one place, and twenty pounds at the other. He was a bright boy, courteous and quick.

In 1760, aged seventeen, he entered William and Mary's College, at Williamsburg, the capital of the province, a town of fifteen hundred or two thousand inhabitants. Here he found another Scotchman, Professor Small, a good scholar, who still further helped and stimulated the intelligent youth. Jefferson was a friend of Dr. Small, and was devoted to study, often working fifteen hours a day. The Greek and Latin languages, and the mathematics, were his favorite pursuits. Metaphysics and ethics he greatly disliked. He did not incline to works of fiction, commonly so attractive to young minds. He was highly moral, it is said, but fond of horses, which fondness continued all his life. He was also inclined to music, and learned to play skilfully on the violin.

Thus he did not forget his sport in his toil. He stayed at college but two years, and then, at nineteen, at the same place, began the study of law with Mr. George Wythe, thought to be a profound lawyer at that time. He continued this preparation for his profession five years, often studying fourteen or fifteen hours a day. He had a natural fondness for profound investigation, yet he found Coke "a dull old scoundrel." He learned the Anglo-Saxon, the Italian, and the Spanish languages, and, it seems, read many books very indirectly connected with his profession. Here he became intimate with Mr. Fauquier, the royal Governor of Virginia, a distinguished man, with quite ele-

gant manners. Living familiarly in the best society of the provincial capital, it was here and at this period that Jefferson acquired the easy carriage, gentlemanly deportment, and courteous manners which distinguished him all his life, and which greatly helped his success. Governor Fauquier was a gambler, and contaminated the province with this vice. Jefferson kept clear from this detestable wickedness, shunning and hating it all his life. Fauquier was also a free-thinker in religion, and the effect was visible on the young man.

He fell in love at this early period, like other young men, and, like them, wrote silly letters, such as are still penned. Indeed, all his letters of this period are rather frivolous. He talks about "Becca" and "Sukey," "Judy" and "Belinda," finding those names more attractive than that "dull old scoundrel," Lord Coke. "How did Nancy look at you when you danced with her at Southall's?"

"Handsome in his old age, in his youth Jefferson was no beauty. Then he was tall, thin, and raw-boned; had red hair, a freckled face, and pointed features;" but his face was intelligent and kindly, he talked with ease and grace, and in spite of exterior disadvantages, was a favorite with all the young women.

At the age of twenty-four, 1767, he was admitted to practice at the bar. Thus far his life had been an easy one, and singularly prosperous. How different from the youth of Franklin, or of Washington, or of Adams! He kept himself free from the common vices of Virginia young men, such as gaming, drunkenness, debauchery; he never swore or used tobacco. His letters begin in his twentieth year, and, though somewhat frivolous, are written in a natural style at once

easy and elegant. Here was a dawn to promise the great man.

II. 1764–1768. A lawyer and politician, engaged in the affairs of Virginia and of the nation, Jefferson had his office at Williamsburg, the capital of that colony. It seems he "had little taste for the technicalities and chicanery of that profession," and never thought very highly of lawyers as a class. "Their business is to talk," said he. For the seven or eight years he followed this profession he gradually rose to some eminence. His style was clear, but his voice poor and feeble, and, after speaking a few moments, it "would sink in his throat." He was not meant for a speaker. Yet, it appears, he had a considerable business for a young man. I find him employed in about five hundred causes previous to the year 1771, and in about four hundred and fifty causes in the next three and a half years, when he finally gave up business. His total fees of 1771 were about two thousand dollars for the year; and that, probably, shows the average of his professional receipts.

In 1772, January 1, in the twenty-ninth year of his age, Mr. Jefferson married Mrs. Martha Skelton, the childless widow of Bathurst Skelton, and the daughter of John Wayles. She is said to have been handsome and accomplished, and she certainly was rich. Jefferson then owned one thousand nine hundred acres of land and forty or fifty slaves, bringing him an income of two thousand dollars a year. Mr. Skelton's widow brought him forty thousand acres of land and one hundred and thirty-five slaves, which she had inherited from her father. The marriage was happy, and both parties seem to have been greatly fond of each other.

Many tender little passages occur in his life showing how deep was their mutual affection. There is no more talk about "Becca" and "Sukey" in the letters.

In 1769, three years before his marriage, at about the age of twenty-six, he had been chosen member of the House of Burgesses for Albemarle County. He was on the side of America, and against the oppressive measures of George III. Still more, in favor of liberty, he urged the Legislature to allow individuals to emancipate their slaves. No; it could not be granted. Not until 1782 could he persuade that body to allow manumission in Virginia. In 1774 the Governor dissolved the House. Some of the most patriotic men met in a tavern to consider the matter. Thomas Jefferson was one of them.

In May, 1774, there was a People's Convention in Virginia, the first ever held there without express form of law. This Convention was to choose delegates to the Continental Congress, which had been called to meet at Philadelphia, in September. Jefferson did not attend the Convention, being prevented by illness; but he drew up a form of instruction for the delegates to Congress, that it might be offered to the Convention, and adopted therein. This was a very remarkable paper, and revolutionary enough for New England. His draft was not adopted; but it was read, and afterwards printed as "A Summary View of the Rights of British America." The leap was too long, as yet, for the mass of the citizens. The "instructions" declared that the king "has no right to land a single armed man on our shores." "The God who gave us life, gave us liberty at the same time."

On May 17, 1775, he was chosen member of Congress, to supply the place of Peyton Randolph. He

took his seat, June 21, 1775, rather an obscure man then, with only a Virginia reputation. He had no national fame save what the "Summary View" of 1774 had given him. He was a silent member, but John Adams calls him "powerful, frank, explicit, and decisive."

His most important services in Congress were,—(1) his draft of an address on the "Causes of taking up arms against England;" (2) the answer which he wrote to Lord North's "Conciliatory proposition;" and (3) his report of the far-famed Declaration of Independence, to me the most remarkable and important state paper in the world. Some of his descendants in Boston, I am told, still keep the little desk he wrote it upon. I hope the spirit of democracy, which is freedom to all men, still animates and inspires all who write or look thereon.

In 1776, September 1, Jefferson returned from Congress, and devoted himself to reconstructing the constitution of his native State. He drafted a sketch or outline of a constitution, which was not accepted, and is now lost; but he wrote the preamble to the constitution which was adopted. This came from the same inspiration which had animated the Declaration of Independence. He took his seat in the Virginia House of Delegates, October 7, 1776, and there began the other great work of his life, the thorough reformation of the state institutions.

1. He proposed to abolish all entails of landed estates. The actual possessors of entailed estates might dispose of them like other property. This was a revolution. Jefferson laid the democratic axe at the root of that evil tree which poisoned the people. You may guess at the opposition to the measure, and the wrath

against its author. But it prevailed. Males and the first-born were to have no special privilege. Primogeniture was done away with. All the children might share alike in the inheritance of their father's land and goods.

2. He advised that foreigners should be allowed to become naturalized, and to attain all the rights of citizens.

3. He recommended the revision of the laws in three important matters.

The penal laws must be mitigated. The penalty of death ought to be limited to murder and treason. There should be no imprisonment for honest debt.

There must be complete religious freedom. No one should be forced to pay for opinions which he disliked, or for the support of any form of religion against his will. The Church must rest on the voluntary contributions of the people. The law may judge no man's opinions. The Commonwealth of Virginia, like the kingdom of heaven, is to show no special favor to Christians, but Jews, Mohammedans, Deists, and Atheists are all to be equal before the law, and alike eligible to all offices. The Church Establishment should be abolished, and all religious sects put on an equal footing.

He would provide for the public education of the people, promote the culture of the great mass of men in free common schools, and improve the colleges for the superior education of the few.

Some of these things he accomplished at once. Others were so far in advance of the times, that years must elapse before his ideas could be realized. He wished to abolish slavery, but he had tried in vain to procure an act to enable a master to emancipate his

slaves. So in the revision of the laws he made no new attempt.

In these great works other men labored with Jefferson, but his was the leading mind, and shot before all others in the slaveholding states.

Next he was chosen Governor of Virginia, June I, 1779. He was reëlected the following year. Here he had a difficult work to perform. Virginia contained about two hundred and ninety thousand free whites, and two hundred and seventy thousand slaves. They were scattered over sixty-one thousand square miles. The militia included all the free white men between sixteen and sixty; but so scattered was the population, that in most of the settled parts of the state there was not one militia-man to a square mile. And so ill-armed were the people, that there was not more than one gun that could fire a bullet, to five militia-men. Not a gun to five square miles of land! In an average tract of ten miles square, containing a hundred square miles, there would not be twenty guns. When recruits were drafted into the militia, many came without hats or caps, and were, moreover, barefoot! Besides all that, the State of Virginia had no shipping. There were two hundred and seventy thousand men, black enemies in the midst of the people, ready to side with an invader when he should appear.[1] The coast of Virginia is intersected with bays and navigable rivers. In 1779–80 the British attacked the state with a numerous fleet and well-appointed armies; what defense could be made? With the most able governor she could not have done much. But Jefferson had little administrative skill, and not the least military talent or disposition. The British did what they would in his state,— burnt the houses, pillaged the people, and in

two years did damage to the amount of fifteen million hard dollars. Thirty thousand slaves were carried off. The British did not arm them and set them against their masters, else the state had been lost beyond recovery. Jefferson's own estates were plundered. He barely escaped being taken prisoner, for the militia made scarce any defense. Only two hundred men could be found to defend Richmond, one of the largest towns in the state.

Jefferson resigned his office, declining a reëlection in 1781. He found he was unfit for the station, and left it for braver and more military men. An attempt was made to impeach him, but it failed; and, instead of impeaching him, the legislature subsequently passed a vote of thanks to him.

In 1781 I find him a member of the House of Delegates, working nobly for the great enterprises that have been previously mentioned. He went back to Congress in 1783, and there he, the author of the Declaration of Independence, helped to ratify the treaty of peace. In 1784, June 1, the delegates of Virginia ceded the portion claimed by her of the Northwest Territory to the United States. Congress then passed the famous "Ordinance of the Northwest Territory." Jefferson drafted the bill, and provided that the governments to be constituted therein, "shall be in republican forms, and shall admit no person to be a citizen who holds any hereditary title;" "that after the year 1800 of the Christian era, there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in any of the said states, otherwise than in punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted to have been personally guilty." [2] A motion was made on the 19th of April, 1794, and afterwards carried, to strike out this clause.

The New England members gave a unanimous vote to strike out that clause which would have established slavery in what is now Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin.

Mr. Jefferson was the recognized leader of Congress in 1783–4, though he had able men for rivals. On the 10th of March, 1785, Congress appointed him Minister to France, to succeed Dr. Franklin. Indeed, he had three times before been offered the same office, and had declined it, sometimes in consequence of the feeble health of his wife: now she had become loosed from her frail body.

III. As diplomatist in Europe. 1784–1789.

I shall not discourse at any length on his services abroad. He was a skilful diplomatist. His great knowledge, his admirable sagacity, his conciliatory spirit, and his good manners, helped to accomplish what he sought. He attended to the usual routine of a Minister's duties, but no great services were to be accomplished. He returned to his country, on leave of absence, in 1789. A singular reception awaited him at home. When he came to Monticello his slaves took him from his coach, and bore him in their arms to the house. A singular mode of riding for the author of the Declaration of Independence! But it proved that if a master, he was kind and beloved! Jefferson was pleased with a diplomatic position, but President Washington had destined him to higher services.

IV. In the Executive of the United States. 1790–1809.

When Jefferson returned from France the Constitution was adopted, the new officers chosen, the Gov-

ernment organized. At first he did not like the Constitution. It made the central government too strong, excessively curtailing the power of the individual states. It would allow the same man to be chosen President again and again, to the end of his life. It contained no Bill of Rights, declaring what powers the states and the individual citizens did not delegate to the general government. Jefferson was a Democrat, and the Constitution was not the work of Democrats; in fact, Franklin and Madison were the only men of considerable ability who represented the Democracy in forming the Constitution.[3] But after it was adopted he came earnestly to its defense, and held three several executive offices under it.

1. He was Secretary of State from March 21, 1790, to December 31, 1793.

He did not wish to accept the office, preferring his diplomatic mission at Paris. But Washington solicited him to accept, and he entered on the duties of the Secretaryship. Hamilton was Secretary of Treasury, Knox of War — both Federalists, whom Jefferson accuses of leaning towards monarchy. Edmund Randolph was Attorney-General, and Jefferson Secretary of State — both Democrats. Jefferson and Hamilton were commonly on opposite sides. They contended on measures and on principles, then quarreled, and finally hated one another with all their might.

Jefferson opposed the great measures of Washington's administration; the funding bill, the assumption of state debts, and the establishment of the United States bank. Here, I think, he was right; but the measures prevailed, and were popular with the wealthy and educated classes in all the northern states. But he opposed the military academy, the coast fortifica-

tion, and the navy. He especially disliked the navy, and opposed the measures of the President to raise it to any footing efficient for war. He took sides with France, and favored her encroachments. He was willing to allow Mr. Genet, the Minister of France, to violate the neutrality of our soil, to enlist soldiers in our towns, and to fit out and commission privateers in our harbors. He disliked England, and, in fact, had a distrust and fear of that nation, which were only too well founded. Thus he inclined to a war with England, and resolutely resisted some of her pretensions with manly spirit. He supported men who abused Washington and the Government, of which Jefferson himself was a part.

Washington became more and more anti-democratic in his administration, put more and more confidence in Hamilton, whose active mind, invasive will, and skill in organizing men had an undue influence over the President, then waxing feeble, and becoming averse to business.[4] Jefferson found his power diminishing in the Cabinet, and not growing in the country. At the end of 1793 he withdrew from his post, and sat down on his estate at Monticello to repair his private fortunes, already somewhat shattered.

Out of office he was the head of the Democratic party even more than while in it, and the center of the opposition to Washington and his administration. His house was the headquarters of the opposition. His letters show that his heart was not at Monticello, nor his mind busy with maize, tobacco, and breeding slaves. He professed to desire no office. He would live in private and arrange his plantations and his books.

But when Washington was about to withdraw from office, in 1796, Jefferson was the Democratic candidate

for the Presidency. He was defeated. John Adams had seventy-one votes,— one more than a majority: Jefferson, sixty-eight,— two less than enough. John Adams represented the constitutional party, which included the wealth, the education, the farming and the mercantile interests, and the inventive skill of the nation. Jefferson was the champion of the progressive party, which was composed of a few men of genius, of ideas and strength, but chiefly made up of the lower masses of men, with whom the instincts are stronger than reflection, and the rich slaveholders of the South, who liked not the constraints of law.

2. While Jefferson was Vice-President, his only function was to preside in the Senate, where the Federalists had a decided majority. President Adams disliked him, shunned him, did not consult him about public affairs. Indeed, the political difference between them was immense. Their systems were antagonistic. Jefferson looked with the eyes of a partisan on some of the measures of Adams's administration, and with righteous contempt on the " Alien and Sedition " Law, and other despotic measures. But in these he must have read the prophecy that his opponents would soon fall, to rise nevermore. He contended vehemently against the party in power.

In 1798 he said, " Our general Government, in nine or ten years, has become more arbitrary than even that of England, and has swallowed up more of the public liberty." He drew up the celebrated Kentucky Resolutions of 1798, which declared several acts of Congress " null and void; " " not law, but altogether void, and of no force; " and called on the other states, within their bounds, to nullify them, and all such unconstitutional acts. Such resolutions looked revolu-

tionary. Alas, they were only too just! But Kentucky was not quite ready for such strong measures, and modified the resolutions. Presently Madison presented the same doctrine in the Virginia Resolutions of 1798. Both papers came from the democratic spirit of Jefferson, and the seeming dangers were yet unavoidable. For the acts they opposed were about as unjust as the Fugitive Slave Bill of 1850. Jefferson feared centralized power, which always degenerates into despotism. He loved local self-government, and did not apprehend that it would run to license, as it yet often has done, and now does in South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama. He was afraid only of the concentrated despotism of the few, not knowing that the many may also become tyrants.

He watched with a keen eye the increasing troubles of the Federal party, the hostility of its leaders to the President, for whose office he was the chief candidate of the democracy. He grew more and more bold, and confident of success. Indeed, the ultimate victory of his partisans was never doubtful. They embodied the nation's instinct of progress, though in no high moral form.

The Federal party deserted the ablest and the most honest of their great men. John Adams was defeated. Jefferson and Burr had the same number of electoral votes. It came to the House of Representatives to decide who should be President. They voted by states. The Democracy voted for Jefferson, the Federalists preferred Aaron Burr. Thirty-five times they balloted without choice. On the 17th of February (1801),— on the seventh day of the ballot, and at the thirty-sixth trial,— Jefferson was chosen. Burr was Vice-President, and the Federal party dead. Rich in great men,

who did noble service in their day, it had done its work, and it died when it was needed no longer. Let you and me do justice to its great merits and to its great men, but never share in its distrust of the people and of the dearest instincts of humanity.

3. Jefferson became President on the 4th of March, 1801, and held the office eight years.

It was a fortunate time for the chief of the Democratic party to enter upon his power. The Federalists had taken the responsibility of organizing the government, providing for the payment of debts, levying taxes, making treaties of alliance and commerce with foreign states. The Democracy had only to criticize the faults of their rivals; they were not obliged to share the blame of what was unpopular. Besides, the storm of war which had threatened between the United States and either England or France, had been blown off by the powerful breath of Adams. The nation was at peace, the revenue abundant, industry more various and successful than ever before. Jefferson was the most popular man in his party; perhaps, also, himself the ablest. Certainly no Democrat was endowed with such versatile skill. There was no longer any hope of reconciling the two parties as such, or of reconciling the Federal leaders. John Adams had gone down. Washington himself could not have breasted the flood of waters for a week longer; the great swollen sea of the Democracy would have overwhelmed him, and, with its irresistible surge, would have borne some more fortunate rival far up the strand.

The Federal party was swallowed up. Jefferson's policy was not to array the hostile parties, but, breaking up all parties, to gather to himself the mass of the people. His inaugural address, very handsomely

written, was a proclamation of peace. "We are all Republicans, we are all Federalists," said he. Nothing could be more timely.

He selected a good Cabinet. The mates were all Democrats. He was master, not to be overcome by his councillors, as Adams, and even as Washington, had often been. He did not change them in eight years: they were a unit. He removed the Federal leaders from all the most important offices. How else could he get rid of them? "Few die," said he, "and none resign." But he intended not more than twenty removals in all. Of course those who went out looked grim at those who came in, lean with expectation. Jefferson would have rotation in office.

Here are the six chief acts of his administration.

1. He abandoned the defenses of the country. Upon the ground of expediency, he opposed the fortification of principal harbors, and he considered the establishment of a military academy not within the specific powers assigned to Congress. While he was Vice-President, he and his Republican party had vehemently opposed a navy, as being altogether unsuited to the means of the United States, and as being likely to involve the country in war. In this he opposed and obstructed the policy very much favored by Mr. Adams. And, consistently with these principles, when he himself came into power, he neglected the army and navy, and insisted upon building two hundred and fifty gunboats, which should cost but five thousand dollars each, instead of constructing large and more efficient vessels, which would require the permanent employment of naval officers and seamen. It was Mr. Jefferson's plan, that in time of peace these gunboats should be hauled

up under sheds, erected for the purpose on the seashore; and that in war time they should be fitted for service, and manned with a maritime militia, enlisted temporarily for the purpose. This scheme was violently attacked, and in fact proved a failure. Mr. Jefferson employed Thomas Paine to write in defense of it. He certainly wrote very ingeniously, but, in spite of his logic, the public and the men of experience remained incredulous, and "when, soon afterwards, many of the gunboats were driven ashore in a tempest, or were otherwise destroyed, no one seemed to regard their loss as a misfortune, nor has any attempt been since made to replace them." In these things he made great mistakes, partly because he limited his views from ill-conceived motives of economy, and partly because of a wise fear of laying the foundations of great and permanent military and naval establishments. And thus it was that he left his country's commerce and seamen defenseless on the ocean.

2. He promoted the repeal of the Judiciary Act.

This swept off for ever Mr. Adams's "Midnight Judges," [5] and established an admirable precedent, which will have its due weight at some future day.

From his earliest days of public life he had always known that judges were but men, and that they were affected with weakness and infirmity, with prejudice and party spirit, like as other men are.[6] In 1778 he had attempted to provide, that in the Chancery Court of Virginia all matters of fact should be tried by a jury, in the same manner as in the courts of law. But here he was defeated by an adroit amendment proposed by Mr. Pendleton. It was one of his objections to the Constitution of the United States, that the decisions of the judges of the national courts were not sub-

ject to the same qualified negative of the executive power as are all the acts of Congress. In his autobiography he writes, "Nothing could be more salutary there [in England] than a change to the tenure [of the judges] of good behavior, and the question of good behavior left to the vote of a simple majority in the two Houses of Parliament." In his first annual message, as President, to Congress, he says that the papers he lays before them will enable them "to judge of the proportion which the institution [United States Supreme Court] bears to the business it has to perform." In a letter to Mr. Kerchival he objects to the independence of the judiciary, and affirms that they ought to have been elected. "The judges of Connecticut," says he, "have been chosen by the people for nearly two centuries, and I believe that there has never hardly been an instance of change." He proceeds, and remarks that "if prejudice is still to prevail . . . against the vital principle of periodical election of judges by the people, . . . let us retain the power of removal on the concurrence of the executive and legislative branches, and nomination by the Executive alone. Nomination to office is an executive function. To leave it to the legislature, as we do, is a violation of the principle of the separation of powers." Also, in 1799, he writes, "The judiciary is alone and single-handed in its assaults upon the Constitution, but its assaults are more sure and deadly, as from an agent seemingly passive and unassuming;" and to Judge Johnson, "This practice [of the Supreme Court of the United States] of traveling out of the case to prescribe what the law would be in a moot case not before the court, is very irregular and very censurable. . . . In the Marbury Case, the Chief-Justice went

on to lay down what the law would have been had the court jurisdiction of the case. . . . The object was clearly to instruct any other court, having the jurisdiction, what they should do if Marbury should apply to them." And to Mr. Barry, in 1822, he writes, "We already see the power installed for life, responsible to no authority (for impeachment is not even a scarecrow), advancing with a noiseless and steady pace to the great object of consolidation." To Edward Livingston, in 1852, "One single object, if your provision attains it, will entitle you to the endless gratitude of society,— that of restraining judges from usurping legislation. With no body of men is this restraint more wanting than with the judges of what is called our general government, but what I call our foreign department. They are practising on the constitution by inferences. . . . This member of the government was at first considered the most harmless and helpless of all its organs. But it has proved that the power of declaring what the law is, ad libitum, by sapping and mining, slowly and without alarm, the foundations of the Constitution, can do what open force would not dare to attempt." There are many other better known and more frequently quoted passages to the same purpose. And to show that Mr. Jefferson's fear of the despotism of the Judiciary was by no means unfounded, read a letter from a distinguished Federalist, Oliver Wolcott (then Secretary of the United States Treasury), to his friend Fisher Ames, which bears date 29th of December, 1799: "There is no way [for the general government] to combat the state opposition but by an efficient and extended organization of judges, magistrates, and other civil officers." Thus it seems that Mr. Jefferson was, during his

whole political life, well aware of those tendencies which would make the Judiciary, to use his own language, "a despotic branch." [7]

3. He caused to be abolished all the internal and direct taxes which had, before his administration, been levied by the Government of the United States. They consisted of taxes, or excise, on stills, domestic spirits, refined sugars, licenses to keep shops, sales at auction, and on carriages, stamped vellum, parchment, etc. They were abolished after the first day of June, 1802. Meantime, and during their collection, they had excited such opinions and feelings as were expressed in Mr. Jefferson's letter to Mr. Madison, dated December 28, 1794: "The excise law is an infernal one. The first error was to admit it by the Constitution; the second, to act on that admission; the third, and last, will be to make it the instrument of dismembering the Union, and setting us all afloat to choose what part of it we will adhere to. . . . The detestation of the excise law is universal, and has now associated to it a detestation of the Government, and [the information] that a separation which, perhaps, was a very distant and problematical event, is now near and certain, and determined in the mind of every man." These taxes had afterwards caused the famous Whiskey Insurrection in Pennsylvania in 1794, which at that time seemed as seriously to threaten the stability of our Union as any political disturbances that have since taken place. The entire amount which these excise and direct taxes brought into the treasury of the United States was but six hundred thousand dollars per annum; that is to say, the gross revenue was one million of dollars, and the cost of its collection was four hundred thousand dollars. As Mr. Jefferson said, "By

suppressing at once the whole internal taxes, we abolish three-fourths of the offices now existing and spread over the land." It was certainly a wise measure of administration and pacification.

4. He pardoned all persons in jail for offenses against the Alien and Sedition Laws, and discontinued all process against men who were waiting trial on charges of breaking those laws. He was clearly of opinion that these wicked laws were unconstitutional, and he went forward promptly and boldly to remedy the injustice which they had so uselessly occasioned.

5. He secured the acquisition of the territory of Louisiana by negotiation and purchase.

This was a success of the greatest importance to the security and to the prosperity of this country. And by no one could it have been attained with more foresight and skill, or by more wise use of fortunate opportunities, than were exhibited by Mr. Jefferson before and during the events of the negotiation.

April 18, 1802, President Jefferson writes to Robert R. Livingston, "The cession of Louisiana and the Floridas by Spain to France works most sorely on the United States. . . . It reverses our political relations, and will form a new epoch in our political course. . . . We have ever looked to her [France] as our natural friend. . . . There is on the globe one single spot, the possessor of which is our natural and habitual enemy. It is New Orleans, through which the produce of three-eights of our territory must pass. . . . France, placing herself in that door, at once assumes to us the attitude of defiance. Spain might have retained it quietly for years. Her pacific disposition, her feeble state, would induce her to increase our facilities there. . . . Not so can it ever be in

the hands of France. The impetuosity of her temper, the energy and restlessness of her character, . . . render it impossible that France and the United States can continue long friends when they meet in so irritable a position. The day that France takes possession of New Orleans, . . . from that moment we must marry ourselves to the British fleet and nation. We must turn all our attention to a maritime force, for which our resources place us on very high ground."

Such was his statement of the position of affairs at the time when he so wisely initiated the measures which were to secure the vast territories of the West to the United States. On his part everything was ready and prepared to receive the gift of what was then for the most part a wilderness, but which he knew would soon become of inestimable importance to the peace and welfare of his country. Very quickly, sooner than he could have hoped or dreamed, the situation changed. First Consul Bonaparte suddenly decided to break the Peace of Amiens with England. As a preparation for so doing, and to raise means for his immense projects, it became necessary for him to make sale of Louisiana to the party who would pay him the most for it; for he well knew that such property as France had in Louisiana would not be worth two months' purchase after his war should be declared. Therefore it was that, in the early summer of 1803 (the treaty having been concluded 30th of April of that year), President Jefferson was able to accept the congratulations of his friends on the acquisition of Louisiana. "The territory acquired," says he, "as it includes all the waters of the Missouri and Mississippi, has more than doubled the area of the United States."

In this connection Mr. Jefferson has been much

blamed for the addition of Louisiana to the territories of the United States without any constitutional authority. It was his own opinion, never concealed by him, that an amendment of the Constitution was necessary to consummate the effect of his negotiations. The same idea frequently appeared in his correspondence, and even the forms of the amendments to the Constitution proposed by him, to authorize the acquisitions of Louisiana and Florida, were more than once recorded. The importance of promptly concluding this valuable purchase, or the overruling influence of political friends, seems to have extinguished these constitutional scruples, which were really and earnestly entertained by him. It is the more to be regretted that he who had boasted, "I never had an opinion in politics which I was afraid to own," should not, on this important occasion, and when President of the United States, have required the respect which he himself thought due to the Constitution, to have been observed. It would have given the weight of his great name to an honest precedent, and it might have made impossible the juggling tricks of diplomacy whereby Texas afterwards became annexed to the United States.[8]

6. He imposed the Embargo in 1807.

This measure also is to be considered the act of Mr. Jefferson, in a particular manner, and was initiated by him in his special message of December 18, 1807. England, predominant at sea, had destroyed the French naval power, and to aggravate the French commercial embarrassments to the utmost, had resorted to extreme and odious pretensions, claiming the penalties of blockade against neutral vessels proceeding to or from seaports where no actual blockade was maintained by her. In the end, a contention of Decrees, issued by the Em-

peror of France, and of Orders in Council, proclaimed by the Government of England, had brought things to such a pass that the neutral vessels of the United States could not continue their established commerce in any direction without being subject to capture either by the naval powers and privateers of England or of France. If they made any voyage to England or to English possessions, or allowed themselves to be searched or visited by any English vessel of war, the Emperor of France claimed the right to capture and confiscate them. If they made any voyage to any part of the continent of Europe, the whole of which was then under the domination of France, in that case the innumerable cruisers of England intervened, and made what they called lawful prizes of American ships. The situation was such that it seemed to force a war upon the country, for which it was by no means prepared, and which it could in no way afford. And, moreover, even had America decided to declare a war, the dilemma was serious, whether it ought to be declared against France or against England. The action of each Government had been towards us equally aggressive in principle and almost equally ruinous in practice. But France had been to us, during our Revolutionary struggles of thirty years before, our staunch and profitable friend, and neither the ill treatment of her more recent Governments, nor the haughty injustice of some of their powerful ministers in promoting the unjust confiscation of our ships, nor the venal corruption of others in holding out their hands to our envoys for secret bribes, could make our country forget how great was our debt of gratitude to France. Yet, on the other part, the temptation was great to uphold the policy of England. By so doing, a very consider-

able part of our commerce would have been preserved with England, and we should have enjoyed a considerable share of the English carrying trade. And this was the view taken by the eastern and northern states, by leading Federalists, and by all those who had great sympathy with England as the champion of liberty, and the efficient leader of the combination which she alone could maintain against the enlarging tyranny of Bonaparte. Thus it was, our commerce extended, our vessels captured, both on seas and in port, by authorities both English and French, under pretenses which had no support from the law of nations, or any maritime law.

Mr. Jefferson found the solution of all these difficulties in the Embargo, which forbade to American ships and merchants all foreign commerce whatever. Under the circumstances it may be justified as a wise measure of temporary relief and preparation. But the hurried manner in which it was forced upon the country, and the unnecessary long period of its continuance, until their distresses had nearly compelled the commercial states to rebellion and secession, is not easily to be justified, nor would in any recent times have been considered as otherwise than degrading to our national honor.

On the 10th of November, 1807, the ship Horizon, which had been stranded on the French coast by stress of weather, was condemned as a prize by the French courts, because she had English produce on board, and this decree was upheld and justified by the French Government. The day after, November 11, the Order in Council was passed, by which Great Britain prohibited all trade whatever with France, or with her allies; that is to say, with the whole continent of Eu-

rope. Immediately on receipt of intelligence of these facts, on the 18th of December, 1807, Mr. Jefferson sent to Congress his message recommending the Embargo. The bill was passed through the Senate, with closed doors, only after four hours' debate. It was also forced through the House of Representatives in like manner, though not with equal speed, and became a law on the 22nd of December. No notice was given, nor was any opportunity for consultation or explanation afforded to the numerous merchants and shipowners who were so deeply interested in the measure, and who were thus deprived of their lawful business and property. It seemed as if the despotic and arbitrary decrees dictated by the French Emperor and by the British Council, were to be imitated by the first President of the United States, who was by eminence entitled a "Republican;" with this difference only, that whereas the Decrees of Berlin and Milan, and the British Orders, were aimed as measures of retaliation against enemies, our Embargo was so directed as to invade the rights, oppress the commerce, and destroy the fortunes and subsistence of our own citizens.

Mr. Jefferson's own explanation and justification may be found in several passages of his writings. In his reply to an address of Tammany Society, February 29, 1808, less than ten weeks after the passage of the bill: "There can be no question in a mind truly American whether it is best to send our citizens and property into certain captivity, and then wage war for their recovery, or to keep them at home, and to turn seriously to that policy which plants the manufacturer and the husbandman side by side, and establishes at the door of every one that exchange of mutual labors and comforts which we have hitherto sought in distant

regions, and under perpetual risk of broils with them." November 21, of the same year, he writes, "By withdrawing a while from the ocean we have suffered some loss, but we have gathered home our immense capital. . . . We have saved our seamen from the jails of Europe, and gained time to prepare for defense. . . . Submission and tribute, if that be our choice, are no baser now than at the date of the Embargo."

As time went on the Embargo became exceedingly oppressive to all the commercial interests of the country, and they were the less patient of its effects because of the sudden manner in which it had been forced upon them. And in the winter of 1809, after an interview with John Quincy Adams, which convinced him of an extreme dissatisfaction in the eastern states, bordering upon rebellion, he was obliged to submit to its repeal, which took effect on the 4th of March in that year. As to its repeal, which was carried sorely against his own personal opinion, he writes to General Armstrong, on the 5th of March, "After fifteen months' continuance, it is now discontinued, because, losing fifty millions of dollars of exports annually by it, it costs more than war, which might be carried on for a third of that, besides what might be got by reprisal. War, therefore, must follow if the Edicts are not repealed before the meeting of Congress in May." And also to Mr. Short, three days later, he says, "Our Embargo has worked hard. It has, in fact, federalized three of the New England states. We have substituted for it a non-intercourse with France and England and their dependencies, and a trade to all other places. It is probable that the belligerents will take our vessels under their Edicts, in which case we shall probably declare war against them."

On the 4th of March, 1809, the last day of Mr. Jefferson's Presidency, the Embargo ceased to exist. Originally it may have been a measure of reasonable discretion, but it had been protracted so as to have produced great distress to those who were engaged in commerce and in shipping, and through large districts of country it had cooled the friends and heated the enemies of the Democratic party. Mr. Jefferson himself could never have realized the importance of commerce and navigation to his country. In October 13, 1785, he writes to Count Hogendorp, "You ask what I think on the expediency of encouraging our states to be commercial. Were I to indulge my own theory, I should wish them to practise neither commerce nor navigation, but to stand, with respect to Europe, precisely on the footing of China. We should thus avoid wars, and all our citizens would be husbandmen." Such ideas he seems to have entertained, at least until the close of his political life; nor does he ever appear to have been convinced until his interview with John Quincy Adams, before alluded to, of the extreme and intolerable pressure with which his Embargo weighed down some of the greatest and most important interests of his country.

Mr. Jefferson's public life was now brought to a close. He had attended the inauguration of his friend, James Madison, his successor in the Presidency, and still a vigorous man of sixty-six years of age. He retired to Monticello about the middle of March, able to accomplish the last three days of his journey there on horseback. Here he resided during the remaining seventeen years of his life.

Mr. Jefferson cannot be reproached with any fondness for money, or for any disposition unduly to hoard

or to accumulate it. His expenditures were always those of a generous and liberal mind. In his youth, when it could not have been the custom for young men to collect a library, we find that he lost, by the burning of his house at Shadwell, books which cost him about a thousand dollars. Not discouraged by this, during all his active life he had purchased books in literature, science, history, diplomacy, the classics, belles-lettres, such as were important to his mental culture. The hospitalities of his mansion, too, had always been without stint or bound, according to the custom of the country in which he lived, and this the attraction of his distinguished and agreeable social qualities, and of his important political position, had rendered very burdensome to a fortune of an amount which could never have been considered very large, and of a nature which could only have been made to yield any considerable income by a degree of care and attention which he was never in a position to afford. In his public life he had always considered it due to the dignity of his high political positions to apportion his expenses in a liberal manner for hospitality, service, and equipage. And, in fact, during his time, in memory of the aristocratic institutions which had existed, and of the circumstances of forms and dignities with which Washington had recently surrounded himself, it would have hardly been possible for him to make any savings, either from the allowances of his official employments or from the income of his private fortune.

He returned, then, to Monticello in declining life, with a moderate income, and with great demands upon it. The principal occupations of his remaining years were the education of his grandchildren, who lived with him, the management of his own estates, hospitalities

to numerous guests, and, most of all, the writing of replies to the multitude of letters with which he was quite overburdened and almost overwhelmed. Thus for sixteen years he passed his time, for the most part in the daily duties and the daily pleasures of the life of a country gentleman. The order of his life was at times shaded and darkened by serious anxieties as to his pecuniary affairs. These severely pressed upon him during his later years, not so much by reason of his own improvidence, as of failure on the part of friends whom he had trusted. Yet, notwithstanding these things, he still preserved his philosophy and serenity of mind, and made such arrangements as were possible to meet his obligations and to preserve his independence.

During the period from 1817 to 1826, he found very serious and continued occupation in founding the establishment of the University of Virginia. He had resumed the projects of his youth, which were for the education of all classes of white people. By his influence, constantly and unremittingly exhibited, the Legislature of his State had made grants, not indeed so large as he demanded, but still in large and liberal measure, for the purpose of education, generally for the founding of the University of Virginia. The control and superintendence of this establishment in its earlier years, indeed its initiation and foundation, were confided by the State to a Board of Visitors, upon which were glad to serve the most distinguished men of Virginia, with Mr. Jefferson as their chief. To Mr. Jefferson it was mainly due that the most able and learned men were induced to serve as professors in this institution, and that its constitution was of the most liberal character.

The year 1826 found him at the crisis of his for-

tunes and of his life. Eighty-three years old, infirm of body, the vigor of his mind failing, the embarrassments of his pecuniary affairs increasing, and suddenly much aggravated by an unexpected loss of a considerable amount, he found himself obliged to consider how he could so dispose of his remaining property as to pay his debts and supply the necessities of living. While he was engaged in proposing such arrangements as occurred to him, and while his private and public friends and the legislatures of some of the states were occupied in devising measures for the pecuniary relief of one to whom they were so much indebted, worn with age and with cares and disorders, he quietly expired, a little after noon, on the 4th of July, 1826; about four hours before the death of his compatriot and friend, John Adams, and just fifty years after himself and the same John Adams had signed that Declaration which, on the 4th of July, 1776, announced to the world the independence of America.

Mr. Jefferson had intellectual talents greatly superior to the common mass of men, and for the times his opportunities of culture in youth were admirable. It was a special advantage to him to have begun with excellent academic learning in early life, and at college to have felt the quickening influence of an able man like Professor Small, well trained in scholarship, and cherishing a taste for science and literature. Mr. Jefferson early learned the Latin, Greek, French, Spanish and Italian languages, and showed a fondness for reading and study not common in Virginia, and quite uncommon in any part of America, for a young man who had such independent control of time and means as he had.

All his life he associated, by preference, with able men and educated men. His inherited property enabled him to buy books, which, to the value of one thousand dollars, were burned with his house at Shadwell, when he was twenty-two years old. He could indulge his taste for music. He was not forced by the humble circumstances of his younger days to print books, like Franklin, to survey lands, like Washington, or to keep school, like Adams. But I cannot think his mind a great one. I cannot point out any name of those times which may stand in the long interval between the names of Franklin and John Adams. In the shorter space between Adams and Jefferson there were many. Some of them in power and force nearly approached, and almost equaled, Adams. There was a certain lack of solidity: his intellect was not very profound, not very comprehensive. Intelligent, able, adroit as he was, his success as an intellectual man was far from being entire or complete. He exhibited no spark of genius, nor any remarkable degree of original natural talent.

His strength lay in his understanding, the practical power. He learned affairs quickly. He remembered well. He was fond of details in all things. He kept a diary, in which he noted systematically all sorts of facts. He was a nice observer of nature, and as well as his opportunities permitted he cultivated the sciences of botany, zoölogy, geology.

Ardent in his feelings, quick in his apprehension, and rapid in his conclusions, his judgment does not appear to have been altogether sound and reliable.

As to his imagination, he seems to have had less than the average of educated men; and though fond of beauty and simplicity in all forms, there yet seemed to

be little of the creative power of poetry in him. In his youth he loved to read poetry, but in his old age he laid it aside for the most part, retaining only his fondness for Homer, Hesiod, Sophocles, Euripides, and the Greek and Latin classics generally. In answer to a letter making inquiries as to a proper course for education for females, he writes, in 1818, "Too much poetry should not be indulged. Homer is useful for forming style and taste. Pope, Dryden, Thomson, and Shakespeare, and of the French, Molière, Racine, the Corneilles, may be read with pleasure and improvement."

In literature he disliked fiction generally. Don Quixote was a favorite in his youth; so were a few pastoral and lyric writers; but he never learned to admire Byron, Campbell, Southey, or Coleridge. Yet I find no American, during the revolutionary period, whose intellectual life was so marked with good taste and æsthetic culture. His was a fine nature finely educated. He hated all coarseness, and in that respect was as modest as a maiden, any indelicacy in his presence causing him to blush even in old age.

He had not great power of reason. In matters of science he was rather a dabbler than a philosopher, yet he had considerable love for science. He knew something of mathematics, and read thoughtful books. He disliked ethics and metaphysics, and had no talent for either. He had no understanding of abstract and universal truth. He thought Plato a writer of nonsense, speaks of the "whimseys, the puerilities, and unintelligible jargon" of Plato's Republic, and says he often asks himself how the world could have so long consented to give reputation to such nonsense.

As an inventor he had some pretensions. But he

was an inventor, not of new ideas, but of forms only. He had great skill in organizing ideas into institutions, and in influencing and marshalling men into parties.

His administrative powers were neither great nor good. Though he always gave a certain degree of attention to his private affairs, yet they were never well managed. His own property and that brought him by his wife, would have seemed sufficient to maintain an honorable independence; and yet this estate, notwithstanding its large receipts from official salaries for many years, seems to have been contantly diminishing, as well during his absence from home as after his return to it. So, too, his capacity for administration, both as Governor of Virginia and as President of the United States, can by no means be considered eminent. His conduct of the affairs of Virginia during the British invasion, when a British army of fifteen hundred strong held his state for a year, however difficult may have been the circumstances, by no means adds to his reputation. In the Presidency, it is now quite certain that his administrative ideas respecting the army and the military academy, the navy and the gunboats, and the continuance of the Embargo, as an honorable measure less oppressive and more economical than war, were all great mistakes to have been made by the head of the government at that time.

Let us now consider his moral character.

He had a good deal of moral courage, though this was somewhat limited by his sensitiveness to public opinion. He had not great physical courage, else the charge against him as Governor of Virginia could never have been made, and would have been more decisively repelled. His natural delicacy of nature gave

him quick intuitions and rapid perceptions of the right. These induced him even to avoid the theatre, to hate drunkenness, though he was by no means an ascetic, and to shun tobacco, swearing, gaming, and all indecency. But I think the charge that he was father of some of his own slaves is but too well founded.[9] There is no instance of his having been engaged in any duel. His faults were vices of calculation, and not of passion. He was quick-tempered, earnest, and excitable, but at the same time he was free and outspoken, good-humored, and cheerful. Always hopeful, he for a long time thought the war of 1812 not likely to take place; and after 1816 was quite sanguine that he could redeem his own private fortunes by successes in farming. In his earlier years he was confident that the American Revolution would turn out well; and in his later life thought he should live to see the Virginia University attract five hundred or a thousand students. He was not vindictive. It is true he was not tolerant to ideas, but he was tolerant to persons. He never made a political division into a personal difference.[10]

He was not always quite sincere. He made great professions of love and respect to Washington, while he at the same time sustained Freneau and Callender, Washington's vilest and most unscrupulous libelers. In the matters also of Thomas Paine's pamphlet, and of his having given Mr. Paine a passage to America in a public ship, his desire for popularity seems to have betrayed him into making undue apologies.[11] The affair of his letter to Mazzei, which came to the public knowledge, and at which Washington was justly offended, affords another instance of explanations, which could not have been quite sincere.[12] He sometimes used harsh language. He calls Marshall's Life

of Washington "a five-volume libel" on the Democracy. Hamilton's Life is to be written by one "who to the bitterness of the President adds the rancor of the fiercest Federalism." It seems of him, as of Franklin, that he had lived in a bad moral atmosphere, though born with a good and exact moral nature. He was of an earnest character, though he did not always seem to be so. He was not reverential of great men, and his temper was quite emancipated from the authority of great names. He had great powers of pleasing all that were about him, or that came near to him. He was never quarrelsome, or inclined to dispute. "Never had an enemy in Congress," says Mr. Randall. He had many friends, and he kept their friendships, and always addressed himself to conduct affairs in the smoothest and pleasantest manner. His perfectly good temper consistently manifested itself in every way. He was fond of young children. All the members of his family and his household were exceedingly attached to him, and his letters to his daughters and grandchildren, and even to Mr. and Mrs. Adams, exhibit his affectionate nature. Yet he was not a loving man, like Franklin or Madison; rather he had great love of approbation, and great fear of censure, together with a mild, amiable, affectionate temper.

Of Mr. Jefferson's relation to slavery we have already seen something. His family biographer, Mr. Randall, sums up the whole by saying, "He was wholly opposed to slavery on all grounds, and desired its abolition." And, indeed, it is true that not many Republicans of the present day have principles more decided, or more thoroughly considered, as to the abstract right of the negro to freedom, than were uttered and written by Mr. Jefferson, from his earliest to his latest

year. At his first entrance into the Legislature of Virginia, he attempted, but failed, to carry a bill giving to owners the right to free their slaves. Soon afterwards he writes of the slave trade that "the rights of human nature are deeply wounded by this practice." On many occasions he suggested the abolition of slavery in Virginia, by an act providing for the freedom of all the children of slaves born after a certain day. The provision which he proposed, excluding slavery from all the territory of the United States north of the thirty-first parallel of latitude, has already been cited. In his annual message to Congress, December 2, 1806, he declares, "I congratulate you, fellow-citizens, on the approach of the period at which you may constitutionally interpose your authority to withdraw the citizens of the United States from all further participation in those violations of human rights which have been so long continued on the unoffending inhabitants of Africa." And in a letter written only seven weeks before his death (dated May 20, 1826), he says, "My sentiments [on the subject of slavery] have been forty years before the public. . . . Although I shall not live to see them consummated, they will not die with me; but, living or dying, they will always be in my most fervent prayer."

In 1781, Tarleton, in his raid through Virginia, captured Monticello, compelled Mr. Jefferson to fly, committed much waste upon his property, and carried off about thirty of his slaves. Seven years later, at Paris, Mr. Jefferson, writing to Dr. Gordon, says, as to the carrying off of his slaves, "Had this been to give them freedom he [Tarleton] would have done right."

There is no distinguished writer of his time from whom the Abolitionists can more effectively quote.

" You know that no one wishes more ardently to see an abolition, not only of the trade, but of the condition of slavery." He earnestly desires " to see a good system commenced for raising the condition both of their [the negroes] body and mind to what it ought to be." And he believed the race capable of improvement and enlightenment, and very possibly of self-government.

" What an incomprehensible machine is man — who can endure toil, famine, stripes, imprisonment, and death itself, in vindication of his own liberty, and the next moment be deaf to all those motives whose power supported him through his trial, and inflict on his fellow-man a bondage, one hour of which is fraught with more misery than ages of that which he rose in rebellion to oppose! But we must wait with patience the workings of an overruling Providence. I hope that that is preparing deliverance of these our suffering brethren. When the measure of their tears shall be full, when their groans shall have involved heaven itself in darkness, doubtless a God of Justice will awaken to their distress, and by diffusing light and liberality among their oppressors, or, at length, by His exterminating thunder, manifest His attention to the things of this world, and [show] that they are not left to the guidance of a blind fatality." And what can be more graphic than the often-cited passage from his works, on Virginia, respecting slavery. " The parent storms, the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs in the circle of smaller slaves, gives a loose to the worst of passions, and thus nursed, educated, and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped by it with odious peculiarities. . . . Indeed, I tremble for my country when I reflect that God

is just. . . . The Almighty has no attribute which can take side with us in such a contest."

Some person asked Mr. Jefferson whether he had made any change in his religion. He replied, "Say nothing of my religion. It is known to my God and myself alone. Its evidence before the world is to be sought in my life; if that has been honest and beautiful to society, the religion which has regulated it cannot be a bad one." We have seen that Mr. Jefferson was a profound and independent thinker; he called no man master, and among the various sectarians of his day, who would not allow the name of Christian to each other, it cannot be expected that it should have been commonly allowed to him. Yet surely there was a certain piety, and some depth of religious feeling in the man. The book most frequently chosen for reading before he went to bed was a collection of extracts from the Bible. In 1803, when President of the United States, and overwhelmed with business, he extracted from the New Testament such passages as he believed to have come from the lips of Jesus Christ, and arranged them in a small volume. Of this he says, "A more beautiful or more precious morsel of ethics I have never seen. It is a document in proof that I am a real Christian; that is to say, a disciple of the doctrines of Jesus; very different from the Platonists, who call me infidel and themselves Christians and teachers of the gospel, while they draw all their characteristic dogmas from what its author never said or saw."

He said of himself that he had never meditated a specific creed; and this is confirmed by what he in another place refers to as his religious creed on paper, which was contained in a writing to Dr. Benjamin Rush, dated April 21, 1803.[13] It was not the state-

ment of any creed, but a very general criticism of the progress of mankind. He well knew that his religious ideas were unpopular, and probably considered them, however suitable to his own intellectual power and independence, not necessarily to be adopted by others. Therefore, though he wrote to his daughter, Mrs. Randolph, saying, "I have placed my religious creed on paper, that my family should be enabled to estimate the libels published against me on this subject," yet he never made any attack on the religious faith of any sect, nor ever attempted to make any proselyte to his own. He never communicated his religious belief to more than half-a-dozen persons. His oldest grandson writes, "Of his peculiar religious views his family know no more than the world. He said it was a subject each was religiously bound to study assiduously for himself, unbiased by the opinions of others. It was a matter solely of conscience. After thorough investigation, they were responsible for the righteousness, but not for the rightfulness, of their opinions. That the expression of his opinion might influence theirs, and that therefore he would not give it." [14]

An anecdote is told of his once passing the evening at Ford's Tavern, as he was traveling in the interior of Virginia, with a clergyman who had no acquaintance with him. While the topic of conversation was mechanical, the stranger thought him to be an engineer; when agricultural, he believed him to be a farmer; but when the topic of religion was broached, the clergyman considered that his companion must be another clergyman, though without making up his mind of what particular persuasion. Afterwards the clergyman inquired of the landlord the name of his fellow-guest. "What! don't you know the squire? That

was Mr. Jefferson," was the reply. "Not President Jefferson!" "Yes, President Jefferson!" "Why!" exclaimed the clergyman, "I tell you that was neither an atheist nor an irreligious man. One of juster sentiments I never met with." [15] And so it is; if we would form an opinion as to his religion (and would it not be well in the case of others as well as of himself?), we must seek its evidence in his life. If that was honest and beautiful to society, the religion which regulated it cannot have been a bad one.

Of all those who controlled the helm of affairs during the time of the Revolution, and while the constitution and the forms of our national and state institutions were carefully organized, there is none who has been more generally popular, more commonly beloved, more usually believed to be necessary to the legislation and administration of his country, than Thomas Jefferson. It may not be said of him that of all those famous men he could least have been spared; for in the rare and great qualities for patiently and wisely conducting the vast affairs of state and nation in pressing emergencies, he seems to have been wanting. But his grand merit was this — that while powerful opponents favored a strong government, and believed it necessary thereby to repress what they called the lower classes, he, Jefferson, believed in humanity; believed in a true democracy. He respected labor and education, and upheld the right to education of all men. These were the ideas in which he was far in advance of all the considerable men, whether of his state or of his nation — ideas which he illustrated through long years of his life and conduct. The great debt that the nation owes to him is this — that he so ably and consistently advocated these needful opinions,

that he made himself the head and the hand of the great party that carried these ideas into power, that put an end to all possibility of class government, made naturalization easy, extended the suffrage and applied it to judicial office, opened a still wider and better education to all, and quietly inaugurated reforms, yet incomplete, of which we have the benefit to this day, and which, but for him, we might not have won against the party of strong government, except by a difficult and painful revolution.

V

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

Within a few days one of the most distinguished statesmen of the age has passed away; a man who has long been before the public, familiarly known in the new world and the old. He was one of the prominent monuments of the age. It becomes us to look at his life, works, and public character, with an impartial eye; to try him by the Christian standard. Let me extenuate nothing, add nothing, and set down naught from any partial love or partial hate. His individuality has been so marked in a long life, his good and evil so sharply defined, that one can scarcely fail to delineate its most important features.

God has made some men great and others little. The use of great men is to serve the little men; to take care of the human race, and act as practical interpreters of justice and truth. This is not the Hebrew rule, nor the heathen, nor the common rule, only the Christian. The great man is to be the servant of mankind, not they of him. Perhaps greatness is always the same thing in kind, differing only in mode and in form, as well as degree. The great man has more of human nature than other men, organized in him. So far as that goes, therefore, he is more me than I am myself. We feel that superiority in all our intercourse with great men, whether kings, philosophers, poets, or saints. In kind we are the same; different in degree.

In nature we find individuals, not orders and genera; but for our own convenience in understanding and

recollecting, we do a little violence to nature, and put the individuals into classes. In this way we understand better both the whole and each of its parts. Human nature furnishes us with individual great men; for convenience we put them into several classes, corresponding to their several modes or forms of greatness. It is well to look at these classes before we examine any one great man; this will render it easier to see where he belongs and what he is worth. Actual service is the test of actual greatness; he who renders, of himself, the greatest actual service to mankind, is actually the greatest man. There may be other tests for determining the potential greatness of men, or the essential; this is the Christian rule for determining the actual greatness. Let us arrange these men in the natural order of their work.

First of all, there are great men who discover general truths, great ideas, universal laws, or invent methods of thought and action. In this class the vastness of a man's genius may be measured, and his relative rank ascertained by the transcendency of his ideas, by the newness of his truth, by its practical value, and the difficulty of attaining it in his time, and under his peculiar circumstances. In literature it is such men who originate thoughts, and put them into original forms; they are the great men of letters. In philosophy we meet with such; and they are the great men of science. Thus Socrates discovered the philosophical method of minute analysis that distinguished his school, and led to the rapid advance of knowledge in the various and even conflicting academies, which held this method in common, but applied it in various ways, well or ill, and to various departments of human inquiry; thus Newton discovered the law of gravitation, uni-

versal in nature, and by the discovery did immense service to mankind. In politics we find similar, or analogous men, who discover yet other laws of God, which bear the same relation to men in society that gravitation bears to the orbs in heaven, or to the dust and stones in the street; men that discover the first truths of politics, and teach the true method of human society. Such are the great men in politics.

We find corresponding men in religion; men who discover an idea so central that all sectarianism of parties or of nations seems little in its light; who discover and teach the universal law which unifies the race, binding man to man, and men to God; who discover the true method of religion conducting to natural worship without limitation, to free piety, free goodness, free thought. To my mind such are the greatest of great men, when measured by the transcendency of their doctrine and the service they render to all. By the influence of their idea, letters, philosophy, and politics become nobler and more beautiful, both in their forms and their substance.

Such is the class of discoverers; men who get truth at first hand, truth pertaining either especially to literature, philosophy, politics, religion, or at the same time to each and all of them.

The next class consists of such as organize these ideas, methods, truths, and laws; they concretize the abstract, particularize the general; they apply philosophy to practical purposes, organizing the discoveries of science into a railroad, a mill, a steamship, and by their work an idea becomes fact. They organize love into families, justice into a state, piety into a church. Wealth is power, knowledge is power, religion power;

they organize all these powers, wealth, knowledge, religion, into common life.

This organizing genius is a very great one, and appears in various forms. One man spreads his thought out on the soil, whitening the land with bread-corn; another applies his mind to the rivers of New England, making them spin and weave for the human race; this man will organize his thought into a machine with one idea, joining together fire and water, iron and wood, animating them into a new creature, ready to do man's bidding; while that with audacious hand steals the lightning of heaven, organizes his plastic thought within that pliant fire, and sends it of his errands to fetch and carry tidings between the ends of the earth.

Another form of this mode of greatness is seen in politics, in organizing men. The man spreads his thought out on mankind, puts men into true relations with one another and with God; he organizes strength, wisdom, justice, love, piety; balances the conflicting forces of a nation, so that each man has his natural liberty as complete as if the only man, yet living in society, gathers advantages from all the rest. The highest degree of this organizing power is the genius for legislation, which can enact justice and eternal right into treaties and statutes, codifying the divine thought into human laws, making absolute religion common life and daily custom, and balancing the centripetal power of the mass, with the centrifugal power of the individual, into a well-proportioned state, as God has balanced these two conflicting forces into the rhythmic ellipses above our heads. It need not be disguised, that politics are the highest business for men of this class, nor that a great statesman or legislator is the greatest example of constructive skill. It re-

quires some ability to manage the brute forces of nature, or to combine profitably nine-and-thirty clerks in a shop; how much more to arrange twenty millions of intelligent, free men, not for a special purpose, but for all the ends of universal life!

Such is the second class of great men; the organizers, men of constructive heads, who form the institutions of the world, the little and the great.

The next class consists of men who administer the institutions after they are founded. To do this effectually and even eminently, it requires no genius for original organization of truths freshly discovered, none for the discovery of truths outright. It requires only a perception of those truths, and an acquaintance with the institutions wherein they have become incarnate; a knowledge of details, of formulas, and practical methods, united with a strong will and a practised understanding — what is called a turn for affairs, tact, or address; a knowledge of routine and an acquaintance with men. The success of such men will depend on these qualities; they "know the ropes" and the soundings, the signs of the times; can take advantage of the winds and the tides.

In a shop, farm, ship, factory, or army, in a church or a state, such men are valuable; they cannot be dispensed with; they are wheels to the carriage; without them cannot a city be inhabited. They are always more numerous than both the other classes; more such are needed, and therefore born. The American mind, just now, runs eminently in this direction. These are not men of theories, or of new modes of thought or action, but what are called practical men, men of a few good rules, men of facts and figures, not so full

of ideas as of precedents. They are called common-sense men; not having too much common-sense to be understood. They are not likely to be fallen in with far off at sea; quite as seldom out of their reckoning in ordinary weather. Such men are excellent statesmen in common times, but in times of trouble, when old precedents will not suit the new case, and men must be guided by the nature of man, not his history, they are not strong enough for the place, and get pushed off by more constructive heads.

These men are the administrators, or managers. If they have a little less of practical sense, such men fall a little below, and turn out only critics, of whom I will not now stop to discourse.

To have a railroad, there must have been first the discoverers, who found out the properties of wood and iron, fire and water, and their latent power to carry men over the earth; next the organizers, who put these elements together, surveyed the route, planned the structure, set men to grade the hill, to fill the valley, and pave the road with iron bars; and then the administrators, who after all that is done, procure the engines, engineers, conductors, ticket-distributors, and the rest of the "hands;" they buy the coal and see it is not wasted, fix the rates of fare, calculate the savings, and distribute the dividends. The discoverers and organizers often fare hard in the world, lean men, ill-clad and suspected, often laughed at, while the administrator is thought the greater man, because he rides over their graves and pays the dividends, where the organizer only called for the assessments, and the discoverer told what men called a dream. What happens in a railroad happens also in a church, or a state.

Let us for a moment compare these three classes of

great men. Measured by the test referred to, the discoverers are the greatest of all. They anticipate the human race, with long steps, striding before their kind. They learn not only from the history of man, but man's nature; not by empirical experience alone, but by a transcendent intuition of truth, now seen as a law, now as an idea. They are wiser than experience, and by divination through their nobler nature, know at once what the human race has not learned in its thousands of years, kindling their lamp at the central fire now streaming from the sky, now rushing broad-sheeted and terrible as ground-lightning from the earth. Of such men there are but few, especially in the highest mode of this greatness. A single One makes a new world, and men date ages after him.

Next in order of greatness comes the organizer. He, also, must have great intellect, and character. It is no light work to make thoughts things. It requires mind to make a mill out of a river, bricks, iron, and stone, and set all the Connecticut to spinning cotton. But to construct a state, to harness fittingly twenty million men, animated by such divergent motives, possessing interests so unlike — this is the greatest work of constructive skill. To translate the ideas of the discoverer into institutions, to yoke men together by mere "abstractions," universal laws, and by such yoking save the liberty of all and secure the welfare of each — that is the most creative of poetry, the most constructive of sciences. In modern times, it is said, Napoleon is the greatest example of this faculty; not a discoverer, but an organizer of the highest power and on the largest scale. In human history he seems to have had no superior, perhaps no equal.

Some callings in life afford little opportunity to de-

velop the great qualities above alluded to. How much genius lies latent no man can know; but he that walks familiarly with humble men often stumbles over masses of unsunned gold, where men proud in emptiness looked only for common dust. How many a Milton sits mute and inglorious in his shop; how many a Cromwell rears only corn and oxen for the world's use, no man can know. Some callings help to light, some hide and hinder. But there is none which demands more ability than politics; they develop greatness, if the man have the germ thereof within him. True, in politics, a man may get along with a very little ability, without being a discoverer or an organizer; were it otherwise, we should not be blessed with a very large House, or a crowded Senate. Nay, experience shows that in ordinary times one not even a great administrator may creep up to a high place and hang on there awhile. Few able administrators sit on the thrones of Europe at this day. But if power be in the man, the hand of politics will draw out the spark.

In America, politics more than elsewhere demand greatness, for ours is, in theory, the government of all, for all, and by all.[1] It requires greater range of thought to discover the law for all than for a few; after the discovery thereof it is more difficult to construct a democracy than a monarchy, or an aristocracy, and after that is organized, it is more difficult to administer. It requires more manhood to wield at will "the fierce democratic" of America than to rule England or France; yet the American institutions are germane to human nature, and by that fact are rendered more easy, complicated as they are.

In politics, when the institutions are established, men often think there is no room for discoverers and organ-

izers; that administrators alone are needed, and choose accordingly. But there are ideas well known, not yet organized into institutions; that of free trade, of peace, of universal freedom, universal education, universal comfort, in a word, the idea of human brotherhood. These wait to be constructed into a state without injustice, without war, without slavery, ignorance, or want. It is hardly true that infinity is dry of truths, unseen as yet; there are truths enough waiting to be discovered; all the space betwixt us and God is full of ideas, waiting for some Columbus to disclose new worlds. Men are always saying there is no new thing under the sun, but when the discoverer comes, they see their mistake. We want the new eye.

Now, it is quite plain where we are to place the distinguished person of whom I speak. Mr. Adams was not a discoverer; not an organizer. He added no truth to mankind, not known before, and even well known; he made no known truth a fact. He was an administrator of political institutions. Taking the whole land into consideration, comparing him with his competitors, measuring him by his apparent works, at first sight he does not seem very highly eminent in this class of political administrators. Nay, some would set him down, not an administrator so much as a political critic.

Here there is danger of doing him injustice, by neglecting a fact so obvious that it is seldom seen. Mr. Adams was a northern man, with northern habits, methods, and opinions. By the North, I mean the free states. The chief business of the North is to get empire over nature; all tends to that. Young men of talents become merchants, merchant-manufacturers, mer-

chant-traders. The object directly aimed at, is wealth; not wealth by plunder, but by productive work. Now, to get dominion over nature, there must be education, universal education, otherwise there is not enough intelligent industry, which alone insures that dominion. With wide-spread intelligence, property will be widely distributed, and, of course, suffrage and civil power will get distributed. All is incomplete without religion. I deny not that these peculiarities of the North come also from other sources, but they all are necessary to attain the chief object thereof — dominion over the material world. The North subdues nature by thought, and holds her powers in thrall. As results of this, see the increase in wealth which is signified by northern railroads, ships, mills, and shops; in the colleges, schools, churches, which arise; see the skill developed in this struggle with nature, the great enterprises which come of that, the movements of commerce, manufactures, the efforts — and successful, too — for the promotion of education, of religion. All is democratic, and becomes more so continually, each descendant founding institutions more liberal than those of the parent state. Men designedly, and as their business, become merchants, mechanics, and the like; they are politicians by exception, by accident, from the necessity of the case. Few northern men are politicians by profession; they commonly think it better to be a collector or a postmaster, than a Senator, estimating place by money, not power. Northern politicians are bred as lawyers, clergymen, mechanics, farmers, merchants. Political life is an accident, not an end.

In the South the aim is to get dominion over men; so, the whole working population must be in subjection, in slavery. While the North makes brute nature half

intelligent, the South makes human nature half brutal, the man becoming a thing. Talent tends to politics, not trade. Young men of ability go to the army or navy, to the public offices, to diplomatic posts, in a word, to politics. They learn to manage men. To do this, they not only learn what men think, but why they think it. The young man of the North seeks a fortune; of the South, a reputation and political power. The politician of the South makes politics the study and work of his whole life; all else is accidental and subordinate. He begins low, but ends high; he mingles with men; has bland and agreeable manners; is frank, honorable, manly, and knows how to persuade.

See the different results of causes so unlike. The North manages the commercial affairs of the land, the ships, mills, farms, and shops; the spiritual affairs, literature, science, morals, education, religion; — writes, calculates, instructs, and preaches. But the South manages the political affairs, and has free trade or tariff, war or peace, just as she will. Of the eight Presidents who were elected in fifty years, only three were northern men. Each of them has retired from office, at the end of a single term, in possession of a fortune, but with little political influence.[2] Each of the five southern Presidents has been twice elected; only one of them was rich. There is no accident in all this. The State of Rhode Island has men that can administer the Connecticut or the Mississippi; that can organize Niagara into a cotton factory; yes, that can get dominion over the ocean and the land: but the State of South Carolina has men that can manage the Congress, can rule the North and South, and make the nation do their bidding.

So the South succeeds in politics, but grows poor,

and the North fails in politics, but thrives in commerce and the arts. There great men turn to politics, here to trade. It is so in time of peace, but, in the day of trouble, of storms, of revolution like the old one, men of tall heads will come up from the ships and the shops, the farms and the colleges of the North, born discoverers and organizers, the aristocracy of God, and sit down in the nation's councils to control the state. The North made the Revolution, furnished the men, the money, the ideas, and the occasion for putting them into form. At the making of the Constitution, the South out-talked the North; put in such claims as it saw fitting, making the best bargain it could, violating the ideas of the Revolution, and getting the North, not only to consent to slavery, but to allow it to be represented in Congress itself. Now, the South breaks the Constitution just when it will, puts northern sailors in its jails, and the North dares not complain, but bears it "with a patient shrug." An eastern merchant is great on a southern exchange, makes cotton rise or fall, but no northern politician has much weight at the South, none has ever been twice elected President. The North thinks it is a great thing to get an inoffensive northern man as Speaker in the House of Representatives. The South is an aristocracy, which the democracy of the North would not tolerate a year, were it at the North itself. Now it rules the land, has the northern masses, Democrats and Whigs, completely under its thumb. Does the South say, "Go," they hasten; "Come," they say, "Here we are;" "Do this," they obey in a moment; "Whist," there is not a mouse stirring in all the North. Does the South say "Annex," it is done; "Fight," men of the North put on the collar, lie lies, issue their proclamations, enroll their

soldiers, and declare it is moral treason for the most insignificant clergyman to preach against the war.

All this needs to be remembered in judging of Mr. Adams. True he was regularly bred to politics, and "to the manner born;" but he was a New England man, with northern notions, northern habits, and though more than fifty years in public life, yet he seems to have sought the object of New England far more than the object of the South. Measure his greatness by his service; but that is not to be measured by immediate and apparent success.

In a notice so brief as this I can say but little of the details of Mr. Adams's life, and purposely pass over many things, dwelling mainly on such as are significant of his character. He was born at Quincy, the 11th of July, 1767; in 1777 he went to Europe with his father, then Minister to France. He remained in Europe most of the time, his powers developing with rapidity and promise of future greatness, till 1785, when he returned and entered the junior class in Harvard College. In 1787 he graduated with distinguished honors. He studied law at Newburyport, with Judge Parsons, till 1790, and was a lawyer in Boston, till 1794.

That may be called the period of his education. He enjoyed the advantages of a residence abroad, which enabled him to acquire a knowledge of foreign languages, modes of life, and habits of thought. His father's position brought the son in contact with the ablest men of the age. He was Secretary of the American Minister to Russia at the age of fourteen. He early became acquainted with Franklin and Jefferson, men who had a powerful influence on his youthful mind.

For three years he was a student with Judge Parsons, a very remarkable man. These years, from 1767 to 1794, form a period marked by intense mental activity in America and in Europe. The greatest subjects which claim human attention, the laws that lie at the foundation of society, the State, the Church, and the family, were discussed as never before. Mr. Adams drew in liberty and religion from his mother's breast. His cradle rocked with the Revolution. When eight years old, from a hill-top hard by his house he saw the smoke of Charlestown, burning at the command of the oppressor. The lullaby of his childhood was the roar of cannon at Lexington and Bunker Hill. He was born in the gathering of the storm, of a family that felt the blast, but never bent thereto; he grew up in its tumult. Circumstances like these make their marks on the character.

His attention was early turned to the most important matters. In 1793 he wrote several papers in the "Centinel," at Boston, on neutral rights, advising the American Government to remain neutral in the quarrel between France, our ally, and others; the papers attracted the attention of Washington, who appointed the author Minister to Holland. He remained abroad in various diplomatic services in that country, in Russia and England, till 1801, when he was recalled by his father, and returned home. It was an important circumstance that he was abroad during that time when the nation divided into two great parties. He was not called on to take sides with either; he had a vantage ground whence he could overlook both, approve their good and shun their evil. The effect of this is abundantly evident in all his life. He was not dyed in the wool by either political party,— the moral sense of the

man drowned in the process of becoming a Federalist or a Democrat.

In 1802, he was elected to the Senate of Massachusetts, yet not wholly by the votes of one party. In 1803 he was chosen to the Senate of the United States. In the Massachusetts Legislature he was not a strict party man; he was not elected to the Senate by a strictly party vote. In 1806 he was inaugurated as professor of rhetoric and oratory at Harvard University, and continued in that office about three years. In 1808 he resigned his place in the Senate. In 1809 he was sent by Mr. Madison as Minister to Russia, and remained abroad in various ministries and commissions till 1817, when he returned, and became Secretary of State under Mr. Monroe. This office he filled till he became President in 1825. In 1829, failing of re-election, he retired to private life. In 1831 he was elected as one of the representatives to Congress from Massachusetts, and continued there till his death, the first President that ever sat in an American Congress.

It will be fifty-four years the thirtieth of next May, since he began his public career. What did he aim at in that long period? At first sight, it is easy to see the aim of some of the conspicuous men of America. It has obviously been the aim of Mr. Clay to build up the "American System," by the establishment of protective duties; that of Mr. Calhoun to establish free trade, leaving a man to buy where he can buy cheapest, and sell where he can sell dearest. In respect to these matters the two are exactly opposite to one another — antithetic as the poles. But each has also, and obviously, another aim,— to build up the institution of slavery in the South. In this they agree, and if I understand them aright, this is the most important polit-

ical design of each; for which Mr. Calhoun would forego even free trade, and Mr. Clay would "compromise" even a tariff. Looked at in reference to their aims, there is a certain continuity of action in both these gentlemen. I speak not now of another object which both have equally and obviously aimed at; not of the personal, but the political object.

At first sight, it does not appear that Mr. Adams had any definite scheme of measures which he aimed to establish; there is no obvious unity of idea, or continuity of action, that forces itself upon the spectator. He does not seem to have studied the two great subjects of our political economy, finance and trade, very deeply, or even with any considerable width of observation or inquiry; he had no financial or commercial hobby. He has worked with every party, and against every party; all have claimed, none held him. Now he sides with the Federalists, then with the Democrats; now he opposes France, showing that her policy is that of pirates; now he contends against England; now he works in favor of General Jackson, who put down the nullification of South Carolina with a rough hand; then he opposes the General in his action against the bank; now he contends for the Indians, then for the negroes; now attacks masonry, and then free trade. He speaks in favor of claiming and holding "the whole of Oregon;" then against annexing Texas.

But there is one sentiment which runs through all his life: an intense love of freedom for all men; one idea, the idea that each man has unalienable rights. These are what may be called the American sentiment, and the American idea; for they lie at the basis of American institutions, except the "patriarchal," and shine out in all our history — I should say, our early

history. These two form the golden thread on which Mr. Adams's jewels are strung. Love of human freedom in its widest sense is the most marked and prominent thing in his character. This explains most of his actions. Studied with this in mind, his life is pretty consistent. This explains his love of the Constitution. He early saw the peculiarity of the American government; that it rested in theory on the natural rights of man, not on a compact, not on tradition, but on somewhat anterior to both, on the unalienable rights universal in man, and equal in each. He looked on the American Constitution as an attempt to organize these rights; resting, therefore, not on force, but natural law; not on power, but right. But with him the Constitution was not an idol; it was a means, not an end. He did more than expound it; he went back of the Constitution, to the Declaration of Independence, for the ideas of the Constitution; yes, back of the Declaration to human nature and the laws of God, to legitimate these ideas. The Constitution is a compromise between those ideas and institutions and prejudices existing when it was made; not an idol, but a servant. He saw that the Constitution is "not the work of eternal justice, ruling through the people," but the work "of man; frail, fallen, imperfect man, following the dictates of his nature, and aspiring to be perfect." Though a "constitutionalist," he did not worship the Constitution. He was much more than a "defender of the Constitution,"— a defender of human rights.

Mr. Adams had this American sentiment and idea in an heroic degree. Perhaps no political man now living has expressed them so fully. With a man like him, not very genial or creative, having no great constructive skill, and not without a certain pugnacity in his

character, this sentiment and idea would naturally develop themselves in a negative form, that of opposition to wrong, more often than in the positive form of direct organization of the right; would lead to criticism oftener than to creation. Especially would this be the case if other men were building up institutions in opposition to this idea. In him they actually take the form of what he called "The unalienable right of resistance to oppression." His life furnishes abundant instances of this. He thought the Indians were unjustly treated, cried out against the wrong; when President, endeavored to secure justice to the Creeks in Georgia, and got into collision with Governor Troup. He saw, or thought he saw, that England opposed the American idea, both in the new world and the old. In his zeal for freedom he sometimes forgot the great services of England in that same cause, and hated England, hated her with great intensity of hatred, hated her political policy, her monarchy, and her aristocracy, mocked at the madness of her king, for he thought England stood in the way of freedom.[3] Yet he loved the English name and the English blood, was "proud of being descended from that stock," thinking it worth noting that Chatham's language was his mother tongue, and Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own. He confessed no nation had done more for the cause of human improvement. He loved the common law of England, putting it far above the Roman law, perhaps not without doing a little injustice to the latter.[4] The common law was a rude and barbarous code. But human liberty was there; a trial by jury was there; the habeas corpus was there. It was the law of men "regardful of human rights."

This sentiment led him to defend the right of peti-

tion in the House of Representatives, as no other man had dared to do. He cared not whether it was the petition of a majority, or a minority; of men or women, free men or slaves. It might be a petition to remove him from a committee, to expel him from the House, a petition to dissolve the Union — he presented it none the less. To him there was but one nature in all, man or woman, bond or free, and that was human nature, the most sacred thing on earth. Each human child had unalienable rights, and though that child was a beggar or slave, had rights, which all the power in the world, bent into a single arm, could not destroy nor abate, though it might ravish away. This induced him to attempt to procure the right of suffrage for the colored citizens of the District of Columbia.

This sentiment led him to oppose tyranny in the House of Representatives, the tyranny of the majority. In one of his juvenile essays, published in 1791, contending against a highly popular work, he opposed the theory that a state has the right to do what it pleases, declaring it had no right to do wrong.[5] In his old age he had not again to encounter the empty hypothesis of Thomas Paine, but the substantial enactment of the "representatives" of the people of the United States. The hypothesis was trying to become a fact. The South had passed the infamous Gag Law, which a symbolical man from New Hampshire had presented, though it originated with others.[6] By that law the mouth of the North was completely stopped in Congress, so that not one word could be said about the matter of slavery.

The North was quite willing to have it stopped, for it did not care to speak against slavery, and the gag did not stop the mouth of the Northern purse. You

may take away from the North its honor, if you can find it; may take away its rights; may imprison its free citizens in the jails of Louisiana and the Carolinas; yes, may invade the "sacred soil of the North," and kidnap a man out of Boston itself, within sight of Faneuil Hall, and the North will not complain; will bear it with that patient shrug, waiting for yet further indignities. Only when the Northern purse is touched is there an uproar. If the postmaster demands silver for letters, there is instant alarm; the repeal of a tariff rouses the feelings, and an embargo once drove the indignant North to the perilous edge of rebellion! Mr. Adams loved his dollars as well as most New England men; he looked out for their income as well; guarded as carefully against their outgo; though conscientiously upright in all his dealings, kind and hospitable, he has never been proved generous, and generosity is the commonest virtue of the North; is said to have been "close," if not mean. He loved his dollars as well as most men, but he loved justice more; honor more; freedom more; the unalienable rights of man far more.

He looked on the Constitution as an instrument for the defense of the rights of man. The government was to act as the people had told how. The Federal government was not sovereign; the state government was not sovereign;[7] neither was a court of ultimate appeal; — but the people were sovereign; had the right of eminent domain over Congress and the Constitution, and making that, had set limits to the government. He guarded therefore against all violation of the Constitution, as a wrong done to the people; he would not overstep its limits in a bad cause; not even in a good one. Did Mr. Jefferson obtain Louisiana by a con-

fessed violation of the Constitution, Mr. Adams would oppose the purchase of Louisiana, and was one of the six senators who voted against it. Making laws for that territory, he wished to extend the trial by jury to all criminal prosecutions, while the law limited that form of trial to capital offenses. Before that territory had a representative in Congress, the American government wished to collect a revenue there. Mr. Adams opposed that too. It was "assuming a dangerous power;" it was government without the consent of the governed, and therefore an unjust government. "All exercise of human authority must be under the limitation of right and wrong." All other power is despotic, and "in defiance of the laws of nature and of God."

This love of freedom led him to hate and oppose the tyranny of the strong over the weak, to hate it most in its worst form; to hate American slavery, doubtless the most infamous form of that tyranny now known amongst the nations of Christendom, and perhaps the most disgraceful thing on earth. Mr. Adams called slavery a vessel of dishonor so base that it could not be named in the Constitution with decency. In 1805 he wished to lay a duty on the importation of slaves, and was one of five senators who voted to that effect. He saw the power of this institution — the power of money and the power of votes which it gives to a few men. He saw how dangerous it was to the Union, to American liberty, to the cause of man. He saw that it trod three millions of men down to the dust, counting souls but as cattle. He hated nothing as he hated this; fought against nothing so manfully. It was the lion in the pathway of freedom, which frightened almost all the politicians of the North and the East and the West, so that they forsook that path; a lion whose roar

could wellnigh silence the forum and the bar, the pulpit and the press; a lion who rent the Constitution, trampled under foot the Declaration of Independence, and tore the Bible to pieces. Mr. Adams was ready to rouse up this lion, and then to beard him in his den. Hating slavery, of course he opposed whatever went to strengthen its power; opposed Mr. Atherton's Gag Law; opposed the annexation of Texas; opposed the Mexican War; and, wonderful to tell, actually voted against it, and never took back his vote.

When Secretary of State, this same feeling led him to oppose conceding to the British the right of searching American vessels supposed to be concerned in the slave-trade, and when Representative to oppose the repeal of the law giving "protection" to American sailors. It appeared also in private intercourse with men. No matter what was a man's condition, Mr. Adams treated him as an equal.

This devotion to freedom and the unalienable rights of man, was the most important work of his life. Compared with some other political men, he seems inconsistent, because he now opposes one evil, then its opposite evil. But his general course is in this direction, and, when viewed in respect to this idea, seems more consistent than that of Mr. Webster, or Calhoun, or Clay, when measured by any great principle. This appears in his earlier life. In 1802 he became a member of the Massachusetts Senate. The majority of the General Court were Federalists. It was a time of intense political excitement, the second year of Mr. Jefferson's administration. The custom is well known —to take the whole of the Governor's Council from the party which has a majority in the General Court.

On the 27th of May, 1802, Mr. Adams stood up for the rights of the minority. He wanted some anti-Federalists in the Council of Governor Strong, and as Senator threw his first vote to secure that object. Such was the first legislative action of John Quincy Adams. In the House of Representatives, in 1831, the first thing he did was to present fifteen petitions for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, though, from constitutional scruples, opposed to granting the petitions. The last public act of his life was this: — the question was before the House on giving medals to the men distinguished in the Mexican War; the minority opposing it wanted more time for debate; the previous question was moved, Mr. Adams voted for the last time,— voted "No," with unusual emphasis; the great loud No of a man going home to God full of "the unalienable right of resistance to oppression," its emphatic word on his dying lips. There were the beginning, the middle, and the end, all three in the same spirit, all in favor of mankind; a remarkable unity of action in his political drama.

Somebody once asked him, "What are the recognized principles of politics?" Mr. Adams answered that there were none: "the recognized precepts are bad ones, and so not principles." "But," continued the inquirer, "is not this a good one,—'to seek the greatest good of the greatest number?'" "No," said he, "that is the worst of all, for it looks specious while it is ruinous. What shall become of the minority, in that case? This is the only principle,—'to seek the greatest good of all.'"

I do not say there were no exceptions to this devotion to freedom in a long life; there are some passages in his history which it is impossible to justify, and hard

to excuse. In early life he was evidently ambitious of place, and rank, and political power. I must confess, it seems to me, at some times, he was not scrupulous enough about the means of attaining that place and power. He has been much censured for his vote in favor of the Embargo, in 1807. His vote, howsoever unwise, may easily have been an honest vote.[8] To an impartial spectator at this day, perhaps it will be evidently so. His defense of it I cannot think an honest defense, for in that he mentions arguments as impelling him to his vote which could scarcely have been present to his mind at the time, and, if they were his arguments then, were certainly kept in silence — they did not appear in the debate,[9] they were not referred to in the President's message.[10]

I am not to praise Mr. Adams simply because he is dead; what is wrong before is wrong after death. It is no merit to die; shall we tell lies about him because he is dead? No, the Egyptian people scrutinized and judged their kings after death — much more should we our fellow-citizens, intrusted with power to serve the state. "A lavish and undistinguishing eulogium is not praise." I know what coals of terrible fire lie under my feet, as I speak of this matter, and how thin and light is the coat of ashes deposited there in forty years; how easily they are blown away at the slightest breath of "Hartford Convention," or the "Embargo," and the old flame of political animosity blazes forth anew, while the hostile forms of "Federalists" and "Democrats" come back to light. I would not disquiet those awful shades, nor bring them up again.[11] But a word must be said. The story of the Embargo is well known: the President sent his message to the Senate recommending it, and accompanied with several

documents. The message was read and assigned to a committee; the ordinary rule of business was suspended; the bill was reported by the committee; drafted, debated, engrossed, and completely passed through all its stages, the whole on the same day, in secret session, and in about four hours! Yet it was a bill that involved the whole commerce of the country, and prostrated that commerce, seriously affecting the welfare of hundreds of thousands of men. Eight hundred thousand tons of shipping were doomed to lie idle and rot in port. The message came on Friday. Some of the Senators wanted yet further information and more time for debate, at least for consideration,— till Monday. It could not be! Till Saturday, then. No; the bill must pass now, no man sleeping on that question. Mr. Adams was the most zealous for passing the bill. In that "debate," if such it can be called, while opposing a postponement for further information and reflection, he said, "The President has recommended the measure on his high responsibility; I would not consider, I would not deliberate; I would act. Doubtless the President possesses such further information as will justify the measure!" [12] To my mind, that is the worst act of his public life; I cannot justify it. I wish I could find some reasonable excuse for it. What had become of the "sovereignty of the people," the "unalienable right of resistance to oppression?" Would not consider; would not deliberate; would act without doing either; leave it all to the "high responsibility" of the President, with a "doubtless" he has "further information" to justify the measure! It was a shame to say so; it would have disgraced a Senator in St. Petersburg. Why not have the "further information" laid before the Senate? What would

Mr. Adams have said, if President Jackson, Tyler, or Polk, had sent such a message, and some Senator or Representative had counselled submissive action, without considering, without deliberation? With what appalling metaphors would he describe such a departure from the first duty of a statesman; how would the tempestuous eloquence of that old patriot shake the hall of Congress till it rung again, and the nation looked up with indignation in its face! It is well known what Mr. Adams said in 1834, when Mr. Polk, in the House of Representatives, seemed over-laudatory of the President: "I shall never be disposed to interfere with any member who shall rise on this floor and pronounce a panegyric upon the chief magistrate.

> 'No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
> And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
> Where thrift may follow fawning.'"

Yet the future of Mr. Polk was not so obvious in 1834 as the reward of Mr. Adams in 1808.

This act is particularly glaring in Mr. Adams. The North often sends men to Washington who might have done it without any great inconsistency; men, too, not so remarkable for infirmity in the head, as for that less pardonable weakness in the knees and the neck; men that bend to power "right or wrong." Mr. Adams was not afflicted with that weakness, and so the more to be censured for this palpable betrayal of a trust so important. I wish I could find some excuse for it. He was forty years old; not very old, but old enough to know better. His defense made the matter worse. The Massachusetts Legislature disapproved of his conduct; chose another man to succeed him in the Senate. Then Mr. Adams resigned his seat, and soon

after was sent minister to Russia, as he himself subsequently declared,[13] "in consequence of the support he had for years given to the measures of Mr. Jefferson's administration against Great Britain." But his father said of that mission of his son, "Aristides is banished because he is too just." [14] It is easy to judge of the temper of the times, when such words as those of the father could be said on such an occasion, and that by a man who had been President of the United States! When a famine occurs, disease appears in the most hideous forms; men go back to temporary barbarism. In times of political strife, such diseases appear of the intellectual and moral powers. No man who did not live in those times can fully understand the obliquity of mind and moral depravity which then displayed themselves amongst those otherwise without reproach. Says Mr. Adams himself, referring to that period, "Imagination in her wildest vagaries can scarcely conceive the transformation of temper, the obliquities of intellect, the perversions of moral principle, effected by junctures of high and general excitement." However, it must be confessed that this, though not the only instance of injustice, is the only case of servile compliance with the Executive to be found in the whole life of the man. It was a grievous fault, but grievously did he answer it; and if a long life of unfaltering resistance to every attempt at the assumption of power is fit atonement, then the expiation was abundantly made.

About the same time, Mr. Adams was chairman of a committee of the Senate, appointed to consider the case of a Senator from Ohio.[15] His conduct, on that occasion, has been the theme of violent attack, and defense as violent. To the calm spectator, at this day, his conduct seems unjustifiable, inconsistent with the

counsels of justice, which, though moving with her "pace of snails," looks always towards the right, and will not move out of her track, though the heavens fall.

While Mr. Adams was President, Hayti became free; but he did not express any desire that the United States should acknowledge her independence, and receive her minister at Washington,— an African plenipotentiary. In his message,[16] he says, "There are circumstances that have hitherto forbidden the acknowledgment," and mentions "additional reasons for withholding that acknowledgment." In the instructions to the American functionary, sent to the celebrated Congress of Panama, it is said, the President "is not prepared now to say that Hayti ought to be recognized as an independent sovereign power;" he "does not think it would be proper at this time to recognize it as a new state." He was unwilling to consent to the independence of Cuba, for fear of an insurrection of her slaves, and the effect at home. The duty of the United States would be "To defend themselves against the contagion of such near and dangerous examples," that would "constrain them . . . to employ all means necessary to their security." That is, the President would be constrained to put down the blacks in Cuba, who were exercising "the unalienable right of resistance to oppression," for fear the blacks in the United States would discover that they also were men, and had "unalienable rights!" Had he forgotten the famous words, "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God?" The defense of such language on such an occasion is, that Mr. Adams's eyes were not yet open to the evil of slavery. That is a good defense, if true. To me it seems a true defense. Even great men do not see

everything. In 1800 Fisher Ames, while delivering the eulogy on General Washington, censured even the British government, because, "in the wilds of Africa it obstructed the commerce in slaves!" No man is so wise as mankind.

It must be confessed that Mr. Adams, while Secretary of State, and again, while President, showed no hostility to the institution of slavery. His influence all went the other way. He would repress the freedom of the blacks in the West Indies, lest American slavery should be disturbed, and its fetters broke; he would not acknowledge the independence of Hayti, he would urge Spain to make peace with her descendants, for the same reason —"not for those new republics," but lest the negroes in Cuba and Porto Rico should secure their freedom. He negotiated with England, and she paid the United States more than a million of dollars [17] for the fugitive slaves who took refuge under her flag during the late war. Mr. Adams had no scruples about receiving the money during his administration. An attempt was repeatedly made by his secretary, Mr. Clay, through Mr. Gallatin, and then through Mr. Barbour, to induce England to restore the "fugitive slaves who had taken refuge in the Canadian provinces," who, escaping from the area of freedom, seek the shelter of the British crown.[18] Nay, he negotiated a treaty with Mexico, which bound her to deliver up fugitive slaves, escaping from the United States — a treaty which the Mexican Congress refused to ratify! Should a great man have known better? Great men are not always wise. Afterwards, public attention was called to the matter; humble men gave lofty counsel; Mr. Adams used different language, and recommended different measures. But long

before that, on the 7th of December, 1804, Mr. Pickering, his colleague in the Senate of the United States, offered a resolution, for the purpose of amending the Constitution, so as to apportion representatives, and direct taxes among the states, according to their free inhabitants.

But there are other things in Mr. Adams's course and conduct, which deserve the censure of a good man. One was, the attempt to justify the conduct of England, in her late war with China, when she forced her opium upon the barbarians with the bayonet. To make out his case, he contended that "in the celestial empire . . . the patriarchal system of Sir Robert Filmer flourished in all its glory," and the Chinese claimed superior dignity over all others; they refused to hold equal and reciprocal commercial intercourse with other nations, and "it is time this enormous outrage upon the rights of human nature, and the first principles of the laws of nations, should cease." [19] It is true, the Chinese were "barbarians;" true, the English carried thither the Bible and Christianity, at least their own Christianity. But, even by the law of nations, letting alone the law of nature, the barbarians had a right to repel both Bible and Christianity, when they came in a contraband shape — that of opium and cannon balls. To justify this outrage of the strong against the weak, he quite forgets his old antipathy to England, his devotion to human freedom, and the sovereignty of the people, calling the cause of England "a righteous cause."

He defended the American claim to the whole of Oregon, up to 54° 40′. He did not so much undertake to make out a title to either, by the law of nature or of nations, but cut the matter short, and claimed the whole

of Oregon, on the strength of the first chapter of Genesis. This was the argument: God gave mankind dominion over all the earth; between Christian nations, the command of the Creator lays the foundation of all titles to land, of titles to territory, of titles to jurisdiction. Then in the Psalms, God gives the "uttermost part of the earth for a possession" to the Messiah, as the representative of all mankind, who held the uttermost parts of the earth in chief. But the Pope, as head of the visible Church, was the representative of Christ, and so, holding under him, had the right to give to any king or prelate, authority to subdue barbarous nations, possess their territory, and convert them to Christianity. In 1493, the Pope, in virtue of the above right, gave the American continent to the Spanish monarchs, who, in time, sold their title to the people of the United States. That title may be defective, as the Pope may not be the representative of Christ, and so the passage in the Psalms will not help the American claim, but then the United States will hold under the first clause in the Testament of God, that is, in Genesis. The claim of Great Britain is not valid, for she does not want the land for the purpose specified in that clause of the Testament, to "replenish the earth and subdue it." She wants it, "that she may keep it open as a hunting-ground," while the United States want it, that it may grow into a great nation, and become a free and sovereign republic.[20]

This strange hypothesis, it seems, lay at the bottom of his defense of the British in their invasion of China. It would have led him, if consistent, to claim also the greater part of Mexico. But, as he did not publicly declare his opinion on that matter, no more need be said concerning it.

Such was the most prominent idea in his history; such the departures from it. Let us look at other events in his life. While President, the most important object of his administration was the promotion of internal improvements, especially the internal communication between the states. For this purpose the government lent its aid in the construction of roads and canals, and a little more than four millions of dollars were devoted to this work in his administration. On the 4th of July, 1828, he helped break ground for the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, thinking it an important event in his life. He then said there were three great steps in the progress of America. The first was the Declaration of Independence and the achievement thereof; the second, the union of the whole country under the Constitution; but the third was more arduous than both of the others: "It is," said he, "the adaptation of the powers, physical, moral, and intellectual, of the whole Union, to the improvement of its own condition; of its moral and political condition, by wise and liberal institutions; by the cultivation of the understanding and the heart; by academies, schools, and learned institutions; by the pursuit and patronage of learning and the arts; of its physical condition, by associated labor to improve the bounties and supply the deficiencies of nature; to stem the torrent in its course; to level the mountain with the plain; to disarm and fetter the raging surge of the ocean." [21] He faithfully adhered to these words in his administration.

He was careful never to exceed the powers which the Constitution prescribed for him. He thought the acquisition of Louisiana was "accomplished by a flagrant violation of the Constitution," and himself guarded against such violations. He revered the God

of Limits, who, in the Roman mythology, refused to give way or remove, even for Jupiter himself. No man was ever more conscientious on that ground. To him the Constitution meant something; his oath to keep it meant something.

No great political event occurred in his administration; the questions which now vex the country had not arisen. There was no quarrel between freedom and slavery; no man in Congress ventured to denounce slavery as a crime; the African slave-trade was thought wrong, not the slavery which caused it. Party lines, obliterated under Mr. Monroe's administration, were viewed and marked with a good deal of care and exactness; but the old lines could not be wholly restored. Mr. Adams was not the President of a section of the country; not the President of a party, but of the nation. He favored no special interest of a class, to the injury of another class. He did not reward his friends, nor punish his foes; the party of the spoils, patent or latent at all times, got no spoils from him. He never debauched his country by the removal and appointment of officers. Had he done otherwise, done as all his successors have done, used his actual power to promote his own ambition, no doubt he might have been reëlected. But he could not stoop to manage men in that way. No doubt he desired a reëlection, and saw the method and means to effect that; but conscience said, "It is not right." He forbore, lost his election, and gained — we shall soon see what he gained.

On the 19th of July, 1826, at a public dinner at Edgefield Court-house, South Carolina, Mr. McDuffie said, "Mr. Adams came into power upon principles utterly subversive of the republican system, substitut-

ing the worst species of aristocracy, that of speculating politicians and office-hunters, in the place of a sound and wholesome republican democracy." When Mr. Adams retired from office, he could remember, with the virtuous Athenian, that no man had put on mourning for him because unjustly deprived of his post. Was an office-holder or an office-wanter a political friend of Mr. Adams, that did not help him; a foe, that did not hinder. He looked only to the man's ability and integrity. I wish it was no praise to say these things; but it is praise I dare not apply to any other man since Washington. Mr. Adams once said, "There is no official act of the chief magistrate, however momentous, or however minute, but it should be traceable to a dictate of duty, pointing to the welfare of the people." That was his executive creed.

As a public servant, he had many qualities seldom united in the same person. He was simple and unostentatious; he had none of the airs of a great man; seemed humble, modest and retiring; caring much for the substance of manhood, he let the show take care of itself. He carried the simplicity of a plain New England man into the President's house, spending little in its decorations — about one-fourth, it is said, of the amount of his successor. In his house-keeping, public or private, there was only one thing much to be boasted of and remarked upon: strange to say, that was the master of the house. He was never eclipsed by his own brass and mahogany. He had what are called democratic habits, and served himself in preference to being served by others. He treated all that were about him with a marked deference and courtesy, carrying his respect for human rights into the minutest details of common life.

He was a model of diligence, though not, perhaps, very systematic. His state papers, prepared while he was Minister, Secretary, or member of Congress, his numerous orations and speeches, though not always distinguished for that orderly arrangement of parts which is instinctive with minds of a high philosophical character, are yet astonishing for their number and the wide learning they display. He was well acquainted with the classic and most modern languages; at home in their literature. He was surprisingly familiar with modern history; perhaps no political man was so thoroughly acquainted with the political history of America, and that of Christian Europe for the last two hundred years. He was widely read and profoundly skilled in all that relates to diplomacy, and to international law. He was fond of belles-lettres, and commented on Shakespeare more like a professor than a layman in that department. Few theologians in America, is is said, were so widely read in their peculiar lore as he. He had read much, remembered much, understood much. However, he seems to have paid little attention to physical science, and perhaps less to metaphysical. His speeches and his conversation, though neither brilliant, nor rich in ideas, astonished young men with an affluence of learning, which seemed marvelous in one all his life devoted to practical affairs. But this is a trifle: to achieve that, nothing is needed but health, diligence, memory, and a long life. Mr. Adams had all these requisites.

He had higher qualities: he loved his country, perhaps no man more so; he had patriotism in an heroic degree, yet was not thereby blinded to humanity. He thought it a vital principle of human society, that each nation should contribute to the happiness of all; and,

therefore, that no nation should "regulate its conduct by the exclusive or even the paramount consideration of its own interest." Yet he loved his country, his whole country; and when she was in the wrong he told her so, because he loved her. "This," said he, "would be a good sentiment: 'Our country! May she be always successful; but, whether successful or not, may she be always in the right.'" He saw the faults of America, saw the corruption of the American government. He did not make gain by this in private, but set an honest face against it.

He was a conscientious man. This peculiarity is strongly marked in most of his life. He respected the limit between right and wrong. He did not think it unworthy of a statesman to refer to moral principles, to the absolutely right. I do not mean to say, that, in his whole life, there was no departure from the strict rule of duty. I have mentioned already some examples, but kept one more for this place: he pursued persons with a certain vindictiveness of spirit. I will not revive again the old quarrels, nor dig up his hard words, long ago consigned to oblivion; it would be unjust to the living. He was what is called a good hater. If he loved an idea, he seemed to hate the man who opposed it. He was not content with replying; he must also retort, though it manifestly weakened the force of the reply. In his attacks on persons he was sometimes unjust, violent, sharp, and vindictive; sometimes cruel, and even barbarous. Did he ever forgive an enemy? Every opponent was a foe, and he thrashed his foes with an iron hoof and winnowed them with a storm. The most awful specimens of invective which the language affords can be found in his words — bitter, revengeful, and unrelenting. I am sorry to

say these things; it hurts my feelings to say them, yours not less to hear them. But it is not our fault they are true; it would be mine, if, knowing they were true, I did not on this occasion point them out in warning words.

Mr. Adams says that Roger Williams was conscientious and contentious; it is equally true of himself.

Perhaps Mr. Adams had little humor, but certainly a giant's wit; he used it tyrannously and like a giant. Wit has its place in debate; in controversy it is a legitimate weapon, offensive and defensive. After one has beaten the single barley-corn of good sense out of a whole wagon-load of chaff, the easiest way to be rid of the rubbish is to burn it up with the lightning of wit; the danger is, that the burning should begin before the separation is made; that the fire consume the good and bad indifferently. When argument is edged and pointed with wit, it is doubly effective; but when that edge is jagged with ill-will, poisoned, too, with personal spleen, then it becomes a weapon unworthy of a man. Sometimes Mr. Adams used his wit as fairly as his wisdom; and bags of wind, on which Hercules might have stamped and beaten a twelvemonth, but in vain — at a single puncture from that keen wit gave up their ghost and flattened into nothing; a vanity to all men, but a vexation of spirit to him who had blown them so full of his own soul. But sometimes, yes, often, Mr. Adams's wit performs a different part: it sits as a judge, unjust and unforgiving, "often deciding wrong, and when right from wrong motives." It was the small dagger with which he smote the fallen foe. It is a poor praise for a famous man, churchman, or statesman, to beat a blackguard with his own weapons. It must

be confessed, that, in controversy, Mr. Adams's arrows were sharp and deftly delivered; but they were often barbed, and sometimes poisoned.

True, he encountered more political opposition than any man in the nation. For more than forty years he has never been without bitter and unrelenting enemies, public and private. No man in America, perhaps, ever had such provocations; surely, none had ever such opportunities to reply without retorting. How much better would it have been, if, at the end of that long life and fifty years' war, he could say he had never wasted a shot; had never sinned with his lips, nor once feathered his public arrow with private spleen! Wise as he was, and old, he never learned that for undeserved calumny, for personal insult and abuse, there is one answer, Christian, manly, and irrefutable — the dignity of silence. A just man can afford to wait till the storm of abuse shall spend its rage and vanish under the rainbow, which itself furnishes and leaves behind. The retorting speech of such a man may be silvern or iron; his silence, victorious and golden.

It is easy to censure Mr. Adams for such intemperance of speech and persecution of persons; unfortunately, too easy to furnish other examples of both. We know what he spoke — God only what he repressed. Who knows out of how deep a fullness of indignation such torrents gush? Tried by the standard of other men, his fellow politicians of America and Europe, he was no worse than they, only abler.[22] The mouse and the fox have as great a proportionate anger as the lion, though the one is ridiculous and the other terrific. Mr. Adams must be tried by his own standard, the rule of right, the

standard of conscience and of Christianity; then surely he did wrong. For such a man the vulgarity of the offense is no excuse.

With this and the other exceptions he appears a remarkably conscientious man in his public life. He may often have erred, as all men, without violating his own sense of right.

While he was President he would not consent to any " public manifestation of honors personal to himself." He would not accept a present, for his Bible taught him what experience continually enforces, that a gift blinds the eyes of wise men and perverts their judgment. While at St. Petersburg, the Russian Minister of the Interior, then an old man, felt uneasy on account of the presents accepted during his official service, and, calculating the value of all gifts received, returned it to the imperial treasury. This fact made an impression on Mr. Adams, and led to a resolution which he faithfully kept. When a bookseller sent him a costly Bible, he kept the book, but paid its full value. No bribes, no pensions, in any form, ever soiled justice in his hands. He would never be indebted to any body of men, lest they might afterwards sway him from the right path.

Because he was a conscientious man he would never be the servant of a party, and never was. It was of great advantage to him that he was absent while the two chief parties were forming in the United States. He came into the Massachusetts Legislature as a Federalist, but some anti-Federalists also voted for him. His first vote showed he was not limited by the common principles of a party. He was chosen to the Senate of the United States, not by a party vote. At first he acted mainly with the Federalists, though not

always voting with his colleagues; but in 1807 acted with the administration in the matter of the Embargo. This was the eventful crisis of his life; this change in his politics, while it gave him station and political power, yet brought upon him the indignation of his former friends; it has never been forgotten nor forgiven. Be the outward occasion and inward motive what they may, this led to the sundering of friendships long cherished and deservedly dear; it produced the most bitter experience of his life. Political men would naturally undertake to judge his counsel by its probable and obvious consequences, the favor of the Executive, rather than attribute it to any latent motive of patriotism in his heart.

While at the head of the nation he would not be the President of a party, but of the people; when he became a representative in Congress he was not the delegate of a party, but of justice and the eternal right, giving his constituents an assurance that he would hold himself in allegiance to no party, national or political. He has often been accused of hatred to the South; I can find no trace of it. "I entered Congress," says he, "without one sentiment of discrimination between the North and South." At first he acted with Mr. Jackson, to arrest the progress of nullification, for the democracy of South Carolina was putting in practice what the Federalists of New England have so often been alleged to have held in theory, and condemned on that allegation. Here he was consistent. In 1834 he approved the spirit of the same President in demanding justice of France; but afterwards he did not hesitate to oppose, and perhaps abuse him.

He had a high reverence for religion; none of our

public men more. He aimed to be a Christian man. Signs of this have often been sought in his habits of church-going, of reading the Bible; they may be found rather in the general rectitude of his life, public and private, and in the high motives which swayed him, in his opposition to slavery, in the self-denial which cost him his re-election. In his public acts he seems animated by the thought that he stood in the presence of God. Though rather unphilosophical in his theology, resting to a great degree on the authority of tradition and the letter, and attaching much value to forms and times, he yet saw the peculiar excellence of Christianity,— that it recognized "love as the paramount and transcendent law of human nature." I do not say that his life indicates the attainment of a complete religious repose, but that he earnestly and continually labored to achieve that. You shall find few statesmen, few men, who act with a more continual and obvious reference to religion as a motive, as a guide, as a comfort. He was, however, no sectarian. His devotion to freedom appeared, where it seldom appears, in his notions about religion. He thought for himself, and had a theology of his own, rather old-fashioned, it is true, and not very philosophical or consistent, it may be, and in that he was not very singular; but he allowed others to think also for themselves, and have a theology of their own. Mr. Adams was a Unitarian. It is no great merit to be a Unitarian, or a Calvinist, or a Catholic, perhaps no more merit to be one than the other. But he was not ashamed of his belief when Unitarianism was little, despised, mocked at, and called "infidelity" on all sides. When the Unitarian church at Washington, a small and feeble body, met for worship in an upper

room — not large, but obscure, over a public bathing-house — John Quincy Adams, the Secretary of State and expecting to be President, came regularly to worship with them. It was not fashionable; it was hardly respectable, for the Unitarians were not then, as now, numerous and rich; but he went and worshiped. It was no merit to think with any sect, it was a great merit to dare to be true to his convictions. In his theology, as in politics, he feared not to stand in a minority. If there ever was an American who loved the praise of God more than the praise of men, I believe Mr. Adams was one.

His devotion to freedom, his love of his country, his conscientiousness, his religion, are four things strong and noticeable in his character. You shall look long amongst our famous men before you find his equal in these things.[23]

Somebody says, no man ever used all his intellectual faculties as far as possible. If any man is an exception to this rule, it is Mr. Adams. He was temperate and diligent; industrious almost to a fault, though not orderly or systematic. His diplomatic letters, his orations, his reports and speeches, all indicate wide learning, the fruit of the most remarkable diligence. The attainments of a well-bred scholar are not often found in the American Congress, or the President's house. Yet he never gives proof that he had the mind of a great man. In his special department of politics he does not appear as a master. He has no great ideas with which to solve the riddles of commerce and finance; has done little to settle the commercial problems of the world,— for that work there is needed not only a retrospective acquaintance with the habits and history of men, but the foresight which

comes from a knowledge of the nature of things and of man. His chief intellectual excellence seems to have been memory; his great moral merit, a conscientious and firm honesty; his practical strength lay in his diligence. His counsels seem almost always to have come from a knowledge of human history, seldom to have been prompted by a knowledge of the nature of man. Hence he was a critic of the past, or an administrator of the present, rather than a prophetic guide for the future. He had many facts and precedents, but few ideas. Few examples of great political foresight can be quoted from his life; and therein, to his honor be it spoken, his heart seems to have out-traveled his head. The public affairs of the United States seem generally to be conducted by many men of moderate abilities, rather than by a few men of great genius for politics.

Mr. Adams wrote much. Some of his works are remarkable for their beauty, for the graceful proportions of their style, and the felicity of their decoration. Such are his celebrated Lectures on Rhetoric and Oratory, which are sufficiently learned and sagacious, not very philosophical, but written in an agreeable style, and at the present day not wholly without value. His review of the works of Fisher Ames — I speak only of the rhetoric — is, perhaps, the finest of his compositions. Some of his productions are disorderly, ill-compacted, without "joints or contexture," and homely to a fault: this oration is a growth out of a central thought, marked by an internal harmony; that, a composition, a piece of carpentry distinguished by only an outward symmetry of members; others are neither growth nor composition,

only a mass of materials huddled and lumped together. Most of his later productions, with the exception of his congressional speeches, are hard, cold, and unfinished performances, with little order in the thoughts, and less beauty in the expression. His extemporaneous speeches have more of both; they are better finished than his studied orations. He could judge and speak with fury, though he wrote with phlegm. His illustrations are usually drawn from literature, not from nature or human life; his language is commonly cold, derived from the Roman stream which has been filtered through books, rather than from the deep and original well of our Saxon home. His published letters are compact, written in a cold style, without playfulness or wit, with no elegance, and, though mostly business letters, they are not remarkable for strength or distinctness. His diligence appears in verse as well as prose. He wrote much that rhymed tolerably; little that was poetical. The same absence of nature, the same coldness and lack of inspiration, mark his poetry and prose. But in all that he wrote, with the exceptions mentioned above, though you miss the genial warmth, the lofty thought, the mind that attracts, embraces, warms, and inspires the reader, you find always a spirit of humanity, of justice, and love to God.

Mr. Adams was seldom eloquent. Eloquence is no great gift. It has its place among subordinate powers, not among the chief. Alas for the statesman or preacher who has only that to save the state withal! Washington had none of it, yet how he ruled the land! No man in America has ever had a political influence so wide and permanent as Mr. Jefferson; yet he was a very indifferent writer, and never

made a speech of any value. The acts of Washington, the ideas of Jefferson, made eloquence superfluous. True, it has its value: if a man have at command the electricity of truth, justice, love, the sentiments and great ideas thereof, it is a good thing to be able with Olympian hand to condense that electric fire into bolted eloquence; to thunder and lighten in the sky. But if a man have that electric truth, it matters little whether it is Moses that speaks, or only Aaron; whether or not Paul's bodily presence be weak and his speech contemptible: it is Moses' thought which thunders and lightens out of Sinai; it is Paul's idea that is powerful and builds up the Church. Of true eloquence, the best thoughts put in the best words, and uttered in the best form, Mr. Adams had little, and that appeared mainly in the latter part of his life. Hundreds have more. What passes for eloquence is common in America, where the public mouth is always a-going. His early orations are poor in their substance and faulty in their form. His ability as an orator developed late; no proofs of it appear before he entered the House of Representatives, at a good old age.

In his manner of speaking there was little dignity and no grace, though sometimes there was a terrible energy and fire. He was often a powerful speaker — by his facts and figures, by his knowledge, his fame, his age, and his position, but most of all by his independent character. He spoke worthily of great men, of Madison or Lafayette, kindling with his theme, and laying aside all littleness of a party. However, he was most earnest and most eloquent not when he stood up the champion of a neglected truth, not when he dwelt on great men now venerable to us

all, but when he gathered his strength to attack a foe. Incensed, his sarcasm was terrific; colossal vanity, aspiring to be a Ghenghis Khan, at the touch of that Ithuriel spear shrank to the dimensions of Tom Thumb. His invective is his masterpiece of oratoric skill. It is sad to say this, and to remember that the greatest works of ancient or of modern rhetoric, from the thundering Philippics of Demosthenes down to the sarcastic and crazy rattle of Lord Brougham, are all of the same character, are efforts against a personal foe! Men find hitherto the ablest acts and speech in the same cause,— not positive and creating, but critical and combative,— in war.

If Mr. Adams had died in 1829, he would have been remembered for awhile as a learned man; as an able diplomatist, who had served his country faithfully at home and abroad; as a President spotless and incorruptible, but not as a very important personage in American history. His mark would have been faint and soon effaced from the sands of time. But the last period of his life was the noblest. He had worn all the official honors which the nation could bestow; he sought the greater honor of serving that nation, who had now no added boon to give. All that he had done as Minister abroad, as Senator, as Secretary, and President, is little compared with what he did in the House of Representatives; and while he stood there, with nothing to hope, with nothing to fear, the hand of Justice wrote his name high up on the walls of his country. It was surprising to see at his first attendance there, men, who, while he was President, had been the loudest to call out "coalition, bargain, intrigue, corruption," come forward and express the involuntary confidence they felt in his wisdom and in-

tegrity, and their fear, actual though baseless, that his withdrawal from the committee on manufactures would "endanger the very Union itself."

Great questions soon came up; nullification was speedily disposed of; the bank and the tariff got ended or compromised; but slavery lay in the consciousness of the nation, like the one dear but appalling sin in a man's heart. Some wished to be rid of it, northern men and southern men. It would come up; to justify that, or excuse it, the American sentiment and idea must be denied and rejected utterly; the South, who had long known the charms of Bathsheba, was ready for her sake to make away with Uriah himself. To remove that monstrous evil, gradually but totally, and restore unity to the nation, would require a greater change than the adoption of the Constitution. To keep slavery out of sight, yet in existence, unjustified, unexcused, unrepented of, a contradiction in the national consciousness, a political and deadly sin, the sin against the holy spirit of American liberty, known but not confessed, the public secret of the people — that would lead to suppressing petitions, suppressing debate in Congress and out of Congress, to silencing the pulpit, the press, and the people.

Under these circumstances, Mr. Adams went to Congress, an old man, well known on both sides the water, the presidential laurels on his brow, independent and fearless, expecting no reward from men for services however great. In respect to the subject of slavery, he had no ideas in advance of the nation; he was far behind the foremost men. He "deprecated all discussion of slavery or its abolition, in the House, and gave no countenance to petitions for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia or the territories." How-

ever, he acquired new ideas as he went on, and became the congressional leader in the great movement of the American mind towards universal freedom.

Here he stood as the champion of human rights; here he fought, and with all his might. In 1836, by the celebrated resolution, forbidding debate on the subject of slavery, the South drove the North to the wall, nailed it there into shameful silence. A "northern man with southern principles," before entering the President's chair, declared, that if Congress should pass a law to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, he would exercise his veto to prevent the law.[24] Mr. Adams stood up manfully, sometimes almost alone, and contended for freedom of speech. Did obstinate men of the North send petitions relative to slavery, asking for its abolition in the district or elsewhere? Mr. Adams was ready to present the petitions. Did women petition? It made no difference with him. Did slaves petition? He stood up there to defend their right to be heard. The South had overcome many an obstacle; but that one fearless soul would not bend, and could not be broken. Spite of rules of order, he contrived to bring the matter perpetually before Congress, and sometimes to read the most offensive parts of the petitions. When Arkansas was made a state, he endeavored to abolish slavery in its domain; he sought to establish international relations with Hayti, and to secure the right of suffrage for the colored citizens of the District of Columbia. The laws which forbid blacks to vote in the northern states he held "in utter abhorrence."

He saw from afar the plots of southern politicians, plots for extending the area of slavery, for narrowing the area of freedom, and exposed those plots. You all

remember the tumult it excited when he rose in his place holding a petition from slaves; that the American Congress was thrown into long and disgraceful confusion. You cannot have forgotten the uproar which followed his presenting a petition to dissolve the Union![25] I know few speeches more noble and manly than his on the right of petition,— occasioned by that celebrated attempt to stifle debate, and on the annexation of Texas. Some proposed to censure him, some clamored, "expel him," some cried out, "burn the petitions!" "and him with them!" screamed yet others. Some threatened to have him indicted by the grand jury of the district, "or be made amenable to another tribunal," hoping to see "an incendiary brought to condign punishment." "My life on it," said a southern legislator, "if he presents that petition from slaves, we shall yet see him within the walls of the penitentiary." Some in secret threatened to assassinate him in the streets. They mistook their man; with justice on his side he did "not fear all the grand juries in the universe." He would not curl nor cringe, but snorted his defiance in their very face. In front of ridicule, of desertion, obloquy, rage, and brutal threats, stood up that old man, bald and audacious; and the chafed rock of Cohasset stands not firmer mid the yeasty waves, nor more triumphant spurns back into the ocean's face the broken billows of the storm. That New England knee bent only before his God. That unpretending man — the whole power of the nation could not move him from his post.

Men threatened to increase the slave power. Said one of the champions of slavery with prophetic speech, but fatal as Cassandra's in the classic tale, Americans "would come up in thousands to plant the lone star of

the Texan banner on the Mexican capital. . . . The boundless wealth of captured towns and rifled churches, and a lazy, vicious, and luxurious priesthood, would soon enable Texas to pay her soldiery and redeem her state debt, and push her victorious arms to the very shores of the Pacific. And would not all this extend the bounds of slavery? Yes, the result would be, that, before another quarter of a century, the extension of slavery would not stop short of the Western ocean." Against this danger Mr. Adams armed himself, and fought in the holiest cause — the cause of human rights.

I know few things in modern times so grand as that old man standing there in the House of Representatives, the compeer of Washington, a man who had borne himself proudly in kings' courts, early doing service in high places, where honor may be won; a man who had filled the highest office in any nation's gift; a President's son, himself a President, standing there the champion of the neediest of the oppressed: the conquering cause pleased others; him only, the cause of the conquered. Had he once been servile to the hands that wielded power? No thunderbolt can scare him now! Did he once make a treaty and bind Mexico to betray the wandering fugitive who took his life in his hand and fled from the talons of the American eagle? Now he would go to the stake sooner than tolerate such a deed! When he went to the Supreme Court, after an absence of thirty years, and arose to defend a body of friendless negroes torn from their home and most unjustly held in thrall; when he asked the judges to excuse him at once both for the trembling faults of age and the inexperience of youth, the man having labored so long elsewhere that he had forgotten

the rules of court; when he summed up the conclusion of the whole matter, and brought before those judicial but yet moistening eyes the great men whom he had once met there — Chase, Cushing, Martin, Livingston, and Marshall himself; and while he remembered them that were "gone, gone, all gone," remembered also the Eternal Justice that is never gone,— why, the sight was sublime. It was not an old patrician of Rome who had been consul, dictator, coming out of his honored retirement at the Senate's call, to stand in the forum to levy new armies, marshal them to victory afresh, and gain thereby new laurels for his brow; — but it was a plain citizen of America, who had held an office far greater than that of consul, king, or dictator, his hand reddened by no man's blood, expecting no honors, but coming in the name of justice to plead for the slave, for the poor barbarian negro of Africa, for Cinque and Grabbo, for their deeds comparing them to Harmodius and Aristogeiton, whose classic memory made each bosom thrill. That was worth all his honors,— it was worth while to live fourscore years for that.

When he stood in the House of Representatives, the champion of the rights of a minority, of the rights of man, he stood colossal. Frederick the Great seems doubly so, when, single-handed, "that son of the Dukes of Brandenburg" contended against Austria, France, England, Russia, kept them all at bay, divided by his skill, and conquered by his might. Surely he seems great, when measured merely by his deeds. But, in comparison, Frederick the Great seems Frederick the little: for Adams fought not for a kingdom, nor for fame, but for justice and the eternal right; fought, too, with weapons tempered in a heavenly stream!

He had his reward. Who ever missed it? From mythological Cain, who slew his brother, down to Judas Iscariot, and Aaron Burr; from Jesus of Nazareth, down to the least man that dies or lives — who ever lost his reward? None. No; not one. Within the wicked heart there dwells the avenger, with unseen hands, to adjust the cord, to poison the fatal bowl. In the impenetrable citadel of a good man's consciousness, unseen by mortal eyes, there stands the palladium of justice, radiant with celestial light; mortal hands may make and mar,— this they can mar not, no more than they can make. Things about the man can others build up or destroy; but no foe, no tyrant, no assassin, can ever steal the man out of the man. Who would not have the consciousness of being right, even of trying to be right, though affronted by a whole world, rather than conscious of being wrong, and hollow, and false, have all the honors of a nation on his head? Of late years, no party stood up for Mr. Adams, "The madman of Massachusetts," as they called him, on the floor of Congress; but he knew that he had, and in his old age, done one work,— he had contended for the unalienable rights of man, done it faithfully. The government of God is invisible. His justice the more certain,— and by that Mr. Adams had his abundant reward.

But he had his poorer and outward rewards, negative and positive. For his zeal in behalf of freedom he was called "a monarchist in disguise," "an alien to the true interests of his country," "a traitor." A slaveholder from Kentucky published to his constituents that he was "sincerely desirous to check that man, for if he could be removed from the councils of the nation, or silenced upon the exasperating subject to which he

had devoted himself, none other, I believe, could be found hardy enough or bad enough to fill his place." It was worth something to have an enemy speak such praise as that; but the slave-holder was wrong in his conjecture; the North has yet other sons not less hardy, not more likely to be silenced. Still more praise of a similar sort: — at a fourth of July dinner at Walterborough, in South Carolina, this sentiment was proposed and responded to with nine cheers: "May we never want a Democrat to trip up the heels of a Federalist, or a hangman to prepare a halter for John Quincy Adams." Considering what he had done and whence those rewards proceeded, that was honor enough for a yet greater man.

Let me turn to things more grateful. Mr. Adams, through lack of genial qualities, had few personal friends, yet from good men throughout the North there went up a hearty thanksgiving for his manly independence, and prayers for his success. Brave men forgot their old prejudices, forgot the "Embargo," forgot the "Hartford Convention," forgot all the hard things which he had ever said, forgot his words in the Senate, forgot their disappointments, and said —"For this our hearts shall honor thee, thou brave old man!" In 1843, when, for the first time, he visited the West, to assist at the foundation of a scientific institution, all the West rose up to do him reverence. He did not go out to seek honors, they came to seek him. It was the movement of a noble people, feeling a noble presence about them no less than within. When Cicero, the only great man whom Rome never feared, returned from his exile, all Italy rose up and went out to meet him; so did the North and the West welcome this champion of freedom, this venerable old man. They came

not to honor one who had been a President, but one who was a man. That alone, said Mr. Adams, with tears of joy and grief filling his eyes, was reward enough for all that he had done, suffered, or undertaken. Yes, it was too much; too much for one man as the reward of one life!

You all remember the last time he was at any public meeting in this city. A man had been kidnapped in Boston, kidnapped at noon-day, "on the high road between Faneuil Hall and old Quincy," and carried off to be a slave![26] New England hands had seized their brother, sold him into bondage for ever, and his children after him. In the presence of slavery, as of arms, the laws are silent,— not always men. Then it appears who are men, who not! A meeting was called to talk the matter over, in a plain way, and look in one another's faces. Who was fit to preside in such a case? That old man sat in the chair in Faneuil Hall; above him was the image of his father, and his own; around him were Hancock and the other Adams,— Washington, greatest of all; before him were the men and women of Boston, met to consider the wrongs done to a miserable negro slave; the roof of the old Cradle of Liberty spanned over them all. Forty years before, a young man and a Senator, he had taken the chair at a meeting called to consult on the wrong done to American seamen, violently impressed by the British from an American ship of war, the unlucky Chesapeake; some of you remember that event. Now, an old man, clothed with half a century of honors, he sits in the same hall, to preside over a meeting to consider the outrage done to a single slave; a greater outrage — alas, not done by a hostile, not by an alien hand! One was the first meeting of citizens he ever presided over,

the other was the last; both for the same object — the defense of the eternal right.

But I would not weary you. His death was noble; fit ending for such a life. He was an old man, the last that had held a diplomatic office under Washington. He had uttered his oracles; had done his work. The highest honors of the nation he had worthily worn; but, as his townsmen tell us,— caring little for the President, and much for the man,— that was very little in comparison with his character. The good and ill of the human cup he had tasted, and plentifully, too, as son, husband, father. He had borne his testimony for freedom and the rights of mankind; he had stood in Congress almost alone; with a few gallant men had gone down to the battlefield, and if victory escaped him, it was because night came on.

He saw others enter the field in good heart, to stand in the imminent deadly breach; he lived long enough for his own welfare, for his own ambition; long enough to see the seal broken,— and then, this aged Simeon, joyful in the consolation, bowed his head and went home in peace. His feet were not hurt with fetters; he died with his armor on; died like a Senator, in the capitol of the nation; died like an American, in the service of his country; died like a Christian, full of immortality; died like a man, fearless and free!

You will ask, What was the secret of his strength? Whence did he gain such power to stand erect where others so often cringed and crouched low to the ground? It is plain to see: he looked beyond time, beyond men; looked to the eternal God, and, fearing Him, forgot all other fear. Some of his failings he knew to be such, and struggled with them though he did not

overcome. A man, not over-modest, once asked him what he most of all lamented in his life, and he replied: "My impetuous temper and vituperative speech; that I have not always returned good for evil, but in the madness of my blood have said things that I am ashamed of before my God!" As the world goes, it needed some greatness to say that.

When he was a boy, his mother, a still woman, and capable, deep-hearted, and pious, took great pains with his culture; most of all with his religious culture. When, at the age of ten, he was about to leave home for years of absence in another land, she took him aside to warn him of temptations which he could not then understand. She bade him remember religion and his God — his secret, silent prayer. Often in his day there came the earthquake of party strife; the fire, the storm, and the whirlwind of passion; he listened — and God was not there; but there came, too, the remembrance of his mother's whispered words; God came in that memory, and earthquake and storm, the fire and the whirlwind were powerless, at last, before that still small voice. Beautifully did she write to her boy of ten, "Great learning and superior abilities will be of little value . . . unless virtue, honor, truth, and integrity, are added to them. Remember that you are accountable to your Maker for all your words and your actions." "Dear as you are to me," says this more than Spartan, this Christian mother, "Dear as you are to me, I would much rather you should have found your grave in the ocean you have crossed, or that any untimely death cross you in your infant years, than see you an immoral, profligate, or graceless child. Let your observations and comparisons produce in your mind an abhorrence of domination and power — the

parents of slavery, ignorance, and barbarism. May you be led to an imitation of that disinterested patriotism and that noble love of your country which will teach you to despise wealth, titles, pomp, and equipage, as mere external advantages, which cannot add to the internal excellence of your mind, or compensate for the want of integrity and virtue." She tells him in a letter, that her father, a plain New England clergyman, of Braintree, who had just died, "left you a legacy more valuable than gold or silver; he left you his blessing, and his prayers that you might become a useful citizen, a guardian of the laws, liberty, and religion of your country. . . . Lay this bequest up in your memory and practise upon it; believe me, you will find it a treasure that neither moth nor rust can destroy."

If a child have such a mother, there is no wonder why he stood fearless, and bore a charmed life which no opposition could tame down. I wonder more that one so born and by such a mother bred, could ever once bend a servile knee; could ever indulge that fierce and dreadful hate; could ever stoop to sully those hands which hers had joined in prayer. It ill accords with teachings like her own. I wonder that he could ever have refused to "deliberate." Religion is a quality that makes a man independent; disappointment will not render such an one sour, nor oppression drive him mad, nor elevation bewilder; power will not dazzle, nor gold corrupt; no threat can silence and no fear subdue.

There are men enough born with greater abilities than Mr. Adams, men enough in New England, in all the walks of man. But how many are there in political life who use their gifts so diligently, with such conscience, such fearless deference to God?— nay, tell us

one. I have not spared his faults; I am no eulogist, to paint a man with undiscriminating praise. Let his follies warn us, while his virtues guide. But look on all his faults, and then compare him with our famous men of the North or the South; with the great Whigs or the great Democrats. Ask which was the purest man, the most patriotic, the most honest; which did his nation the smallest harm and the greatest good; which for his country and his kind denied himself the most. Shall I examine their lives, public and private, strip them bare and lay them down beside his life, and ask which, after all, has the least of blemish and the most of beauty? Nay, that is not for me to do or to attempt.

In one thing he surpassed most men,— he grew more liberal the more he grew old, ripening and mellowing, too, with age. After he was seventy years old, he welcomed new ideas, kept his mind vigorous, and never fell into that crabbed admiration of past times and buried institutions, which is the palsy of so many a man, and which makes old age nothing but a pity, and gray hairs provocative of tears. This is the more remarkable in a man of his habitual reverence for the past, in one who judged oftener by the history than by the nature of man.

Times will come when men shall look to that vacant seat. But the thunder is silent, the lightning gone; other men must take his place and fill it as they can. Let us not mourn that he has gone from us; let us remember what was evil in him, but only to be warned of ambition, of party strife, to love more that large charity which forgives an enemy, and, through good and ill, contends for mankind. Let us be thankful for the good he has said and done, be guided by it and

blessed. There is a certain affluence of intellectual power granted to some men, which provokes admiration for a time, let the man of myriad gifts use his talent as he may. Such merely cubic greatness of mind is matter of astonishment rather than a fit subject for esteem and praise. Of that, Mr. Adams had little, as so many of his contemporaries had more. In him what most commands respect is, his independence, his love of justice, of his country and his kind. No son of New England has been ever so distinguished in political life. But it is no great thing to be President of the United States; some men it only makes ridiculous. A worm on a steeple's top is nothing but a worm, no more able to fly than while creeping in congenial mud; a mountain needs no steeple to lift its head and show the world what is great and high. The world obeys its great men, stand where they may.

After all, this must be the greatest praise of Mr. Adams: in private he corrupted no man nor woman; as a politician he never debauched the public morals of his country, nor used public power for any private end; in public and private he lived clean and above board; he taught a fearless love of truth and the right, both by word and deed. I wish I could add, that was a small praise. But, as the times go, as our famous men are, it is a very great fame, and there are few competitors for such renown; I must leave him alone in that glory. Doubtless, as he looked back on his long career, his whole life, motives as well as actions, must have seemed covered with imperfections. I will seek no further to disclose his merits, or "draw his frailties from their dread abode."

He has passed on, where superior gifts and opportunities avail not, nor his long life, nor his high sta-

tion, nor his wide-spread fame; where enemies cease from troubling, and the flattering tongue also is still. Wealth, honor, fame, forsake him at the grave's mouth. It is only the living soul, sullied or clean, which the last angel bears off in his arms to that world where many that seem first shall be last, and the last first; but where justice shall be lovingly done to the great man full of power and wisdom who rules the state, and the feeblest slave whom oppression chains down in ignorance and vice — done by the all-seeing Father of both President and slave, who loves both with equal love. The venerable man is gone home. He shall have his praise. But who shall speak it worthily? Mean men and little, who shrank from him in life, who never shared what was manliest in the man, but mocked at his living nobleness, shall they come forward and with mealy mouths, to sing his requiem, forgetting that his eulogy is their own ban? Some will rejoice at his death; there is one man the less to fear, and they who trembled at his life may well be glad when the earth has covered up the son she bore. Strange men will meet with mutual solace at his tomb, wondering that their common foe is dead, and they are met! The Herods and Pilates of contending parties may be made friends above his grave, and clasping hands may fancy that their union is safer than before; but there will come a day after to-day! Let us leave him to his rest.

The slave has lost a champion who gained new ardor and new strength the longer he fought; America has lost a man who loved her with his heart; religion has lost a supporter; freedom an unfailing friend, and mankind a noble vindicator of our unalienable rights.

It is not long since he was here in our own streets;

three winter months have scantly flown: he set out for his toil — but went home to his rest. His labors are over. No man now threatens to assassinate; none to expel; none even to censure. The theatrical thunder of Congress, noisy but harmless, has ended as it ought, in honest tears. South Carolina need ask no more a halter for that one northern neck she could not bend nor break. The tears of his country are dropped upon his urn; the muse of history shall write thereon, in letters not to be effaced, THE ONE GREAT MAN SINCE WASHINGTON WHOM AMERICA HAD NO CAUSE TO FEAR.

To-day that venerable form lies in the capitol,— the disenchanted dust. All is silent. But his undying soul, could we deem it still hovering o'er its native soil, bound to take leave, yet lingering still, and loath to part, that would bid us love our country, love man, love justice, freedom, right, and above all, love God. To-morrow that venerable dust starts once more to join the dear presence of father and mother, to mingle his ashes with their ashes, as their lives once mingled, and their souls again. Let his native state communicate her last sad sacrament, and give him now, it is all she can, a little earth for charity.

But what shall we say as the dust returns?

"Where slavery's minions cower
Before the servile power,
He bore their ban;
And, like the aged oak,
That braved the lightning's stroke
When thunders round it broke,
Stood up a man.

"Nay, when they stormed aloud,
And round him like a cloud,
Came thick and black,—
He single-handed strove,

And, like Olympian Jove,
With his own thunder drove
The phalanx back.

"Not from the bloody field,
Borne on his battered shield,
By foes o'ercome; —
But from a sterner fight,
In the defense of Right,
Clothed with a conqueror's might,
We hail him home.

"His life in labors spent,
That 'Old man eloquent'
Now rests for ay; —
His dust the tomb may claim; —
His spirit's quenchless flame,
His 'venerable name,'
Pass not away."

VI

DANIEL WEBSTER

When Bossuet, who was himself the eagle of eloquence, preached the funeral discourse on Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry the Fourth of France, and wife of Charles the First of England, he had a task far easier than mine to-day. She was indeed the queen of misfortunes; the daughter of a king assassinated in his own capital, and the widow of a king judicially put to death in front of his own palace. Her married life was bounded by the murder of her royal sire, and the execution of her kingly spouse; and she died neglected, far from kith and kin. But for that great man, who in his youth was called, prophetically, a "Father of the Church," the sorrows of her birth and her estate made it easy to gather up the audience in his arms, to moisten the faces of men with tears, to show them the nothingness of mortal glory, and the beauty of eternal life. He led his hearers to his conclusion that day, as the mother lays the sobbing child in her bosom to still its grief.

To-day it is not so with me. Of all my public trials, this is my most trying day. Give me your sympathies, my friends; remember the difficulty of my position,— its delicacy too.

I am to speak of one of the most conspicuous men that New England ever bore,— conspicuous, not by accident, but by the nature of his mind,— one of her

ablest intellects. I am to speak of an eminent man, of great power, in a great office, one of the landmarks of politics, now laid low. He seemed so great that some men thought he was himself one of the institutions of America. I am to speak while his departure is yet but of yesterday; while the sombre flags still float in our streets. I am no party man; you know I am not. No party is responsible for me, nor I to any one. I am free to commend the good things of all parties,—their great and good men; free likewise to censure the evil of all parties. You will not ask me to say what only suits the public ear: there are a hundred to do that to-day. I do not follow opinion because popular. I cannot praise a man because he had great gifts, great station, and great opportunities; I cannot harshly censure a man for trivial mistakes. You will not ask me to flatter because others flatter; to condemn because the ruts of condemnation are so deep and so easy to travel in. It is unjust to be ungenerous, either in praise or blame: only the truth is beautiful in speech. It is not reverential to treat a great man like a spoiled child. Most of you are old enough to know that good and evil are both to be expected of each man. I hope you are all wise enough to discriminate between right and wrong.

Give me your sympathies. This I am sure of,— I shall be as tender in my judgment as a woman's love; I will try to be as fair as the justice of a man. I shall tax your time beyond even my usual wont, for I cannot crush Olympus into a nut. Be not alarmed: if I tax your time the more, I shall tire your patience less. Such a day as this will never come again to you or me. There is no Daniel Webster left to die, and nature will not soon give us another such as he.

I will take care by my speech that you sit easy on your bench. The theme will assure it that you remember what I say.

A great man is the blossom of the world; the individual and prophetic flower, parent of seeds that will be men. This is the greatest work of God; far transcending earth, and moon, and sun, and all the material magnificence of the universe. It is "a little lower than the angels," and, like the aloe-tree, it blooms but once an age. So we should value, love, and cherish it the more. America has not many great men living now,— scarce one: there have been few in her history. Fertile in multitudes, she is stingy in greatness,— her works mainly achieved by large bodies of but common men. At this day the world has not many natural masters. There is a dearth of great men. England is no better off than we her child. Sir Robert Peel has for years been dead. Wellington's soul has gone home, and left his body awaiting burial. In France, Germany, Italy, and Russia, few great characters appear. The Revolution of 1848, which found everything else, failed because it found not them. A sad Hungarian weeps over the hidden crown of Maria Theresa; a sadder countenance drops a tear for the nation of Dante, and the soil of Virgil and Cæsar, Lucretius and Cicero.[1] To me these two seem the greatest men of Europe now. There are great chemists, great geologists, great philologians; but of great men, Christendom has not many. From the highest places of politics greatness recedes, and in all Europe no kingly intellect now throbs beneath a royal crown. Even Nicholas of Russia is only tall, not great.

But here let us pause a moment, and see what great-

ness is, looking at the progressive formation of the idea of a great man.

In general, greatness is eminence of ability; so there are as many different forms thereof as there are qualities wherein a man may be eminent. These various forms of greatness should be distinctly marked, that, when we say a man is great, we may know exactly what we mean.

In the rudest ages, when the body is man's only tool for work or war, eminent strength of body is the thing most coveted. Then, and so long as human affairs are controlled by brute force, the giant is thought to be the great man,— is had in honor for his eminent brute strength.

When men have a little outgrown that period of force, cunning is the quality most prized. The nimble brain outwits the heavy arm, and brings the circumvented giant to the ground. He who can overreach his antagonist, plotting more subtly, winning with more deceitful skill; who can turn and double on his unseen track, can "smile and smile, and be a villain," — he is the great man.

Brute force is merely animal; cunning is the animalism of the intellect,— the mind's least intellectual element. As men go on in their development, finding qualities more valuable than the strength of the lion or the subtlety of the fox, they come to value higher intellectual faculties,— great understanding, great imagination, great reason. Power to think is, then, the faculty men value most; ability to devise means for attaining ends desired; the power to originate ideas, to express them in speech, to organize them into institutions; to organize things into a machine, men into an army, or a state, or a gang of operatives; to adminis-

ter these various organizations. He who is eminent in this ability is thought the great man.

But there are qualities nobler than the mere intellect, the moral, the affectional, the religious faculties, — the power of justice, of love, of holiness, of trust in God, and of obedience to his law,— the eternal right. These are the highest qualities of man: whoso is most eminent therein is the greatest of great men. He is as much above the merely intellectual great men, as they above the men of mere cunning or of force.

Thus, then, we have four different kinds of greatness. Let me name them bodily greatness, crafty greatness, intellectual greatness, religious greatness. Men in different degrees of development will value the different kinds of greatness. Belial cannot yet honor Christ. How can the little girl appreciate Aristotle and Kant? The child thinks as a child. You must have manhood in you to honor it in others, even to see it.

Yet how we love to honor men eminent in such modes of greatness as we can understand! Indeed, we must do so. Soon as we really see a real great man, his magnetism draws us, will we or no. Do any of you remember when, for the first time in adult years, you stood beside the ocean, or some great mountain of New Hampshire, or Virginia, or Pennsylvania, or the mighty mounts that rise in Switzerland? Do you remember what emotions came upon you at the awful presence? But if you are confronted by a man of vast genius, of colossal history and achievements, immense personal power of wisdom, justice, philanthropy, religion, of mighty power of will and mighty act; if you feel him as you feel the mountain

and the sea, what grander emotions spring up! It is like making the acquaintance of one of the elementary forces of the earth,— like associating with gravitation itself! The stiffest neck bends over: down go the democratic knees; human nature is loyal then! A New England shipmaster, wrecked on an island in the Indian Sea, was seized by his conquerors and made their chief. Their captive became their king. After years of rule, he managed to escape. When he once more visited his former realm, he found that the savage had carried him to heaven, and worshipped him as a god greater than their fancied deities: he had revolutionized divinity, and was himself enthroned as a god. Why so? In intellectual qualities, in religious qualities, he was superior to their idea of God, and so they worshipped him. Thus loyal is human nature to its great men.

Talk of democracy!— we are all looking for a master; a man manlier than we. We are always looking for a great man to solve the difficulty too hard for us, to break the rock which lies in our way,— to represent the possibility of human nature as an ideal, and then to realize that ideal in his life. Little boys in the country, working against time, with stints to do, long for the passing-by of some tall brother, who in a few minutes shall achieve what the smaller boy took hours to do. And we are all of us but little boys, looking for some great brother to come and help us end our tasks.

But it is not quite so easy to recognize the greatest kind of greatness. A Nootka-Sound Indian would not see much in Leibnitz, Newton, Socrates, or Dante; and if a great man were to come as much before us as we are before the Nootka-Sounders, what should we

say of him? Why, the worst names we could devise, blasphemer, hypocrite, infidel, atheist. Perhaps we should dig up the old cross, and make a new martyr of the man posterity will worship as a deity. It is the men who are up that see the rising sun, not the sluggards. It takes greatness to see greatness, and know it at the first; I mean to see greatness of the highest kind. Bulk anybody can see; bulk of body or mind. The loftiest form of greatness is never popular in its time. Men cannot understand or receive it. Guinea negroes would think a juggler a greater man than Franklin. What would be thought of Martin Luther at Rome, of Washington at St. Petersburg, of Fenelon among the Sacs and Foxes? Herod and Pilate were popular in their day,— men of property and standing. They got nominations and honor enough. Jesus of Nazareth got no nomination, got a cross between two thieves, was crowned with thorns, and, when he died, eleven Galileans gathered together to lament their Lord! Any man can measure a walking-stick,— so many hands long, and so many nails beside; but it takes a mountain-intellect to measure the Andes and Altai.

Now and then God creates a mighty man, who greatly influences mankind. Sometimes he reaches far on into other ages. Such a man, if he be of the greatest, will by and by unite in himself the four chief forces of society,— business, politics, literature, and the Church. Himself a stronger force than all of these, he will at last control the commercial, political, literary, and ecclesiastical action of mankind. But just as he is greater than other men, in the highest mode of greatness, will he at first be opposed, and hated too. The tall house in the street darkens the grocer's window

opposite, and he must strike his light sooner than before. The inferior great man does not understand the man of superior modes of eminence. Sullenly the full moon at morning pales her ineffectual light before the rising day. In the Greek fable, jealous Saturn devours the new gods whom he feared, foreseeing the day when the Olympian dynasty would turn him out of heaven. To the natural man the excellence of the spiritual is only foolishness. What do you suppose the best educated Pharisees in Jerusalem thought of Jesus? They thought him an infidel: "He blasphemeth." They called him crazy: "He hath a devil." They mocked at the daily beauty of his holiness: he had "broken the Sabbath." They reviled at his philanthropy: it was "eating with publicans and sinners."

Human nature loves to reverence great men, and often honors many a little one under the mistake that he is great. See how nations honor the greatest great men,— Moses, Zoroaster, Socrates, Jesus,— that loftiest of men! But by how many false men have we been deceived,— men whose light leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind! If a preacher is a thousand years before you and me, we cannot understand him. If only a hundred years of thought shall separate us, there is a great gulf between the two, whereover neither Dives nor Abraham, nor yet Moses himself, can pass. It is a false great man often who gets possession of the pulpit, with his lesson for to-day, which is no lesson; and a false great man who gets a throne, with his lesson for to-day, which is also no lesson. Men great in little things are sure of their pay. It is all ready, subject to their order.

A little man is often mistaken for a great one. The possession of office, of accidental renown, of imposing

qualities, of brilliant eloquence, often dazzles the beholder; and he reverences a show.

How much a great man of the highest kind can do for us, and how easy! It is not harder for a cloud to thunder, than for a chestnut in a farmer's fire to snap. Dull Mr. Jingle urges along his restive, hard-mouthed donkey, besmutched with mire, and wealed with many a stripe, amid the laughter of the boys; while, by his proper motion, swanlike Milton flies before the faces of mankind, which are new lit with admiration at the poet's rising flight, his garlands and singing robes about him, till the aspiring glory transcends the sight, yet leaves its track of beauty trailed across the sky.

Intellect and conscience are conversant with ideas,—with absolute truth and absolute right, as the norm of conduct. But with most men the affections are developed in advance of the intellect and the conscience; and the affections want a person. In his actions a man of great intellect embodies a principle, good or bad; and by the affections men accept the great intellectual man, bad or good, and with him the principle he has got.

As the affections are so large in us, how delightful is it for us to see a great man, honor him, love him, reverence him, trust him! Crowds of men come to look upon a hero's face, who are all careless of his actions and heedless of his thought; they know not his what, nor his whence, nor his whither; his person passes for reason, justice, and religion.

They say that women have the most of this affection, and so are most attachable, most swayed by persons,—least by ideas. Woman's mind and conscience, and her soul, they say, are easily crushed into her all-embracing heart; and truth, justice, and holiness are trodden

underfoot by her affection, rushing towards its object. "What folly!" say men. But, when a man of large intellect comes, he is wont to make women of us all, and take us by the heart. Each great intellectual man, if let alone, will have an influence in proportion to his strength of mind and will,— the good great man, the bad great man; for as each particle of matter has an attractive force, which affects all other matter, so each particle of mind has an attractive force, which draws all other mind.

How pleasant it is to love and reverence! To idle men how much more delightful is it than to criticize a man, take him to pieces, weighing each part, and considering every service done or promised, and then decide! Men are continually led astray by misplaced reverence. Shall we be governed by the mere instinct of veneration, uncovering to every man who demands our obeisance? Man is to rule himself, and not be overmastered by any instinct subordinating the whole to a special part. We ought to know if what we follow be real greatness or seeming greatness; and of the real greatness, of what kind it is,— eminent cunning, eminent intellect, or eminence of religion. For men ought not to gravitate passively, drawn by the bulk of bigness, but consciously and freely to follow eminent wisdom, justice, love, and faith in God. Hence it becomes exceedingly important to study the character of all eminent men; for they represent great social forces for good or ill.

It is true, great men ought to be tried by their peers. But "a cat may look upon a king," and, if she is to enter his service, will do well to look before she leaps. It is dastardly in a democrat to take a master with less scrutiny than he would buy an ox.

Merchants watch the markets: they know what ship brings corn, what hemp, what coal; how much cotton there is at New York or New Orleans; how much gold in the banks. They learn these things, because they live by the market, and seek to get money by their trade. Politicians watch the turn of the people and the coming vote, because they live by the ballot-box, and wish to get honor and office by their skill. So a minister, who would guide men to wisdom, justice, love, and piety, to human welfare,— he must watch the great men, and know what quantity of truth, of justice, of love, and of faith there is in Calhoun, Webster, Clay; because he is to live by the word of God, and only asks, "Thy kingdom come!"

What a great power is a man of large intellect! Aristotle rode on the neck of science for two thousand years, till Bacon, charging down from the vantage-ground of twenty centuries, with giant spear unhorsed the Stagyrite, and mounted there himself; himself in turn to be unhorsed. What a profound influence had Frederick in Germany for half a century! What an influence Sir Robert Peel and Wellington have had in England for the last twenty or thirty years! — Napoleon in Europe for the last fifty years! Jefferson yet leads the democracy of the United States; the cold hand of Hamilton still consolidates the several states. Dead men of great intellect speak from the pulpit. Law is of mortmain.

In America it is above all things necessary to study the men of eminent mind, even the men of eminent station; for their power is greater here than elsewhere in Christendom. Money is our only material, greatness our only personal nobility. In England, the influence of powerful men is checked by the great families, the

great classes, with their ancestral privileges consolidated into institutions, and the hereditary crown. Here we have no such families; historical men are not from or for such; seldom had historic fathers; seldom leave historic sons.

Tempus ferax hominum, edax hominum.

Fruitful of men is time; voracious also of men.

Even while the individual family continues rich, political unity does not remain in its members, if numerous, more than a single generation. Nay, it is only in families of remarkable stupidity that it lasts a single age.

In this country the swift decay of powerful families is a remarkable fact. Nature produces only individuals, not classes. It is a wonder how many famous Americans leave no children at all. Hancock, and Samuel Adams, Washington, Madison, Jackson — each was a childless flower that broke off the top of the family tree, which after them dwindled down, and at length died out. It has been so with European stocks of eminent stature. Bacon, Shakespeare, Leibnitz, Newton, Descartes, and Kant died and left no sign. With strange self-complaisance said the first of these, "Great benefactors have been childless men." [2] Here and there an American family continues to bear famous fruit, generation after generation. A single New England tree, rooted far off in the marches of Wales, is yet green with life, though it has twice blossomed with Presidents.[3] But in general if the great American leave sons, the wonder is what becomes of them, — so little, they are lost,— a single needle from the American pine, to strew the forest floor amid the other litter of the woods.

No great families here hold great men in check.

There is no permanently powerful class. The mechanic is father of the merchant, who will again be the grandsire of mechanics. In thirty years, half the wealth of Boston will be in the hands of men now poor; and, where power of money is of yesterday, it is no great check to any man of large intellect, industry, and will. Here is no hereditary office. So the personal power of a great mind, for good or evil, is free from that threefold check it meets in other lands, and becomes of immense importance.

Our nation is a great committee of the whole; our state is a provisional government, riches our only heritable good, greatness our only personal nobility; office is elective. To the ambition of a great bad man, or the philanthropy of a great good man, there is no check but the power of money or numbers; no check from great families, great classes, or hereditary privileges. If our man of large intellect runs uphill, there is nothing to check him but the inertia of mankind; if he runs down hill, that also is on his side.

With us the great mind is amenable to no conventional standard measure, as in England or Europe,— only to public opinion. And that public opinion is controlled by money and numbers; for these are the two factors of the American product, the multiplier and the multiplicand,— millions of money, millions of men.

A great mind is like an elephant in the line of ancient battle,— the best ally if you can keep him in the ranks, fronting the right way; but, if he turn about, he is the fatalest foe, and treads his master underneath his feet. Great minds have a trick of turning round.

Taking all these things into consideration, you see how important it is to scrutinize all the great men,— to know their quantity and quality,— before we allow

them to take our heart. To do this is to measure one of the most powerful popular forces for guiding the present and shaping the future. Every office is to be filled by the people's vote,— that of public president and private cook. Franklin introduced new philanthropy to the law of nations. Washington changed men's ideas of political greatness. If Napoleon the Present goes unwhipped of Justice, he will change those ideas again; not for the world, but for the salons of Paris, for its journals and its mob.

How different are conspicuous men to different eyes! The city corporation of Toulouse has just addressed this petition to Napoleon: —

"Monseigneur,— The government of the world by Providence is the most perfect. France and Europe style you the elect of God for the accomplishment of his designs. It belongs to no Constitution whatever to assign a term for the divine mission with which you are intrusted. Inspire yourself with this thought, — to restore to the country those tutelar institutions, which form the stability of power and the dignity of nations."

That is a prayer addressed to the Prince President of France, whose private vices are equaled only by his public sins. How different he looks to different men! To me he is Napoleon the Little; to the mayor and aldermen of Toulouse he is the Elect of God, with irresponsible power to rule as long and as badly as likes him best. Well said Sir Philip Sidney, "Spite of the ancients, there is not a piece of wood in the world out of which a Mercury may not be made."

It is this importance of great men which has led me to speak of them so often; not only of men great by nature, but great by position or money or office, or by reputation; men substantially great, and men great by accident. Hence I spoke of Dr. Channing, whose

word went like morning over the continents. Hence I spoke of John Quincy Adams, and did not fear to point out every error I thought I discovered in the great man's track, which ended so proudly in the right; and I did homage to all the excellence I found, though it was the most unpopular excellence. Hence I spoke of General Taylor; yes, even of General Harrison, a very ordinary man, but available, and accidentally in a great station.

You see why this ought to be done. We are a young nation; a great man easily gives us the impression of his hand; we shall harden in the fire of centuries, and keep the mark. Stamp a letter on Chaldean clay, and how very frail it seems! but burn that clay in the fire,— and, though Nineveh shall perish, and Babylon become a heap of ruins, that brick keeps the arrow-headed letter to this day. As with bricks, so with nations.

Ere long, these three and twenty millions will become a hundred millions; then perhaps a thousand millions, spread over all the continent, from the Arctic to the Antarctic Sea. It is a good thing to start with men of great religion for our guides. The difference between a Moses and a Maximian will be felt by many millions of men, and for many an age, after death has effaced both from the earth. The dead hand of Moses yet circumcises every Hebrew boy; that of mediæval doctors of divinity still clutches the clergyman by the throat; the dead barons of Runnymede even now keep watch, and vindicate for us all a trial by the law of the land, administered by our peers.

A man of eminent abilities may do one of two things in influencing men. Either he may extend himself at right angles with the axis of the human march, lateral-

ize himself, spreading widely, and have a great power in his own age, putting his opinion into men's heads, his will into their action, and yet never reach far onward into the future. In America he will gain power in his time, by having the common sentiments and ideas, and an extraordinary power to express and show their value; great power of comprehension, of statement, and of will. Such a man differs from others in quantity, not quality. Where all men have considerable, he has a great deal. His power may be represented by two parallel lines, the one beginning where his influence begins, the other where his influence ends. His power will be measured by the length of the lines laterally, and the distance betwixt the parallels. That is one thing.

Or a great man may extend himself forward, in the line of the human march, himself a prolongation of the axis of mankind: not reaching far sideways in his own time, he reaches forward immensely, his influence widening as it goes. He will do this by superiority in sentiments, ideas, and actions; by eminence of justice and of affection; by eminence of religion: he will differ in quality as well as quantity, and have much where the crowd has nothing at all. His power also may be represented by two lines, both beginning at his birth, pointing forwards, diverging from a point, reaching far into the future, widening as they extend, comprehending time by their stretch, and space by their spread. Jesus of Nazareth was of this class: he spread laterally in his lifetime, and took in twelve Galilean peasants and a few obscure women; now his diverging lines reach over two thousand years in their stretch, and contain two hundred and sixty millions of men within their spread.

So much, my friends, and so long, as preface to this estimate of a great man.

Daniel Webster was a man of eminent abilities: for many years the favored son of New England. He was seventy years old; nearly forty years in the councils of the nation; held high office in times of peril and doubt; had a commanding eloquence — there were two million readers for every speech he spoke; and for the last two years he has had a vast influence on the opinion of the North. He has done service; spoke noble words that will endure so long as English lasts. He has largely held the nation's eye. His public office made his personal character conspicuous. Great men have no privacy; their bed and their board are both spread in front of the sun, and their private character is a public force. Let us see what he did, and what he was; what is the result for the present, what for the future.

Daniel Webster was born at Salisbury, N. H., on the borders of civilization, on the 18th of January, 1782. He was the son of Captain Ebenezer and Abigail (Eastman) Webster.

The mother of Captain Webster was a Miss Bachelder, of Hampton, where Thomas Webster, the American founder of the family, settled in 1636. She was descended from the Rev. Stephen Bachiller,[4] formerly of Lynn in Massachusetts, a noted man in his time, unjustly, or otherwise, driven out of the colony by the Puritans. Ebenezer Webster, in his early days, lived as "boy" in the service of Colonel Ebenezer Stevens, of Kingston, from whom he received a "lot of land" in Stevenstown, now Salisbury. In 1764 Mr. Webster built himself a log cabin on the premises, and lighted his fire. His land "lapped on" to the wilderness; no

New Englander living so near the north star, it is said. The family was anything but rich, living first in a log cabin, then in a frame house, and some time keeping tavern.

The father was a soldier in the French War, and in the Revolution; a great, brave, big, brawny man; "high-breasted and broad-shouldered;" "with heavy eyebrows," and "a heart which he seemed to have borrowed from a lion;" "a dark man," so black that "you could not tell when his face was covered with gunpowder;" six feet high, and both in look and manners "uncommon rough." He was a shifty man of many functions,— a farmer, a saw-miller, "something of a blacksmith," a captain in the early part of the Revolutionary War, a colonel of militia, representative and senator in the New Hampshire Legislature, and finally judge of the Court of Common Pleas; yet he "never saw the inside of a schoolhouse." In his early married life, food sometimes failed on the rough farm: then the stout man and his neighbors took to the woods, and brought home many a fat buck in their day.

The mother, one of the "black Eastmans," was a quite superior woman. It is often so. When virtue leaps high in the public fountain, you seek for the lofty spring of nobleness, and find it far off in the dear breast of some mother, who melted the snows of winter, and condensed the summer's dew into fair, sweet humanity, which now gladdens the face of man in all the city streets. Bulk is bearded and masculine; niceness is of woman's gendering.

Daniel Webster was fortunate in the outward circumstances of his birth and breeding. He came from that class in society whence almost all the great men of America have come,— the two Adamses, Washing-

ton, Hancock, Jefferson, Jackson, Clay, and almost every living notable of our time. New Hampshire herself has furnished a large number of self-reliant and able-headed men, who have fought their way in the world with their own fist, and won eminent stations at the last. The little, rough state breeds professors and senators, merchants and hardy lawyers, in singular profusion. Our Hercules was also cradled on the ground. When he visited the West, a few years ago, an emigrant from New Hampshire met him in Ohio, recognized him, and asked, "Is this the son of Captain Webster?" "It is, indeed," said the great man. "What!" said he, "is this the little black Dan that used to water the horses?" And the great Daniel Webster said, "It is the little black Dan that used to water the horses." He was proud of his history. If a man finds the way alone, should he not be proud of having found the way, and got out of the woods?

He had small opportunities for academical education. The schoolmaster was "abroad" in New Hampshire; and was seldom at home in Salisbury. Only two or three months in the year was there a school; often only a movable school, that ark of the Lord, shifting from place to place. Sometimes it was two or three miles from Captain Webster's. Once it was stationary in a log house. Thither went Daniel Webster, "carrying his dinner in a tin pail," a brave, bright boy. "The child is father of the man." The common school of America is the cradle of all her greatness. How many Presidents has she therein rocked to vigorous manhood! But Mr. Webster's school time was much interrupted: there were "chores to be done" at home,—the saw-mill to be tended in winter; in summer Daniel "must ride the horse to plough;" and in planting-

time, and hay-time, and harvest, have many a day stolen from his scanty seed-time of learning. In his father's tavern-barn, the future Secretary gave a rough currying, "after the fashion of the times," to the sorry horse of many a traveler, and in the yard of the inn yoked the oxen of many a New Hampshire teamster.

"Cast the bantling on the rocks."

When fourteen years old, he went to Phillips Academy at Exeter for a few months,[5] riding thither on the same horse with his father; then to study with Rev. Mr. Wood at Boscawen, paying a "dollar a week" for the food of the body and the food of the mind. In the warm weather "Daniel went barefoot, and wore tow trousers and a tow shirt, his only garments at that season," spun, woven, and made up by his diligent mother. "He helped do the things" about Mr. Wood's barn and woodpile, and so diminished the pecuniary burden of his father. But Mr. Wood had small Latin and less Greek, and only taught what he knew. Daniel was an ambitious boy and apt to learn. Men wonder that some men can do so much with so little outward furniture. The wonder is the other way. He was more college than the college itself, and had a university in his head. It takes time, and the sweat of oxen, and the shouting of drivers, goading and whipping, to get a cart-load of cider to the top of Mount Washington; but the eagle flies there on his own wide wings, and asks no help. Daniel Webster had little academic furniture to help him. He had the mountains of New Hampshire, and his own great mountain of a head. Was that a bad outfit? No millionaire can buy it for a booby son.

There was a British sailor, with a wife but no child,

an old "man-of-war's-man," living hard by Captain Webster's, fond of fishing and hunting, of hearing the newspapers read, and of telling his stories to all comers. He had considerable influence on the young boy, and never wore out of his memory.

There was a small social library at Salisbury, whence a bright boy could easily draw the water of life for his intellect; at home was the Farmer's Almanac, with its riddles and "poetry," Watts's Hymns and the Bible, the inseparable companion of the New England man. Daniel was fond of poetry, and, before he was ten years old, knew dear old Isaac Watts all by heart. He thought all books were to be got by heart. I said he loved to learn. One day his father said to him, "I shall send you to college, Daniel;" and Daniel laid his head on his father's shoulder, and wept right out. In reading and spelling he surpassed his teacher; but his hard hands did not take kindly to writing, and the schoolmaster told him his fingers were "destined to the plough-tail."

He was not a strong boy, was "a crying baby" that worried his mother; but a neighbor "prophesied," "You will take great comfort in him one day!" As he grew up he was "the slimmest of the family," a farmer's youngest boy, and "not good for much." He did not love work. It was these peculiarities which decided Captain Webster to send Daniel to college.

The time came for him to go to college. His father once carried him to Dartmouth in a wagon. On the way thither, they passed a spot which Captain Webster remembered right well. "Once when you were a little baby," said he, "in the winter we were out of provisions, I went into the woods with the gun to find something to eat. In that spot yonder, then all covered

with woods, I found a herd of deer. The snow was very deep, and they had made themselves a pen, and were crowded together in great numbers. As they could not get out, I took my choice, and picked out a fine, fat stag. I walked round and looked at him, with my knife in my hand. As I looked the noble fellow in the face, the great tears rolled down his cheeks, and I could not touch him. But I thought of you, Daniel, and your mother, and the rest of the little ones, and carried home the deer."

He can hardly be said to have "entered college:" he only "broke in," so slenderly was he furnished with elementary knowledge. This deficiency of elementary instruction in the classic tongues and in mathematics was a sad misfortune in his later life which he never outgrew.

At college, like so many other New Hampshire boys, he "paid his own way," keeping school in the vacation. One year he paid his board by "doing the literature" for a weekly newspaper. He graduated at Dartmouth in his twentieth year, largely distinguished for power as a writer and speaker, though not much honored by the college authorities; so he scorned his degree; and, when the faculty gave him their diploma, he tore it to pieces in the college yard, in presence of some of his mates, it is said, and trod it under foot.[6]

When he graduated, he was apparently of a feeble constitution, "long, slender, pale, and all eyes," with "teeth as white as a hound's;" thick, black hair clustered about his ample forehead. At first he designed to study theology, but his father's better judgment overruled the thought.

After graduating, he continued to fight for his education, studying law with one hand, keeping school

with the other, and yet finding a third hand — this Yankee Briareus — to serve as Register of Deeds. This he did at Fryeburg in Maine, borrowing a copy of Blackstone's Commentaries, which he was too poor to buy. In a long winter evening, by copying two deeds, he could earn fifty cents. He used his money, thus severely earned, to help his older brother, Ezekiel, "Black Zeke," as he was called, to college. Both were "heinously unprovided."

Then he came to Boston, with no letters of introduction, raw, awkward, and shabby in his dress, with cowhide shoes, blue yarn stockings, "coarsely ribbed," his rough trousers ceasing a long distance above his feet. He sought admittance as a clerk to more than one office before he found a place; an eminent lawyer, rudely turning him off, "would not have such a fellow in the office!" Mr. Gore, a man of large reputation, took in the unprotected youth, who "came to work, not to play." Here he struggled with poverty and the law. Ezekiel, not yet graduated, came also and took a school in Short street. Daniel helped his brother in the school. Edward Everett was one of the pupils, a "marvelous boy," with no equal, it was thought, in all New England, making the promise scholarly he has since fulfilled.

Mr. Webster was admitted to the bar in 1805, with a prophecy of eminence from Mr. Gore,— a prophecy which might easily be made: such a head was its own fortune teller. His legal studies over, refusing a lucrative office, he settled down as a lawyer at Boscawen, in New Hampshire. Thence went to Portsmouth in 1807, a lawyer of large talents, getting rapidly into practice; "known all over the State of New Hampshire," known also in Massachusetts. He attended to

literature, wrote papers in the "Monthly Anthology," a periodical published in the "Athens of America"— so Boston was then called. He printed a rhymed version of some of the odes of Horace, and wrote largely for the "Portsmouth Oracle."

In 1808 he married Miss Grace Fletcher, an attractive and beautiful woman, one year older than himself, the daughter of the worthy minister of Hopkinton, N. H. By this marriage he was the father of two daughters and two sons. But, alas for him; this amiable and beloved woman ceased to be mortal in 1828.

In 1812, when thirty years of age, he was elected to Congress,— to the House of Representatives. In 1814 his house was burned,— a great loss to the young man, never thrifty, and then struggling for an estate. He determined to quit New Hampshire, and seek a place in some more congenial spot. New Hampshire breeds great lawyers, but not great fortunes. He hesitated for a while between Boston and Albany. He doubted, so he wrote to a friend, if he could make a living in Boston. But he concluded to try; and in 1816 he removed to Boston, in the state which had required his ancestor, Rev. Stephen Bachiller, "to forbare exercising his gifts as a pastor or teacher publiquely in the Pattent," "for his contempt of authority, and till some scandles be removed."

In 1820, then thirty-eight years old, he is a member of the Massachusetts Convention, and is one of the leading members there; provoking the jealousy, but at the same time distancing the rivalry, of young men Boston born and Cambridge bred. His light, taken from under the New Hampshire bushel at Portsmouth, could not be hid in Boston. It gives light to all that enter the house. In 1822 he was elected to Congress

from Boston; in 1827, to the Senate of the United States. In 1841 he was Secretary of State; again a private citizen in 1843; in the Senate in 1845, and Secretary of State in 1850, where he continued, until, "on the 24th of October, 1852, all that was mortal of Daniel Webster was no more!"

He was ten days in the General Court of Massachusetts; a few weeks in her Convention; eight years representative in Congress; nineteen, senator; five, Secretary of State. Such is a condensed map of his outward history.

Look next at the headlands of his life. Here I shall speak of his deeds and words as a citizen and public officer.

He was a great lawyer, engaged in many of the most important cases during the last forty years; but, in the briefness of a sermon, I must pass by his labors in the law.[7]

I know that much of his present reputation depends on his achievements as a lawyer; as an "expounder of the Constitution." Unfortunately, it is not possible for me to say how much credit belongs to Mr. Webster for his constitutional arguments, and how much to the late Judge Story. The publication of the correspondence between these gentlemen will perhaps help settle the matter; but still much exact legal information was often given by word of mouth, during personal interviews, and that must for ever remain hidden from all but him who gave and him who took. However, from 1816 to 1842 Mr. Webster was in the habit of drawing from that deep and copious well of legal knowledge, whenever his own bucket was dry. Mr. Justice Story was the Jupiter Pluvius from whom Mr. Webster often sought to elicit peculiar thunder for his

speeches, and private rain for his own public tanks of law. The statesman got the lawyer to draft bills, to make suggestions, to furnish facts, precedents, law, and ideas. He went on this aquilician business, asking aid, now in a "bankruptcy bill" in 1816 and 1825; then in questions of law of nations in 1827; next in matters of criminal law in 1830; then of constitutional law in 1832; then in relation to the Northeastern boundary in 1838; in matters of international law again, in his negotiations with Lord Ashburton, in 1842. "You can do more for me than all the rest of the world," wrote the Secretary of State, April 9th, 1842, "because you can give me the lights I most want; and if you furnish them, I shall be confident that they will be true lights. I shall trouble you greatly the next three months." And again, July 16th, 1842, he writes, "Nobody but yourself can do this." But, alas! in his later years the beneficiary sought to conceal the source of his supplies. Jupiter Pluvius had himself been summoned before the court of the higher law.[8]

Much of Mr. Webster's fame as a constitutional lawyer rests on his celebrated argument in the Dartmouth College case. But it is easy to see that the facts, the law, the precedents, the ideas, and the conclusions of that argument, had almost all of them been presented by Messrs. Mason and Smith in the previous trial of the case.[9]

Let me speak of the public acts of Mr. Webster in his capacity as a private citizen. Here I shall speak of him chiefly as a public orator.

Two juvenile orations of his are still preserved, delivered while he was yet a lad in college. One is a

Fourth-of-July oration,— a performance good enough for a lad of eighteen, but hardly indicating the talents of its author. The sentiments probably belong to the neighborhood, and the diction to the authorities of the college: —

"Fair Science, too, holds her gentle empire amongst us, and almost innumerable altars are raised to her divinity from Brunswick to Florida. Yale, Providence, and Harvard now grace our land; and Dartmouth, towering majestic above the groves which encircle her, now inscribes her glory on the registers of fame! Oxford and Cambridge, those oriental stars of literature, shall now be lost, while the bright sun of American Science displays his broad circumference in uneclipsed radiance."— p. 10.

Here is an opinion which he seems to have entertained at the end of his life. He speaks of the formation of the Constitution: —

"We then saw the people of these States engaged in a transaction which is undoubtedly the greatest approximation towards human perfection the political world ever yet experienced; and which will perhaps for ever stand, in the history of mankind, without a parallel."—pp. 8, 9.

In 1806 he delivered another Fourth-of-July address at Concord, N. H., containing many noble and generous opinions: —

"Patriotism," said he, "hath a source of consolation that cheers the heart in these unhappy times, when good men are rendered odious, and bad men popular; when great men are made little, and little men are made great. A genuine patriot, above the reach of personal considerations, with his eye and his heart on the honor and the happiness of his country, is a character as easy and as satisfactory to himself as venerable in the eyes of the world. While his country enjoys freedom and peace, he will rejoice and be thankful; and, if it be in the councils of Heaven to send the storm and the tempest, he meets the tumult of the political elements with composure and dignity. Above fear, above danger, above reproach, he feels that the last end which can happen to any man never comes too soon, if he fall in defense of the law and the liberty of his country."—p. 21.

In 1812 he delivered a third Fourth-of-July address at Portsmouth. The political storm is felt in the little harbor of Portsmouth, and the speaker swells with the tumult of the sea. He is hostile to France; averse to the war with England, then waging, yet ready to fight and pay taxes for it. He wants a navy. He comes "to take counsel of the dead," with whom he finds an "infallible criterion." But, alas! "dead men tell no tales," and give no counsel. There was then no witch at Portsmouth to bring up Washington quickly.

His subsequent deference to the money power begins to appear: "The Federal Constitution was adopted for no single reason so much as for the protection of commerce." "Commerce has paid the price of independence." It has been committed to the care of the general Government, but "not as a convict to the safe-keeping of a jailor," "not for close confinement." He wants a navy to protect it. Such were the opinions of Federalists around him.

But these speeches of his youth and early manhood were but commonplace productions. In his capacity as public orator, in the vigorous period of his faculties, he made three celebrated speeches, not at all political,— at Plymouth Rock, to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of New England's birth; at Bunker Hill, in memory of the chief battle of New England; and at Faneuil Hall, to honor the two great men who died when the nation was fifty years old, and they fourscore. Each of these orations was a great and noble effort of patriotic eloquence.

Standing on Plymouth Rock, with the graves of the forefathers around him, how proudly could he say: —

"Our ancestors established their government on morality and religious sentiment. Moral habits, they believed, cannot safely

be trusted on any other foundation than religious principle, nor any government be secure which is not supported by moral habits. Living under the heavenly light of revelation, they hoped to find all the social dispositions, all the duties which men owe to each other and to society, enforced and performed. Whatever makes men good Christians makes them good citizens. Our fathers came here to enjoy their religion free and unmolested; and, at the end of two centuries, there is nothing upon which we can pronounce more confidently, nothing of which we can express a more deep and earnest conviction, than of the inestimable importance of that religion to man, both in regard to this life and that which is to come."

At Bunker Hill there were before him the men of the Revolution,— venerable men who drew swords at Lexington and Concord, and faced the fight in many a fray. There was the French nobleman,— would to God that France had many such to-day! — who periled his fortune, life, and reputation, for freedom in America, and never sheathed the sword he drew at Yorktown till France also was a republic,— Lafayette was there; the Lafayette of two revolutions; the Lafayette of Yorktown and Olmutz. How well could he say: —

"Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration for ever!"

On another occasion, he stood at the grave of two great men, who, in the time that tried men's souls, were of the earliest to peril "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor,"— men who, having been one in the Declaration of Independence, were again made one in death; for then the people returned to the cradle wherein the elder Adams and Hancock had rocked

Liberty when young; and Webster chanted the psalm of commemoration to Adams and Jefferson, who had helped that new-born child to walk. He brought before the living the mighty dead. In his words they fought their battles o'er again; we heard them resolve that, "sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish," they gave their hand and their heart for liberty; and Adams and Jefferson grew greater before the eyes of the people, as he brought them up, and showed the massive services of those men, and pointed out the huge structure of that human fabric which had gone to the grave: —

"Adams and Jefferson, I have said, are no more. As human beings, indeed, they are no more. They are no more, as in 1776, bold and fearless advocates of independence; no more, as at subsequent periods, the head of the government; no more, as we have recently seen them, aged and venerable objects of admiration and regard. They are no more. They are dead. But how little is there of the great and good which can die! To their country they yet live, and live for ever. They live in all that perpetuates the remembrance of men on earth; in the recorded proofs of their own great actions, in the offspring of their intellect, in the deep-engraved lines of public gratitude, and in the respect and homage of mankind. They live in their example; and they live, emphatically, and will live, in the influence which their lives and efforts, their principles and opinions, now exercise, and will continue to exercise, on the affairs of men, not only in their own country, but throughout the civilized world."

How loftily did he say: —

"If we cherish the virtues and the principles of our fathers, Heaven will assist us to carry on the work of human liberty and human happiness. Auspicious omens cheer us. Great examples are before us. Our own firmament now shines brightly upon our path. Washington is in the clear, upper sky. These other stars have now joined the American constellation. They circle round their center, and the heavens beam with new light. Beneath this illumination let us walk the course of life, and, at

its close, devoutly commend our beloved country, the common parent of us all, to the Divine Benignity."

As a political officer, I shall speak of him as a legislator and executor of the law, a maker and administrator of laws.

In November, 1812, Mr. Webster was chosen as Representative to the Thirteenth Congress. At that time the country was at war with Great Britain; and the well-known restraints still fettered the commerce of the country. The people were divided into two great parties,— the Federalists, who opposed the embargo and the war; and the Democrats, who favored both. Mr. Madison, then President, had been forced into the war, contrary to his own convictions of expediency and of right. The most bitter hatred prevailed between the two parties: "party politics were inexpressibly violent." An eminent lawyer of Salem, afterwards one of the most distinguished jurists in the world, a Democrat, was, on account of his political opinions, knocked down in the street, beaten, and forced to take shelter in the house of a friend, whither he fled, bleeding, and covered with the mud of the streets.[10] Political rancor invaded private life; it occupied the pulpit; it blinded men's eyes to a degree almost exceeding belief; were it not now again a fact, we should not believe it possible at a former time.

Mr. Webster was a Federalist, earnest and devoted, with the convictions of a Federalist, and the prejudices and the blindness of a Federalist; and, of course, hated by men who had the convictions of a Democrat, and the prejudices and blindness thereof. It is difficult to understand the wilfulness of thorough partisans. In New Hampshire the judges were Democrats; the Federalists, having a majority in the Legislature, wished

to be rid of them, and, for that purpose, abolished all the courts in the state, and appointed others in their place (1813). I mention this only to show the temper of the times.

There was no great principle of political morals on which the two parties differed, only on measures of expediency. The Federalists demanded freedom of the seas and protection for commerce; but they repeatedly, solemnly, and officially scorned to extend this protection to sailors. They justly complained of the embargo that kept their ships from the sea, but found little fault with the British for impressing sailors from American ships. The Democrats professed the greatest regard for "sailors' rights;" but, in 1814, the Government forbade its officers to grant protection to "colored sailors," though Massachusetts alone had more than a thousand able seamen of that class.[11] A leading Federal organ said,— "The Union is dear; commerce is still more dear." "The eastern states agreed to the Union for the sake of their commerce." [12]

With the Federalists there was a great veneration for England. Mr. Fisher Ames said,—"The immortal spirit of the wood-nymph Liberty dwells only in the British oak." "Our country," quoth he, "is too big for union, too sordid for patriotism, and too democratic for liberty." "England," said another, "is the bulwark of our religion," and the "shield of afflicted humanity." A Federalist newspaper at Boston censured Americans as "enemies of England and monarchy," and accused the Democrats of "antipathy to kingly power." Did Democrats complain that our prisoners were ill-treated by the British, it was declared "foolish and wicked to throw the blame on the British Government!" Americans expressed indignation at the Brit-

ish outrages at Hampton,— burning houses and violating women. The Federal newspapers said, it is " impossible that their (the British) military or naval men should be other than magnanimous and humane." Mr. Clay accused the Federalists of " plots that aim at the dismemberment of the Union," and denounced the party as " conspirators against the integrity of the nation."

In general the Federalists maintained that England had a right to visit American vessels to search for and take her own subjects, if found there; and, if she sometimes took an American citizen, that was only an " incidental evil." Great Britain, said the Massachusetts Legislature, has done us " no essential injury: " she " was fighting the battles of the world." They denied that she had impressed " any considerable number of American seamen." Such was the language of Mr. Webster and the party he served. But even at that time the " Edinburgh Review " declared, " Every American seaman might be said to hold his liberty, and ultimately his life, at the discretion of a foreign commander. In many cases, accordingly, native-born Americans were dragged on board British ships of war: they were dispersed in the remotest quarters of the globe, and not only exposed to the perils of service, but shut out by their situation from all hope of ever being reclaimed. The right of reclaiming runaway seamen was exercised, in short, without either moderation or justice."

Over six thousand cases of impressment were recorded in the American Department of State. In Parliament Lord Castlereagh admitted that there were three thousand five hundred men in the British fleet claiming to be American citizens, and sixteen hundred of them actually citizens. At the beginning of the war

two thousand five hundred American citizens, impressed into the British navy refused to fight against their native land, and were shut up in Dartmoor prison. When the Guerrière was captured, there were ten American sailors on board who refused to fight. In Parliament, in 1808, Mr. Baring (Lord Ashburton) defended the rights of Americans against the British orders in council, while in 1812 and 1813 the Federalists could "not find out the cases of impressment;"— such was the influence of party spirit.

The party out of power is commonly the friend of freedom. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts declared that unconstitutional acts of Congress were void; the Legislature declared it the duty of the state courts to prevent usurped and unconstitutional powers from being exercised: "It is the duty of the present generation to stand between the next and despotism;" "Whenever the national compact is violated, and the citizens of this state oppressed by cruel and unauthorized enactments, this Legislature is bound to interpose its power to wrest from the oppressor his victim."

After the Federal party had taken strong ground, Mr. Webster opposed the administration, opposed the war, took the part of England in the matter of impressment. He drew up the Brentwood Memorial, once so famous all over New England, now forgotten and faded out of all men's memory.[13]

On the 24th of May, 1813, Mr. Webster first took his seat in the House of Representatives, at the extra session of the thirteenth Congress. He was a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and industriously opposed the administration. In the three sessions of this Congress, he closely followed the leaders of the Federal party; voting with Mr. Pickering a hundred

and ninety-one times, and against him only four times, in the two years.[14] Sometimes he "avoided the question;" but voted against thanking Commodore Perry for his gallant conduct, against the purchase of Mr. Jefferson's library, against naval supplies, direct taxes, and internal duties.

He opposed the government scheme of a National Bank.[15] No adequate reports of his speeches against the war [16] are preserved; but, to judge from the testimony of an eminent man, they contained prophetic indications of that oratorical power which was one day so mightily to thunder and lighten in the nation's eyes.[17] Yet his influence in Congress does not appear to have been great. In later years he defended the United States Bank; but that question, like others, had then become a party question; and a horse in the party-team must go on with his fellows, or be flayed by the driver's lash.

But though his labors were not followed by any very marked influence at Washington, at home he drew on himself the wrath of the Democratic party. Mr. Isaac Hill, the editor of the leading Democratic paper in New Hampshire, pursued him with intense personal hatred. He sneeringly says, and falsely, "The great Mr. Webster, so extremely flippant in arguing petty suits in the courts of law, cuts but a sorry figure at Washington: his overweening confidence and zeal cannot there supply the place of knowledge." [18]

He was sneeringly called the "great," the "eloquent," the "pre-eminent" Daniel Webster. His deeds, his words, his silence, all were represented as coming from the basest motives, and serving the meanest ends. His Journal at Portsmouth was called the "Lying Oracle." Listen to this: "Mr. Webster

spoke much and often when he was in Congress; and, if he had studied the Wisdom of Solomon (as some of his colleagues probably did), he would have discovered that a fool is known by his much speaking."

Mr. Webster, in common with his party, refused to take part in the war. "I honor," said he, "the people that shrink from such a contest as this. I applaud their sentiments: they are such as religion and humanity dictate, and such as none but cannibals would wish to eradicate from the human heart." Whereupon the editor asks, "Will not the Federal soldiers call the man who made the speech 'a cold-blooded wretch, whose heart is callous to every patriotic feeling?'" and then, "We do not wonder at Mr. Webster's reluctance again to appear at the city of Washington" (he was attending cases at court):—"even his native brass must be abashed at his own conduct, at his own speeches." Flattery "has spoiled him; for application might have made him something a dozen years hence. It has given him confidence, a face of brass, which and his native volubility are mistaken for 'pre-eminent talent.' Of all men in the state, he is the fittest to be the tool of the enemy." He was one of the men that bring the "nation to the verge of ruin;" a "Thompsonian intriguer;" a "Macfarland admirer;" "The self-importance and gross egotism he displays are disgusting;" "You would suppose him a great merchant, living in a maritime city, and not a man reared in the woods of Salisbury, or educated in the wilds of Hanover." [19]

Before he was elected to Congress, Mr. Hill accused him of "deliberate falsehood," of "telling bold untruths to justify the enormities of the enemy." The cry was raised, "The Union is in danger." Mr. Web-

ster was to bring about "a dissolution of the Union;" "The few conspirators in Boston, who aim at the division of the Union, and the English government, who support them in their rebellion, appear to play into each other's hands with remarkable adroitness." The "Patriot" speaks of "the mad measures of the Boston junto; the hateful, hypocritical scheme of its canting, disaffected chief, and the audacious tone of its public prints." The language of Washington was quoted against political foes; his farewell address reprinted. Mr. Webster was charged with "setting the North against the South." The Essex junto was accused of "a plot to destroy the Union," in order "to be under the glorious shelter of British protection." The Federalists were a "British faction;" the country members of the Massachusetts Legislature were "wooden members;" distinguished characters were "exciting hostility against the Union;" one of these "ought to be tied to the tail of a Congreve rocket, and offered up a burnt sacrifice." It was "moral treason" not to rejoice at the victories of the nation — it was not then "levying war." The Legislature of New Jersey called the acts of the Massachusetts Legislature "the ravings of an infuriated faction," and Gov. Strong a "maniac Governor." The "Boston Patriot" called Mr. Webster "the poor fallen Webster," who "curses heartily his setters-on:" "the poor creature is confoundedly mortified." Mr. Clay, in Congress, could speak of "the howlings of the whole British pack, let loose from the Essex junto:" the Federalists were attempting "to familiarize the public mind with the horrid scheme of disunion." [20] And Isaac Hill charged the Federalists with continually "threatening a separation of the states; striving to stir up the passions of the

North against the South,— in clear defiance of the dying injunctions of Washington." [21] I mention these things that all may understand the temper of those times.

In 1815 Mr. Webster sought for the office of Attorney-General of New Hampshire, but failing thereof, was re-elected to the House of Representatives.[22] In the fourteenth Congress, two important measures came up amongst others,— the bank and the tariff. Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Clay favored the establishment of a national bank, with a capital of $35,000,000. Mr. Webster opposed it by votes and words, reaffirming the sound doctrines of his former speech: the founders of the Constitution were "hard-money men;" government must not receive the paper of banks which do not pay specie; but "the taxes must be paid in the legal money of the country." [23] Such was the doctrine of the leading Federalists of the time, and the practice of New England. He introduced a resolution, that all revenues of the United States should be paid in the legal currency of the nation. It met scarce any opposition, and was passed the same day. I think this was the greatest service he ever performed in relation to our national currency or national finance. He was himself proud of it in his later years.[24]

The protective tariff was supported by Messrs. Calhoun, Clay, and Lowndes. Mr. Webster opposed it; for the capitalists of the North, then deeply engaged in commerce, looked on it as hostile to their shipping, and talked of the "dangers of manufactories." Was it for this reason that the South, always jealous of the northern thrifty toil, proposed it? So it was alleged. Mr. Webster declared that Congress has no constitutional right to levy duties for protection; only for revenue;

revenue is the constitutional substance; protection, only the accidental shadow.

In 1816 Mr. Webster removed to Boston. In 1819, while he was a private citizen, a most important question came before the nation,— Shall slavery be extended into the Missouri territory? Here too Mr. Webster was on the side of freedom. He was one of a committee appointed by a meeting of the citizens of Boston to call a general meeting of the citizens to oppose the extension of slavery. The United States Marshal was chairman of the meeting. Mr. Webster was one of the committee to report resolutions at a subsequent meeting. The preamble said: —

"The extirpation of slavery has never ceased to be a measure deeply concerning the honor and safety of the United States." "In whatever tends to diminish the evil of slavery, or to check its growth, all parts of the confederacy are alike interested." "If slavery is established in Missouri, then it will be burdened with all the mischiefs which are too well known to be the sure results of slavery; an evil, which has long been deplored, would be incalculably augmented; the whole confederacy would be weakened, and our free institutions disgraced, by the voluntary extension of a practice repugnant to all the principles of a free government, the continuance of which in any part of our country necessity alone has justified."

It was resolved, that Congress "possesses the constitutional power, upon the admission of any new State created beyond the limits of the original territory of the United States, to make the prohibition of the further extension of slavery or involuntary servitude in such new State a condition of its admission." "It is just and expedient that this power should be exercised by Congress, upon the admission of all new States created beyond the limits of the original territory of the United States."

In a speech Mr. Webster "showed incontrovertibly that Congress had this power; that they were called upon by all the principles of sound policy, humanity, and morality, to enact it, and, by prohibiting slavery

in the new State of Missouri, oppose a barrier to the future progress of slavery, which else — and this was the last time the opportunity would happen to fix its limits — would roll on, desolating the vast expanse of continent to the Pacific Ocean." [25]

Mr. Webster was appointed chairman of a committee to prepare a memorial to Congress on this matter.[26] He said: —

> "We have a strong feeling of the injustice of any toleration of slavery." But, "to permit it in a new country, what is it but to encourage that rapacity and fraud and violence, against which we have so long pointed the denunciations of our penal code? What is it but to tarnish the proud fame of our country? What is it but to throw suspicion on its good faith, and to render questionable all its professions of regard for the rights of humanity, and the liberties of mankind?"— p. 21.

At that time, such was the general opinion of the northern men. A writer in the leading journal of Boston said: "Other calamities are trifles compared to this (slavery). War has alleviations; if it does much evil, it does some good: at least it has an end. But negro slavery is misery without mixture; it is Pandora's box, but no hope at the bottom; it is evil, and only evil, and that continually." [27]

A meeting of the most respectable citizens of Worcester resolved against "any further extension of slavery," as "rendering our boasted land of liberty preëminent only as a mart for human flesh."

"Sad prospects," said the "Boston Daily Advertiser," "indeed for emancipators and colonizers, that, faster than the wit or the means of men can devise a method even for keeping stationary the frightful propagation of slavery, other men, members of the same community, sometimes colleagues of the same deliber-

ative assembly, will be compassing, with all their force, the widest possible extension of slavery." [28]

The South uttered its threat of "dissolving the Union," if slavery were not extended west of the Mississippi. "The threat," said a writer, "when we consider from whence it comes, raises at once wonder and pity, but has never been thought worth a serious answer here. Even the academicians of Laputa never imagined such a nation as these seceding states would form." "We have lost much; our national honor has received a stain in the eyes of the world; we have enlarged the sphere of human misery and crime." [29] Only four New Englanders voted for the Missouri Compromise, — Hill and Holmes of Maine, Mason and Shaw of Massachusetts.

Mr. Webster held no public office in this state, until he was chosen a member of the Convention for amending the Constitution of the Commonwealth.

It appears that he had a large influence in the Massachusetts Convention. His speeches, however, do not show any remarkable depth of philosophy, or width of historic view; but they display the strength of a great mind not fully master of his theme. They are not always fair; they sometimes show the specious arguments of the advocate, and do not always indicate the soundness of the judge. He developed no new ideas; looked back more than forward. He stated his opinions with clearness and energy. His leaning was then, as it always was, towards the concentration of power; not to its diffusion. It was the Federal leaning of New England at the time. He had no philosophical objection to a technical religious test as the qualification for office, but did not think it expedient to found a measure on that principle. He wanted property, and

not population, as the basis of representation in the Senate. It was "the true basis and measure of power." "Political power," said he, "naturally and necessarily goes into the hands which hold the property." The House might rest on men, the Senate on money. He said, "It would seem to be the part of political wisdom to found government on property;" yet he wished to have the property diffused as widely as possible. He was not singular in this preference of money to men. Others thought, that, to put the Senate on the basis of population, and not property, was a change of "an alarming character."

He had small confidence in the people; apparently little sympathy with the multitude of men. He was jealous of the Legislature; afraid of its encroachment on the Judiciary,— New Hampshire had, perhaps, shown him examples of legislative injustice,— but contended ably for the independence of judges. He had great veneration for the existing Constitution, and thought there would "never be any occasion for great changes" in it, and that "no revision of its general principles" would be necessary. Others of the same party thought also that the Constitution was "the most perfect system that human wisdom had ever devised." To judge from the record, Mr. Webster found abler heads than his own in that Convention. Indeed it would have been surprising if a young man, only eight and thirty years of age, should surpass the "assembled wisdom of the state."

On the 2nd of December, 1823, Mr. Webster took his seat in the House of Representatives, as member for Boston. He defended the cause of the Greeks "with the power of a great mind applied to a great subject," denounced the "Holy Alliance," and recommended in-

terference to prevent oppression. Public opinion set strongly in that direction.[30] "The policy of our government," said he, "is on the side of liberal and enlightened sentiments;" "The civilized world has done with 'the enormous faith of many made for one.'"[31]

In 1816 he had opposed a tariff which levied a heavy duty on imports; in 1824 he opposed it again, with vigorous arguments. His speech at that time is a work of large labor, of some nice research, and still of value. "Like a mighty giant," says Mr. Hayne, "he bore away upon his shoulders the pillars of the temple of error and delusion, escaping himself unhurt, and leaving his adversaries overwhelmed in its ruins." He thought, "the authority of Congress to exercise the revenue power with direct reference to the protection of manufactures is a questionable authority." He represented the opinion of New England, which "discountenanced the progress of this policy" of high duties. The Federalist of the North inclined to free trade; in 1807 Mr. Dexter thought it "an unalienable right," and in 1820 Judge Story asked why should "the laboring classes be taxed for the necessaries of life?" The tariff of 1824 got but one vote from Massachusetts. As the public judgment of northern capitalists changed, it brought over the opinion of Mr. Webster, who seems to have had no serious and sober convictions on this subject. At one time, he declares the protective system is ruinous to the laboring man; but again, "it is aimed point-blank at the protection of labor;" and the duty on coal must not be diminished, lest coal grow scarce and dear. Non-importation was "an American instinct."

In 1828 he voted for "the bill of abominations," as that tariff was called, which levied "thirty-two mil-

lions of duties on sixty-four millions of imports," not because he was "in favor of the measure, but as the least of two evils."

In 1816 the South wanted a protective tariff: the commercial North hated it. It was Mr. Calhoun who introduced the measure first. Mr. Clay gave it the support of his large talents and immense personal influence, and built up the "American System." Pennsylvania and New York were on that side. General Jackson voted for the tariff of 1824. Mr. Clay was jealous of foreign commerce; it was "the great source of foreign wars;" "The predilection of the school of the Essex junto," said he, "for foreign trade and British fabrics is unconquerable." Yet he correctly said, "New England will have the first and richest fruits of the tariff." [32]

After the system of protection got footing, the Northern capitalists set about manufacturing in good earnest, and then Mr. Webster became the advocate of a high tariff of protective duties. Here he has been blamed for his change of opinion; but to him it was an easy change. He was not a scientific legislator: he had no great and comprehensive ideas of that part of legislation which belongs to political economy. He looked only at the fleeting interest of his constituents, and took their transient opinions of the hour for his norm of conduct. As these altered, his own views also changed. Sometimes the change was a revolution.[33] It seems to me his first opinion was right, and his last a fatal mistake, that he never answered his first great speech of 1824; but it also appears that he was honest in the change; for he only looked at the pecuniary interest of his employers, and took their opinions for his guide. But he had other fluctuations on this mat-

ter of the tariff, which do not seem capable of so honorable an explanation.[34]

In the days of nullification Mr. Webster denied the right of South Carolina to secede from the Union, or to give a final interpretation of the Constitution. She maintained that the Federal government had violated the Constitution; that she, the aggrieved State of South Carolina, was the judge in that matter, and had a constitutional right to "nullify" the Constitution, and withdraw from the Union.

The question is a deep one. It is the old issue of Federal and Democrat,— the question between the constitutional power of the whole, and the power of the parts,— Federal power and State power. Mr. Webster was always in favor of a strong central government; honestly in favor of it, I doubt not. His speeches on that subject were most masterly speeches. I refer, in particular, to that in 1830 against Mr. Hayne, and the speech in 1833 against Mr. Calhoun.

The first of these is the great political speech of Daniel Webster. I do not mean to say that it is just in its political ethics, or deep in the metaphysics of politics, or far-sighted in its political providence. I only mean to say that it surpasses all his other political speeches in the massive intellectual power of statement. Mr. Webster was then eight and forty years old. He defended New England against Mr. Hayne; he defended the Constitution of the United States against South Carolina. His speech is full of splendid eloquence; he reached high, and put the capstone upon his fame, whose triple foundation he had laid at Plymouth, at Bunker Hill, and at Faneuil Hall. The "Republican members of the Massachusetts Legislature" unanimously thanked him for his able vindica-

tion of their state. A Virginian, who heard the speech, declared he felt "as if looking at a mammoth treading his native canebrake, and, without apparent consciousness, crushing obstacles which nature had never designed as impediments to him."

He loved concentrated power, and seems to have thought the American government was exclusively national, and not federal. The Constitution was "not a compact." He was seldom averse to sacrificing the rights of the individual states to the claim of the central authority. He favored consolidation of power, while the South Carolinians and others preferred local self-government. It was no doctrine of his that "unconstitutional laws bind the people;" but it was his doctrine that such laws bind the people until the Supreme Court declares them unconstitutional; thus making not the Constitution, but the discretion of the rulers, the measure of its powers!

It is customary at the North to think Mr. Webster wholly in the right, and South Carolina wholly in the wrong, on the question of nullification; but it should be remembered, that some of the ablest men whom the South ever sent to Washington thought otherwise. There was a good deal of truth in the speech of Mr. Hayne: he was alarmed at the increase of the central power, which seemed to invade the rights of the states. Mr. Calhoun defended the Carolinian idea;[35] and Calhoun was a man of great mind, a sagacious man, a man of unimpeachable integrity in private.[36] Mr. Clay was certainly a man of very large intellect, wise and subtle and far-sighted. But, in 1833, he introduced his "Compromise Measure," to avoid the necessity of enforcing the opinions of Mr. Webster.

I must pass over many things in Mr. Webster's congressional career.

While Secretary of State he performed the chief act of his public life,— the one deed on which his reputation as a political administrator seems now to settle down and rest. He negotiated the Treaty of Washington in 1842. The matter was difficult, the claims intricate; there were four parties to pacify,— England, the United States, Massachusetts, and Maine. The quarrel was almost sixty years old. Many political doctors had laid their hands on the immedicable wound, which only smarted sorer under their touch. The British Government sent over a minister to negotiate a treaty with the American Secretary. The two eminent statesmen settled the difficulty. It has been said that no other man in America could have done so well, and drawn the thunder out of the gathered cloud. Perhaps I am no judge of that; yet I do not see why any sensible and honest man could not have done the work. You all remember the anxiety of America and of England; the apprehension of war; and the delight when these two countries shook hands, as the work was done. Then we all felt that there was only one English nation,— the English Briton and the English American; that Webster and Ashburton were fellow-citizens, yea, brothers of the same great Anglo-Saxon tribe.

His letters on the right of search, and the British claim to impress seamen from American ships, would have done honor to any statesman in the world. He refused to England the right to visit and search our ships, on the plea of their being engaged in the slave-trade. Some of my anti-slavery brethren have censured him for this. I always thought he was right

in the matter. But, on the other side, his celebrated letter to Lord Ashburton, in the Creole case, seems to me most eminently unjust, false in law, and wicked in morality.[37] It is the greatest stain on that negotiation; and it is wonderful to me, that, in 1846, Mr. Webster could himself declare he thought that letter was the "most triumphant production" from his pen in all the correspondence.

But let us pause a moment, and see how much praise is really due to Mr. Webster for negotiating the treaty. I limit my remarks to the northeastern boundary. The main question was, Where is the northwest angle of Nova Scotia, mentioned in the treaty of 1783? For a line, drawn due north from the source of the river St. Croix to the summit of the highlands dividing the waters of the Atlantic from those of the St. Lawrence, was to terminate at that point. The American claim was most abundantly substantiated; but it left the British provinces, New Brunswick and Canada, in an embarrassed position. No military road could be maintained between them; and, besides, the American border came very near to Quebec. Accordingly, the British Government, on the flimsiest pretext, refused to draw the lines and erect the monuments contemplated by the treaty of 1794; perverted the language of the treaty of 1783, which was too plain to be misunderstood; and gradually extended its claim further and further to the west. By the treaty of Ghent (1814) it was provided that certain questions should be left out to a friendly power for arbitration. In 1827 this matter was referred to the king of the Netherlands: he was to determine where the line of the treaty ran. He did not determine that question, but, in 1831, proposed a new conventional line. His

award ceded to the British about 4119 square miles of land in Maine. The English assented to it; but the Americans refused to accept the award, Mr. Webster opposing it. He was entirely convinced that the American claim was just and sound, and the American interpretation of the treaty of 1783 the only correct one. On a memorable occasion, in the Senate of the United States, Mr. Webster declared that "Great Britain ought forthwith to be told that, unless she will agree to settle the question by the 4th of July next, according to the treaty of 1783, we will then take possession of that line, and let her drive us off if she can!"

The day before, and in all soberness, he declared that he never entertained a doubt that the right to this disputed territory was in the United States. This was "perfectly clear,— so clear that the controversy seemed hardly to reach to the dignity of a debatable question."

But in 1842 the British minister came to negotiate a treaty. Maine and Massachusetts were asked to appoint commissioners to help in the matter; for it seemed determined on that those states were to relinquish some territory to which they had a lawful claim. Those states could not convey the territory to England, but might authorize the Federal Government to make the transfer. The treaty was made, and accepted by Maine and Massachusetts. But it ceded to Great Britain all the land which the award had given, and 893 square miles in addition. Thus the treaty conveyed to Great Britain more than five thousand square miles — upwards of three million acres — of American territory, to which, by the terms of the treaty, the American title was perfectly good.

Rouse's Point was ceded to the United States, with a narrow strip of land on the north of Vermont and New Hampshire; but the king's award gave us Rouse's Point at less cost. The rights which the Americans gained with the navigation of a part of the St. John's River were only a fair exchange for the similar right conceded to the British. As a compensation to Maine and Massachusetts for the loss of the land and the jurisdiction over it, the United States paid those two states $300,000, and indemnified Maine for the expenses occasioned by the troubles which had grown out of the contested claims,— about $300,000 more. Great Britain gained all that was essential to the welfare of her colonies. All her communications, civil and military, were for ever placed beyond hostile reach; and all the military positions claimed by America, with the exception of Rouse's Point, were for ever secured to Great Britain. What did England concede? The British Government still keeps (in secret) the identical map used by the English and American commissioners who negotiated the Treaty of 1783; the boundary line is drawn on it, in red ink, with a pen, exactly where the Americans had always claimed that the Treaty required it to be!

It was fortunate that the controversy was settled; it was wise in America to be liberal. A tract of wild land, though half as large as Massachusetts, is nothing compared to a war. It is as well for mankind that the jurisdiction over that spot belongs to the Lion of England as to the Eagle of America. But I fear a man who makes such a bargain is not entitled to any great glory among diplomatists. In 1832 Maine refused to accept the award of the king, even when the Federal Government offered her a mil-

lion acres of good land in Michigan, of her own selection, valued at a million and a quarter of dollars. Had it been a question of the southwestern boundary, and not the northeastern, Mexico would have had an answer to her claim very different from that which England received. Mr. Webster was determined on negotiating the treaty at all hazards, and was not very courteous to those who expostulated and stood out for the just rights of Maine and Massachusetts; nay, he was indignant at the presumption of these states asking for compensation when their land was ceded away![38]

Was there any real danger of a war? If England had claimed clear down to the Connecticut, I think the Southern masters of the North would have given up Bunker Hill and Plymouth Rock, rather than risk to the chances of a British war the twelve hundred million dollars invested in slaves. Men who live in straw houses think twice before they scatter firebrands abroad. England knew well with whom she had to deal, and authorized her representative to treat only for a "conventional line," not to accept the line of the treaty! Mr. Webster succeeded in negotiating, because he gave up more American territory than any one would yield before,— more than the king of the Netherlands had proposed. Still, we may all rejoice in the settlement of the question; and if Great Britain had admitted our claim by the plain terms of the treaty, and then asked for the land so valuable and necessary to her, who in New England would have found fault?[39]

After the conclusion of the treaty Mr. Webster came to Boston. You remember his speech in 1842 in Faneuil Hall. He was then sixty years old. He

had done the great deed of his life. He still held a high station. He scorned, or affected to scorn, the littleness of party and its narrow platform, and claimed to represent the people of the United States. Everybody knew the importance of his speech. I counted sixteen reporters of the New England and northern press at that meeting. It was a proud day for him, and also a stormy day. Other than friends were about him. It was thought that he had just scattered the thunder which impended over the nation. But a sullen cloud still hung over his own expectations of the presidency. He thundered his eloquence into that cloud,— the great ground-lightning of his Olympian power.

I come now to speak of his relation to slavery. Up to 1850, with occasional fluctuations, much of his conduct had been just and honorable. As a private citizen, in 1819, he opposed the Missouri Compromise. At the meeting of the citizens of Boston to prevent that iniquity, he said, "We are acting for unborn millions, who lie along before us in the track of time." [40] The extension of slavery would demoralize the people, and endanger the welfare of the nation. "Nor can the laws derive support from the manners of the people, if the power of moral sentiment be weakened by enjoying, under the permission of the government, great facilities to commit offenses." [41]

A few months after the deed was done, on Forefathers' Day in 1820, standing on Plymouth Rock, he could say:—

"I deem it my duty, on this occasion, to suggest that the land is not yet wholly free from the contamination of a traffic at which every feeling of humanity must for ever revolt,— I

mean the African slave-trade. Neither public sentiment nor the law has hitherto been able entirely to put an end to this odious and abominable trade. At the moment when God in his mercy has blessed the Christian world with a universal peace, there is reason to fear that, to the disgrace of the Christian name and character, new efforts are making for the extension of this trade by subjects and citizens of Christian states, in whose hearts there dwell no sentiments of humanity or of justice, and over whom neither the fear of God nor the fear of man exercises a control. In the sight of our law the African slave-trader is a pirate and a felon; and in the sight of Heaven an offender far beyond the ordinary depth of human guilt. There is no brighter page of our history than that which records the measures which have been adopted by the government at an early day, and at different times since, for the suppression of this traffic; and I would call on all the true sons of New England to coöperate with the laws of man and the justice of Heaven. If there be, within the extent of our knowledge or influence, any participation in this traffic, let us pledge ourselves here, upon the Rock of Plymouth, to extirpate and destroy it. It is not fit that the land of the Pilgrims should bear the shame longer. I hear the sound of the hammer; I see the smoke of the furnaces where manacles and fetters are still forged for human limbs. I see the visages of those who, by stealth and at midnight, labor in this work of hell, foul and dark, as may become the artificers of such instruments of misery and torture. Let that spot be purified, or let it cease to be of New England. Let it be purified, or let it be set aside from the Christian world. Let it be put out of the circle of human sympathies and human regards; and let civilized man henceforth have no communion with it."

In 1830 he praised Nathan Dane for the Ordinance which makes the difference between Ohio and Kentucky, and honorably vindicated that man who lived "too near the north star" for southern eyes to see. "I regard domestic slavery," said Mr. Webster to Mr. Hayne, "as one of the greatest evils, both moral and political."

In 1837, at Niblo's Garden, he avowed his entire unwillingness to do anything which should extend the slavery of the African race on this continent. He said:—

"On the general question of slavery a great portion of the community is already strongly excited. The subject has not only attracted attention as a question of politics, but it has struck a far deeper-toned chord. It has arrested the religious feeling of the country; it has taken strong hold on the consciences of men. He is a rash man, indeed, and little conversant with human nature,— and especially has he a very erroneous estimate of the character of the people of this country, — who supposes that a feeling of this kind is to be trifled with or despised. It will assuredly cause itself to be respected. It may be reasoned with; it may be made willing — I believe it is entirely willing — to fulfil all existing engagements and all existing duties; to uphold and defend the Constitution as it is established, with whatever regrets about some provisions which it does actually contain. But to coerce it into silence, to restrain its free expression, to seek to compress and confine it, warm as it is, and more heated as such endeavors would inevitably render it,— should this be attempted, I know nothing, even in the Constitution or in the Union itself, which would not be endangered by the explosion which might follow."

He always declared that slavery was a local matter of the South; sectional, not national. In 1830 he took the ground that the general government had nothing to do with it. In 1840, standing "beneath an October sun" at Richmond, he declared again that there was no power, direct or indirect, in Congress or the general government, to interfere in the smallest degree with the "institutions" of the South.

At first he opposed the annexation of Texas; he warned men against it in 1837. He went so far as to declare:—

"I do say that the annexation of Texas would tend to prolong the duration and increase the extent of African slavery on this continent. I have long held that opinion, and I would not now suppress it for any consideration on earth! And because it does increase the evils of slavery, because it will increase the number of slaves and prolong the duration of their bondage,— because it does all this, I oppose it without condition and without qualification, at this time and all times, now and for ever."

He prepared some portions of the Address of the Massachusetts Anti-Texas Convention in 1845. But as some of the leading Whigs of the North opposed that meeting and favored annexation, he did not appear at the Convention, but went off to New York! In 1845 he voted against annexation. He said that he had felt it to be his duty steadily, uniformly, and zealously to oppose it. He did not wish America to be possessed by the spirit of aggrandizement. He objected to annexation principally because Texas was a slave state. Here he stood with John Quincy Adams, but, alas! did too little to oppose that annexation. Against him were Mr. Calhoun, the South, almost all the Democratic party of the North,— Mr. Van Buren losing his nomination on account of his hostility to new slave soil; and many of the capitalists of the North wished a thing that Mr. Webster wanted not.

He objected to the Constitution of Texas. Why? Because it tied up the hands of the Legislature against the abolition of slavery. He said so on Forefathers' Day, two hundred and twenty-five years after the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock. Then he could not forget his own proud words, uttered a quarter of a century before. I thought him honest then; I think so still. But he said that New England might have prevented annexation; that Massachusetts might have prevented annexation, only "she could not be roused." If he had labored then for freedom with as much vigor and earnestness as he wrought for slavery in 1850 and 1851, Massachusetts would have been roused; New England would have risen as a single man; and annexation of new slave soil have been put off till the Greek Kalends, a day beyond eternity. Yet he did some service in this work.

After the outbreak of the Mexican War, the northern men sought to pass a law prohibiting slavery in the new territory gained from Mexico. The celebrated "Wilmot Proviso" came up. Mr. Webster also wished to prohibit slavery in the new territory. In March, 1847, he presented to Congress the resolutions of the Massachusetts Legislature against the extension of slavery,— which had been passed unanimously,— and he "indorsed them all."

"I thank her for it, and am proud of her; for she has denounced the whole object for which our armies are now traversing the mountains of Mexico." "If anything is certain, it is that the sentiment of the whole North is utterly opposed to the acquisition of territory to be formed into new slaveholding states." [42]

At the Whig Convention at Springfield, in 1847, he maintained that the Wilmot Proviso was his "thunder."

"Did I not commit myself in 1837 to the whole doctrine, fully, entirely?" "I cannot quite consent that more recent discoverers should claim the merit and take out a patent. We are to use the first and the last and every occasion which offers to oppose the extension of slave power." [43]

On the 10th of August, 1848, in the Senate of the United States, he said:—

"My opposition to the increase of slavery in this country, or to the increase of slave representation, is general and universal. It has no reference to the lines of latitude or points of the compass. I shall oppose all such extension at all times and under all circumstances, even against all inducements, against all supposed limitations of great interests, against all combinations, against all compromises."

He sought to gain the support of the Free-soilers in Massachusetts, and encouraged their enterprise. Even when he denounced the nomination of General Taylor as "not fit to be made," he declared that he

could stand on the Buffalo Platform; its anti-slavery planks were good sound Whig timber; he himself had had some agency in getting them out, and did not see the necessity of a new organization. He had never voted for the admission of a slave state into the Union!

But, alas! all this was to pass away. Was he sincere in his opposition to the extension of slavery? I always thought so. I think so still.

Yet, after all, on the 7th of March, 1850, he could make that speech — you know it too well. He refused to exclude slavery by law from California and New Mexico. It would "irritate" the South, would "re-enact the law of God." He declared Congress was bound to make four new slave states out of Texas; to allow all the territory below 36° 30′ to become slave states; he volunteered to give Texas fifty thousand square miles of land for slave territory, and ten millions of dollars; would refund to Virginia two hundred millions of dollars derived from the sale of the public lands, to expatriate the free colored people from her soil; he would support the Fugitive Slave Bill, with all its amendment, "with all its provisions," "to the fullest extent."

You know the Fugitive Slave Bill too well. It is bad enough now; but when he first volunteered his support thereto, it was far worse, for then every one of the seventeen thousand postmasters of America might be a legal kidnapper by that bill. He pledged our own Massachusetts to support it, and that "with alacrity."

My friends, you all know the speech of the 7th of March: you remember how men felt when the telegraph brought the first news, they thought there must be some mistake! They could not believe the light-

ning. You recollect how the Whig party, and the Democratic party, and the newspapers, treated the report. When the speech came in full, you know the effect. One of the most conspicuous men of the state, then in high office, declared that Mr. Webster "seemed inspired by the devil to the extent of his intellect." You know the indignation men felt, the sorrow and anguish. I think not a hundred prominent men in all New England acceded to the speech. But such was the power of that gigantic understanding, that, eighteen days after his speech, nine hundred and eighty-seven men of Boston sent him a letter, telling him that he had pointed out "the path of duty, convinced the understanding and touched the conscience of a nation;" and they expressed to him their "entire concurrence in the sentiments of that speech," and their "heartfelt thanks for the inestimable aid it afforded to the preservation" of the Union.

You remember the return of Mr. Webster to Boston; the speech at the Revere House; his word that "discussion" on the subject of slavery must "in some way be suppressed;" you remember the "disagreeable duty;" the question if Massachusetts "will be just against temptation;" whether "she will conquer her prejudices" in favor of the trial by jury, of the unalienable rights of man, in favor of the Christian religion, and

"Those thoughts which wander through eternity."

You remember the agony of our colored men. The Son of Man came to Jerusalem to seek and to save that which was lost; but Daniel Webster came to Boston to crush the poorest and most lost of men into the ground with the hoof of American power.

At the moment of making that speech, Mr. Webster was a member of a French Abolition Society, which has for its object to protect, enlighten, and emancipate the African race!

You all know what followed. The Fugitive Slave Bill passed. It was enforced. You remember the consternation of the colored people in Boston, New York, Buffalo, Philadelphia,— all over the land. You recollect the speeches of Mr. Webster at Buffalo, Syracuse, and Albany,— his industry never equaled before; his violence, his indignation, his denunciations. You remember the threat at Syracuse, that out of the bosom of the next Anti-slavery Convention should a fugitive slave be seized. You remember the scorn that he poured out on men who pledged "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor," for the welfare of men.

You remember the letters to Mr. Webster from Newburyport, Kennebec, Medford, and his "neighbors in New Hampshire." You have not forgotten the "Union meetings;" "blue-light Federalists" and "genuine Democrats dyed in the wool" united into one phalanx of hunkerism and became his "retainers," lay and clerical,— the laymen maintaining that his political opinions were an "amendment to the Constitution:" and the clergymen, that his public and private practice was "one of the evidences of Christianity." You remember the sermons of doctors of divinity, proving that slavery was Christian, good Old Testament Christian at the very least. You do not forget the offer of a man to deliver up his own mother. Andover went for kidnapping. The loftiest pulpits,— I mean those highest bottomed on the dollar, — they went also for kidnapping. There arose a

shout against the fugitive from the metropolitan pulpits, "Away with such a fellow from the earth! — Kidnap him, kidnap him!" And when we said, mildly remonstrating, "Why, what evil has the poor black man done?" the answer was,—"We have a law, and by that law he ought to be a slave!"

You remember the first kidnappers which came here to Boston. Hughes was one of them, an ugly-looking fellow, that went back to die in a street brawl in his own Georgia. He thirsted for the blood of Ellen Craft.

You remember the seizure of Shadrach, and his deliverance out of his fiery furnace. Of course it was an angel who let him out; for that court,— the kidnappers' court,— thirsting for human blood, spite of the "enlargement of the testimony," after six trials, I think, has not found a man, who, at noonday and in the center of the town, did the deed! So I suppose it was an angel who did the deed, and miracles are not over yet. I hope you have not forgotten Caphart, the creature which "whips women," the great ally of the Boston kidnappers.

You remember the kidnapping of Thomas Sims; Faneuil Hall shut against the convention of the people; the court house in chains; the police drilled in the square; soldiers in arms; Faneuil Hall a barrack. You remember Fast Day, 1851,— at least I do. You remember the "Acorn" and Boston on the 12th of April. You have not forgotten the dreadful scenes at New York, Philadelphia, and Buffalo; the tragedy at Christiana.

You have not forgotten Mr. Webster's definition of the object of government. In 1845, standing over the grave of Judge Story, he said,—"Justice is the great

interest of mankind;" I think he thought so too! But at New York, on the 18th of November, 1850, he said,—"The great object of government is the protection of property at home, and respect and renown abroad."

He went to Annapolis, and made a speech complimenting a series of ultra resolutions in favor of slavery and slave-catching. One of the resolutions made the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law the sole bond of the Union. The orator of Bunker Hill replied: —

"Gentlemen, I concur in the sentiments expressed by you all — and I thank God they were expressed by you all — in the resolutions passed here on the 10th of December. And allow me to say, that any state, North or South, which departs one iota from the sentiment of that resolution, is disloyal to this Union.

"Further,— so far as any act of that sort has been committed,— such a state has no portion of my regard. I do not sympathize with it. I rebuke it wherever I speak, and on all occasions where it is proper for me to express my sentiments. If there are states — and I am afraid there are — which have sought, by ingenious contrivances of state legislation, to thwart the fair exercise and fulfilment of the laws of Congress passed to carry into effect the compacts of the Constitution,— that state, so far, is entitled to no regard from me. At the North there have been certainly some intimations in certain states of such a policy.

"I hold the importance of maintaining these measures to be of the highest character and nature, every one of them out and out, and through and through. I have no confidence in anybody who seeks the repeal, in anybody who wishes to alter or modify these constitutional provisions. There they are. Many of these great measures are irrepealable. The settlement with Texas is as irrepealable as the admission of California. Other important objects of legislation, if not in themselves in the nature of grants, and therefore not so irrepealable, are just as important; and we are to hear no parleying upon it. We are to listen to no modification or qualification. They were passed in conformity with the provisions of the Constitution; and they must be performed and abided by, in whatever event, and at whatever cost."

Surrounded by the Federalists of New England, when a young man, fresh in Congress, he stood out nobly for the right to discuss all matters. Every boy knows his brave words by heart: —

"Important as I deem it, sir, to discuss, on all proper occasions, the policy of the measures at present pursued, it is still more important to maintain the right of such discussion in its full and just extent. Sentiments lately sprung up, and now growing popular, render it necessary to be explicit on this point. It is the ancient and constitutional right of this people to canvass public measures, and the merits of public men. It is a homebred right, a fireside privilege. It has ever been enjoyed in every house, cottage, and cabin in the nation. It is not to be drawn into controversy. It is as undoubted as the right of breathing the air, and walking on the earth. Belonging to private life as a right, it belongs to public life as a duty; and it is the last duty which those whose representative I am shall find me to abandon. This high constitutional privilege I shall defend and exercise within this house and without this house, and in all places; in time of war, in time of peace, and at all times.

"Living, I will assert it; dying I will assert it; and should I leave no other inheritance to my children, by the blessing of God I will leave them the inheritance of free principles, and the example of a manly, independent, and constitutional defense of them."

Then, in 1850, when vast questions, so intimately affecting the welfare of millions of men, were before the country, he told us to suppress agitation!

"Neither you nor I shall see the legislation of the country proceed in the old harmonious way, until the discussions in Congress and out of Congress upon the subject [of slavery] shall be in some way suppressed. Take that truth home with you, and take it as truth."

"I shall support no agitations having their foundation in unreal and ghostly abstractions." [44]

The opponents of Mr. Webster, contending for the freedom of all Americans, of all men, appealed from

the Fugitive Slave Bill to " the element of all laws, out of which they are derived, to the end of all laws, for which they are designed and in which they are perfected." How did he resist the appeal? You have not forgotten the speech at Capon Springs, on the 26th of June, 1851. " When nothing else will answer," he said, " they," the abolitionists, " invoke ' religion,' and speak of the ' higher law ! ' " He of the granite hills of New Hampshire, looking on the mountains of Virginia, blue with loftiness and distance, said, " Gentlemen, this North Mountain is high, the Blue Ridge higher still, the Alleghanies higher than either, and yet this ' higher law ' ranges further than an eagle's flight above the highest peaks of the Alleghanies! No common vision can discern it; no common and unsophisticated conscience can feel it; the hearing of common men never learns its high behests; and, therefore, one would think it is not a safe law to be acted upon in matters of the highest practical moment. It is the code, however, of the abolitionists of the North."

This speech was made at dinner. The next " sentiment " given after his was this: —

" The Fugitive Slave Law.— Upon its faithful execution depends the perpetuity of the Union."

Mr. Webster made a speech in reply, and distinctly declared,—

" You of the South have as much right to secure your fugitive slaves, as the North has to any of its rights and privileges of navigation and commerce."

Do you think he believed that? Daniel Webster knew better. In 1844, only seven years before, he had said,—

"What! when all the civilized world is opposed to slavery; when morality denounces it; when Christianity denounces it; when every thing respected, everything good, bears one united witness against it, is it for America — America, the land of Washington, the model republic of the world — is it for America to come to its assistance, and to insist that the maintenance of slavery is necessary to the support of her institutions?" [45]

How do you think the audience answered then? With six-and-twenty cheers. It was in Faneuil Hall. Mr. Webster said, "These are Whig principles;" and, with these, "Faneuil Hall may laugh a siege to scorn." That speech is not printed in his collection! How could it stand side by side with the speech of the 7th of March?

In 1846 a Whig Convention voted to do its possible to "defeat all measures calculated to uphold slavery, and promote all constitutional measures for its overthrow;" to "oppose any further addition of slaveholding states to this Union;" and to have "free institutions for all, chains and fetters for none."

At that time Mr. Webster declared he had a heart which beat for everything favorable to the progress of human liberty, either here or abroad; then, when in "the dark and troubled night" he saw only the Whig party as his Bethlehem star, he rejoiced in "the hope of obtaining the power to resist whatever threatens to extend slavery." [46] Yet after New York had kidnapped Christians, and with civic pomp sent her own sons into slavery, he could go to that city and say, "It is an air which for the last few months I love to inhale. It is a patriotic atmosphere: constitutional breezes fan it every day." [47]

To accomplish a bad purpose, he resorted to mean artifice, to the low tricks of vulgar adventurers in politics. He used the same weapons once wielded against

him,— misrepresentation, denunciation, invective. Like his old enemy of New Hampshire, he carried his political quarrel into private life. He cast off the acquaintance of men intimate with him for twenty or thirty years. The malignity of his conduct, as it was once said of a great apostate,[48] was "hugely aggravated by those rare abilities whereof God has given him the use." Time had not in America bred a man before bold enough to consummate such aims as his. In this New Hampshire Strafford, "despotism had at length obtained an instrument with mind to comprehend, and resolution to act upon, its principles in their length and breadth; and enough of his purposes were effected by him to enable mankind to see as from a tower the end of all."

What was the design of all this? It was to "save the Union." Such was the cry. Was the Union in danger? Here were a few non-resistants at the North, who said, We will have "no union with slaveholders." There was a party of seceders at the South, who periodically blustered about disunion. Could these men bring the Union into peril? Did Daniel Webster even think so? I shall never insult that giant intellect by the thought. He knew South Carolina, he knew Georgia, very well. Mr. Benton knew of no "distress," even at the time when it was alleged that the nation was bleeding at "five gaping wounds," so that it would take the whole omnibus full of compromises to staunch the blood: "All the political distress is among the politicians." I think Mr. Webster knew there was no danger of a dissolution of the Union. But here is a proof that he knew it. In 1850, on the 22nd of December, he declared, "There is no longer imminent danger of the dissolution of the United

States. We shall live and not die." But, soon after, he went about saving the Union again, and again, and again,— saved it at Buffalo, Albany, Syracuse, at Annapolis, and then at Capon Springs.

I say there was no real danger; but my opinion is a mere opinion, and nothing more. Look, however, at a fact. We have the most delicate test of public opinion,— the state of the public funds; the barometer which indicates any change in the political weather. If the winds blow down the Tiber, Roman funds fall. Talk of war between France and England, the stocks go down at Paris and London. The foolish talk about the fisheries last summer lowered American stocks in the market, to the great gain of prudent and far-sighted brokers, who knew there was no danger. But all this time, when Mr. Webster was telling us the ship of state was going to pieces, and required undergirding by the Fugitive Slave Bill, and needed the kidnapper's hand at the helm; while he was advising Massachusetts to "conquer her prejudices" in favor of the unalienable rights of man; while he was denouncing the friends of freedom, and calling on us to throw over to Texas — that monster of the deep which threatened to devour the ship of state — fifty thousand square miles of territory, and ten millions of dollars; and to the other monster of secession to cast over the trial by jury, the dearest principles of the Constitution, of manhood, of justice, and of religion, "those thoughts that wander through eternity;" while he himself revoked the noblest words of his whole life, casting over his interpretation of the Constitution, his respect for state rights, for the common law, his own morality, his own religion, and his own God,— the funds of the United States did not go down one mill!

You asked the capitalist, "Is the Union in danger?" He answered, "O yes! it is in the greatest peril." "Then will you sell me your stocks lower than before?" "Not a mill; not one mill — not the ten hundredth part of a dollar in a hundred!" To ask men to make such a sacrifice, at such a time, from such a motive, is as if you should beg the captain of the steamer "Niagara," in Boston harbor, in fair weather, to throw over all his cargo, because a dandy in the cabin was blowing the fire with his breath! No, my friends, I shall not insult the majesty of that intellect with the thought that he believed there was danger to the Union. There was not any danger of a storm; not a single cat's-paw in the sky; not a capful of bad weather between Cape Sable and the Lake of the Woods!

But suppose the worst came to the worst, are there no other things as bad as disunion? The Constitution — does it "establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity," and "secure the blessings of liberty" to all the citizens? Nobody pretends it,— with every eighth man made merchandise, and not an inch of free soil covered by the Declaration of Independence, save the five thousand miles which Mr. Webster ceded away. Is disunion worse than slavery? Perhaps not even to commerce, which the Federalists thought "still more dear" than Union. But what if the South seceded next year, and the younger son took the portion of goods that falleth to him, when America divides her living? Imagine the condition of the new nation,— the United States South; a nation without schools, or the desire for them; without commerce, without manufactures; with six million white men and three million slaves; working with that barbarous tool, slave-labor,

an instrument as ill-suited to these times as a sickle of stone to cut grain with! How would that new "Democracy" appear in the eyes of the world, when the public opinion of the nations looks hard at tyranny? It would not be long before that younger son, having spent all with riotous living, and devoured his substance with slavery, brought down to the husks that the swine do eat,— would arise, and go to the Nation, and say, "Father, forgive me; I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. Make me as one of thy hired servants." The southern men knew well, that if the Union were dissolved, their riches would take to themselves legs, and run away,— or firebrands, and make a St. Domingo out of Carolina! They cast off the North! they set up for themselves![49]

"Tush! tush! Fear boys with bugs!"

Here is the reason. He wanted to be President. That was all of it. Before this he had intrigued,— always in a clumsy sort, for he was organized for honesty, and cunning never throve in his keeping,— had stormed and blustered and bullied. "Gen. Taylor the second choice of Massachusetts for the President," quoth he: "I tell you I am to be the first, and Massachusetts has no second choice." Mr. Clay must not be nominated in '44; in '48 Gen. Taylor's was a "nomination not fit to be made." He wanted the office himself. This time he must storm the North, and conciliate the South. This was his bid for the Presidency, — fifty thousand square miles of territory and ten millions of dollars to Texas; four new slave states; slavery in Utah and New Mexico; the Fugitive Slave Bill; and two hundred millions of dollars offered to Virginia to carry free men of color to Africa.[50]

He never labored so before, and he had been a hard-working man. What speeches he made at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Albany, Buffalo, Syracuse, Annapolis! What letters he wrote! His intellect was never so active, nor gave such proofs of Herculean power. The hottest-headed Carolinian did not put his feet faster or further on in the support of slavery. He

> "Stood up the strongest and the fiercest spirit
> That fought 'gainst Heaven, now fiercer by despair."

Once he could say,—

> "By general instruction we seek as far as possible to purify the whole moral atmosphere; to keep good sentiments uppermost, and to turn the strong current of feeling and opinion, as well as the censures of the law, and the denunciations of religion, against immorality and crime. We hope for a security beyond the law, and above the law, in the prevalence of enlightened and well-principled moral sentiment." [51]

In 1820 he could say, "All conscience ought to be respected;" in 1850 it is only a fanatic who heeds his conscience, and there is no higher law. In scorn of the higher law he far outwent his transatlantic prototype; for even Strafford, in his devotion to "Thorough," had some respect for the fundamental law of nature, and said,—"If I must be a traitor to man or perjured to God, I will be faithful to my Creator."

The fountains of his great deep were broken up — it rained forty days and forty nights, and brought a flood of slavery over this whole land; it covered the market, and the factory, and the court-house, and the warehouse, and the college, and rose up high over the tops of the tallest steeples! But the ark of freedom went on the face of the waters,— above the market, above the factory, above the court-house, above the col-

lege, high over the tops of the tallest steeples, it floated secure; for it bore the religion that is to save the world, and the Lord God of Hosts had shut it in.

What flattery was there from Mr. Webster! What flattery to the South! what respect for Southern nullifiers! "The secessionists of the South take a different course of remark;" they appeal to no higher law! "They are learned and eloquent; they are animated and full of spirit; they are high-minded and chivalrous; they state their supposed injuries and cause of complaint in elegant phrases and exalted tones of speech."

He derided the instructions of his adopted state.

"It has been said that I have, by the course that I have thought proper to pursue, displeased a portion of the people of Massachusetts. Well, suppose I did. Suppose I displeased all the people of that state,— what of that?

"What had I to do with instructions from Massachusetts upon a question affecting the whole nation!" "I assure you, gentlemen, I cared no more for the instructions of Massachusetts than I did for those of any other state!"

What scorn against the "fanatics" of the North, against the higher law, and the God thereof!

"New England, it is well known, is the chosen seat of the abolition presses and the Abolition societies. There it is principally that the former cheer the morning by full columns of lamentation over the fate of human beings free by nature and by law above the Constitution,— but sent back, nevertheless, chained and manacled to slavery and to stripes; and the latter refresh themselves from daily toil by orgies of the night devoted to the same outpourings of philanthropy, mingling all the while their anathemas at what they call 'men-catching' with the most horrid and profane abjuration of the Christian Sabbath, and indeed of the whole Divine Revelation: they sanctify their philanthropy by irreligion and profanity; they manifest their charity by contempt of God and His commandments."

"Depend upon it, the law [the Fugitive Slave Bill] will be executed in its spirit and to its letter. It will be executed in

all the great cities,— here in Syracuse,— in the midst of the next Anti-slavery Convention, if the occasion shall arise; then we shall see what becomes of their 'lives and their sacred honor!'" [52]

How he mocked at the "higher law," "that exists somewhere between us and the third heaven, I never knew exactly where!"

The anti-slavery men were "insane persons," "some small bodies of fanatics," "not fit for a lunatic asylum."

To secure his purposes he left no stone unturned; he abandoned his old friends, treating them with rage and insolence. He revolutionized his own politics and his own religion. The strong advocate of liberty, of justice to all men, the opponent of slavery, turned round to the enemy and went square over! But his old speeches did not follow him: a speech is a fact; a printed word becomes immovable as the Alps. His former speeches, set all the way from Hanover to Washington, were a line of fortresses grim with cannon, each levelled at his new position.

How low he stooped to supplicate the South, to cringe before the Catholics, to fawn upon the Methodists at Faneuil Hall! O, what a prostitution of what a kingly power of thought, of speech, of will!

The effect of Mr. Webster's speech on the 7th of March was amazing: at first Northern men abhorred it; next they accepted it. Why was this? He himself has perhaps helped us understand the mystery: —

"The enormity of some crimes so astonishes men as to subdue their minds, and they lose the desire for justice in a morbid admiration of the great criminal and the strangeness of the crime."

Slavery, the most hideous snake which southern regions breed, with fifteen unequal feet, came crawling

north; fold on fold, and ring on ring, and coil on coil, the venomed monster came: then avarice, the foulest worm which northern cities gender in their heat, went crawling south; with many a wriggling curl, it wound along its way. At length they met, and, twisting up in their obscene embrace, the twain became one monster hunkerism; theme unattempted yet in prose or song: there was no North, no South; they were one poison! The dragon wormed its way along,— crawled into the church of commerce, wherein the minister baptized the beast, "Salvation." From the ten commandments the dragon's breath effaced those which forbid to kill and covet, with the three between; then with malignant tooth, gnawed out the chief commandments whereon the law and prophets hang. This amphisbæna of the western world then swallowed down the holiest words of Hebrew or of Christian speech, and in their place it left a hissing at the higher law of God. Northward and southward wormed the thing along its track, leaving the stain of its breath in the people's face; and its hissing against the Lord rings yet in many a speech: —

> "Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
> And, unawares, morality expires."

Then what shrinking was there of great consciences, and hearts, and minds! So Milton, fabling, sings of angels fallen from their first estate, seeking to enter Pandemonium: —

> "They but now who seemed
> In bigness to surpass Earth's giant-sons,
> Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
> Throng numberless, ...
> . . . . . to smallest forms
> Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large,

> Though without number still, amidst the hall
> Of that infernal court."

Mr. Webster stamped his foot, and broke through into the great hollow of practical atheism, which undergulfs the State and Church. Then what a caving in was there! The firm-set base of northern cities quaked and yawned with gaping rents. "Penn's sandy foundation" shook again, and black men fled from the city of brotherly love, as doves, with plaintive cry, flee from a farmer's barn when summer lightning stabs the roof. There was a twist in Faneuil Hall, and the doors could not open wide enough for Liberty to regain her ancient cradle; only soldiers, greedy to steal a man, themselves stole out and in. Ecclesiastic quicksand ran down the hole amain. Metropolitan churches toppled, and pitched, and canted, and cracked, their bowing walls all out of plumb. Colleges, broken from the chain which held them in the stream of time, rushed towards the abysmal rent. Harvard led the way, "Christo et Ecclesiæ" in her hand. Down plunged Andover, "Conscience and the Constitution" clutched in its ancient, failing arm. New Haven began to cave in. Doctors of divinity, orthodox, heterodox with only a doxy of doubt, "no settled opinion," had great alacrity in sinking, and went down quick, as live as ever, into the pit of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, the bottomless pit of lower law,— one with his mother, cloaked by a surplice, hid beneath his sinister arm, and an acknowledged brother grasped by his remaining limb. Fossils of theology, dead as Ezekiel's bones, took to their feet again, and stood up for most arrant wrong. "There is no higher law of God," quoth they, as they went down; "no golden rule, only the statutes of men." A man with mythological ear might fancy

that he heard a snickering laugh run round the world below, snorting, whinnying, and neighing, as it echoed from the infernal spot pressed by the fallen monsters of ill-fame, who, thousands of years ago, on the same errand, had plunged down the selfsame way. What tidings the echo bore, Dante nor Milton could not tell. Let us leave that to darkness, and to silence, and to death.

But spite of all this, in every city, in every town, in every college, and in each capsizing church, there were found faithful men, who feared not the monster, heeded not the stamping; — nay, some doctors of divinity were found living. In all their houses there was light, and the destroying angel shook them not. The word of the Lord came in open vision to their eye; they had their lamps trimmed and burning, their loins girt; they stood road-ready. Liberty and religion turned in thither, and the slave found bread and wings. "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up!"

After the 7th of March, Mr. Webster became the ally of the worst of men, the forefront of kidnapping. The orator of Plymouth Rock was the advocate of slavery; the hero of Bunker Hill put chains around Boston court-house; the applauder of Adams and Jefferson was a tool of the slaveholder, and a keeper of slavery's dogs, the associate of the kidnapper, and the mocker of men who loved the right. Two years he lived with that rabble-rout for company, his name the boast of every vilest thing.

"Oh, how unlike the place from whence he fell!"

In early life Mr. Hill, of New Hampshire, pursued him with unrelenting bitterness. Of late years Mr.

Webster had complained of this, declaring that Mr. Hill had "done more than any other man to debauch the character of New Hampshire, bringing the bitterness of politics into private life." But after that day of St. Judas, Mr. Webster pursued the same course which Mr. Hill had followed forty years before, and the two enemies were reconciled. The Herod of the Democrats and the Pilate of Federalism were made friends by the Fugitive Slave Bill, and rode in the same "Omnibus,"—"a blue-light Federalist" and "a genuine Democrat dyed in the wool."

Think of him! — the Daniel Webster of Plymouth Rock advocating the "Compromise Measures!" the Daniel Webster of Faneuil Hall, who once spoke with the inspiration of Samuel Adams and the tongue of James Otis, honoring the holy dead with his praise! — think of him at Buffalo, Albany, Syracuse, scoffing at modern men, who "periled their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor," to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep themselves unspotted from the world! — think of him threatening with the gallows such as clothed the naked, fed the hungry, visited the prisoner, and gave a cup of cold water to him that was ready to perish! Think of Daniel Webster become the assassin of Liberty in the capitol! Think of him, full of the Old Testament and dear Isaac Watts, scoffing at the higher law of God, while the mountains of Virginia looked him in the face!

But what was the recompense? Ask Massachusetts, —ask the North. Let the Baltimore Convention tell. He was the greatest candidate before it. General Scott is a little man when the feathers are gone. Fillmore, you know him. Both of these, for greatness of intellect, compared to Webster, were as a single mag-

pie measured by an eagle. Look at his speeches; look at his forehead; look at his face! The two hundred and ninety-three delegates came together and voted. They gave him thirty-two votes! Where were the men of the "lower law," who made a denial of God the first principle of their politics? Where were they who in Faneuil Hall scoffed and jeered at the "higher law;" or at Capon Springs, who "laughed" when he mocked at the law higher than the Virginia hills? Where were the kidnappers? The "lower law" men and the kidnappers strained themselves to the utmost, and he had thirty-two votes!

Where was the South? Fifty-three times did the Convention ballot, and the South never gave him a vote,— not a vote; no, not one! Northern friends — I honor their affection for the great man — went to the South, and begged for the poor and paltry pittance of a seeming vote, in order to break the bitterness of the fall! They went "with tears in their eyes," and in mercy's name, they asked that crumb from the southern board. But the cruel South, treacherous to him whom she beguiled to treason against God, she answered, "Not a vote!" It was the old fate of men who betray. Southern politicians "did not dare dispense with the services thrust on him, but revenged themselves by withdrawing his well-merited reward." It was the fate of Strafford; the fate of Wolsey. When Lasthenes and Euthycrates betrayed Olynthus to Macedonian Philip, fighting against the liberties of Greece, they were distinguished — if Demosthenes be right — only by the cruelty of their fate. Mr. Webster himself had a forefeeling that it might be so; for, on the morning of his fatal speech, he told a brother Senator, "I have my doubts that the

speech I am going to make will ruin me." But he played the card with a heavy, a rash, a trembling, and not a skilful hand. It was only the playing of a card, — but his last card! Mr. Calhoun had said, "The furthest Southerner is nearer to us than the nearest Northern man." They could trust him with their work,— not with its covenanted pay!

Oh! Cardinal Wolsey! there was never such a fall.

"He fell, like Lucifer, never to hope again!"

The telegraph which brought him tidings of his fate was a thunder-stroke out of the clear sky. No wonder that he wept, and said, "I am a disgraced man, a ruined man!" His early, his last, his fondest dream of ambition broke, and only ruin filled his hand! What a spectacle! to move pity in the stones of the street!

But it seemed as if nothing could be spared him. His cup of bitterness, already full, was made to run over; for joyous men, full of wine and the nomination, called him up at midnight out of his bed — the poor, disappointed old man! — to "congratulate him on the nomination of Scott!" And they forced the great man, falling back on his self-respect, to say that the next morning he should "rise with the lark, as jocund and as gay."

Was not that enough? Oh, there is no pity in the hearts of men! Even that was not enough! Northern friends went to him, and asked him to advise men to vote for General Scott!

General Scott is said to be an anti-slavery man; but soon as the political carpenters put the "planks" together at Baltimore, he scrambled upon the platform, and stands there on all-fours to this day, looking for

"fellow-citizens, native and adopted," listening for "that rich brogue," and declaring that, after all, he is "only a common man." Did you ever read General Scott's speeches? Then think of asking Daniel Webster to recommend him for President,— Scott in the chair, and Webster out. That was gall after the wormwood! They say that Mr. Webster did write a letter advocating the election of Scott, and afterwards said, "I still live." If he did so, attribute it to the wanderings of a great mind, shattered by sickness; and be assured he would have taken it back, if he had ever set his firm foot on the ground again![53]

Daniel Webster went down to Marshfield — to die! He died of his 7th of March speech! That word indorsed on Mason's Bill drove thousands of fugitives from America to Canada. It put chains round our court-house; it led men to violate the majesty of law all over the North. I violated it, and so did you. It sent Thomas Sims in fetters to his jail and his scourging at Savannah; it caused practical atheism to be preached in many churches of New York, Philadelphia, Washington; and, worst of all, in Boston itself! And then, with its own recoil, it sent Daniel Webster to his grave, giving him such a reputation as a man would not wish for his utterest foe.

No event in the American Revolution was half so terrible as his speeches in defense of slavery and kidnapping, his abrogation of the right to discuss all measures of the government. We lost battles again and again, lost campaigns — our honor we never lost. The army was without powder at Cambridge in '76; without shoes and blankets in '78; and the bare feet of New England valor marked the ice with blood when they crossed the Delaware. But we were never with-

out conscience; never without morality. Powder might fail, and shoes drop, old and rotten, from soldiers' feet. But the love of God was in the American heart, and no American general said, "There is no law higher than the Blue Ridge!" Nay, they appealed to God's higher law, not thinking that in politics religion "makes men mad."

While the Philip of slavery was thundering at our gate, the American Demosthenes advised us to "conquer our prejudices" against letting him in; to throw down the wall "with alacrity," and bid him come: it was a "constitutional" Philip. How silver dims the edge of steel! When the tongue of freedom was cut out of the mouth of Europe by the sabers of tyrants, and only in the British Isles and in Saxon speech could liberty be said or sung, the greatest orator who ever spoke the language of Milton and Burke told us to suppress discussion! In the dark and troubled night of American politics, our tallest pharos on the shore hung out a false beacon.

Once Mr. Webster said, "There will always be some perverse minds who will vote the wrong way, let the justice of the case be ever so apparent."[54] Did he know what he was doing? Too well. In the winter of 1850, he partially prepared a speech in defense of freedom. Was his own amendment to Mason's Bill designated to be its text? Some say so. I know not. He wrote to an intimate and sagacious friend in Boston, asking, "How far can I go in defense of freedom and have Massachusetts sustain me?" The friend repaid the confidence, and said, "Far as you like!" Mr. Webster went as far as New Orleans, as far as Texas and the Del Norte, in support of slavery! When that speech came,— the rawest wind of March,

— the friend declared: "It seldom happens to any man to be able to disgrace the generation he is born in. But the opportunity has presented itself to Mr. Webster, and he has done the deed!"

Cardinal Wolsey fell, and lost nothing but his place. Bacon fell; the "wisest, brightest," lived long enough to prove himself the "meanest of mankind." Strafford came down. But it was nothing to the fall of Webster. The Anglo-Saxon race never knew such a terrible and calamitous ruin. His downfall shook the continent. Truth fell prostrate in the street. Since then, the court-house has a twist in its walls, and equity cannot enter its door; the steeples point awry, and the "higher law" is hurled down from the pulpit. One priest would enslave all the "posterity of Ham," and another would drive a fugitive from his own door; a third became certain that Paul was a kidnapper; and a fourth had the "assurance of consciousness that Christ Jesus would have sold and bought slaves!" Practical atheism became common in the pulpits of America; they forgot that there was a God. In the hard winter of 1780, if Lafayette had copied Arnold, and Washington gone over to the enemy, the fall could not have been worse. Benedict Arnold fell, but fell through,— so low that no man quotes him for precedent. Aaron Burr is only a warning. Webster fell, and he lay there "not less than archangel ruined," and enticed the nation in his fall. Shame on us! — all those three are of New-England blood! Webster, Arnold, Burr!

My friends, it is hard for me to say those things. My mother's love is warm in my own bosom still, and I hate to say such words. But God is just; and, in the presence of God, I stand here to tell the truth.

Did men honor Daniel Webster? So did I. I was a boy ten years old when he stood at Plymouth Rock, and never shall I forget how his clarion words rang in my boyish heart. I was but a little boy when he spoke those brave words in behalf of Greece. I was helped to hate slavery by the lips of that great intellect; and now that he takes back his words, and comes himself to be slavery's slave, I hate it tenfold harder than before, because it made a bondman out of that proud, powerful nature.

Did men love him? So did I. Not blindly, but as I loved a great mind, as the defender of the Constitution and the unalienable rights of man.

Sober and religious men of Boston yet mourn that their brothers were kidnapped in the city of Hancock and Adams — it was Daniel Webster who kidnapped them. Massachusetts has wept at the deep iniquity which was wrought in her capital — it was done by the man whom she welcomed to her bosom, and long had loved to honor. Let history, as

> "Sad as angels at the good man's sin,
> Blush to record, and weep to give it in!"

Do men mourn for him? See how they mourn! The streets are hung with black. The newspapers are sad colored. The shops are put in mourning. The Mayor and Aldermen wear crape. Wherever his death is made known, the public business stops, and flags drop half-mast down. The courts adjourn. The courts of Massachusetts — at Boston, at Dedham, at Lowell, all adjourn; the courts of New Hampshire, of Maine, of New York; even at Baltimore and Washington, the courts adjourn; for the great lawyer is dead, and justice must wait another day. Only the

United States Court, in Boston, trying a man for helping Shadrach out of the furnace of the kidnappers,— the court which executes the Fugitive Slave Bill,— that does not adjourn; that keeps on; its worm dies not, and the fire of its persecution is not quenched, when death puts out the lamp of life![55] Injustice is hungry for its prey, and must not be balked. It was very proper! Symbolical court of the Fugitive Slave Bill — it does not respect life, why should it death? and, scorning liberty, why should it heed decorum? Did the judges deem that Webster's spirit, on its way to God, would look at Plymouth Rock, then pause on the spots made more classic by his eloquence, and gaze at Bunker Hill, and tarry his hour in the august company of noble men at Faneuil Hall, and be glad to know that injustice was chanting his requiem in that court? They greatly misjudge the man. I know Daniel Webster better, and I appeal for him against his idly judging friends.

Do men now mourn for him, the great man eloquent? I put on sackcloth long ago; I mourned for him when he wrote the Creole letter, which surprised Ashburton, Briton that he was. I mourned when he spoke the speech of the 7th of March. I mourned when the Fugitive Slave Bill passed Congress, and the same cannons which have just fired minute-guns for him fired also one hundred rounds of joy at the forging of a new fetter for the fugitive's foot. I mourned for him when the kidnappers first came to Boston,— hated then, now "respectable men," "the companions of princes," enlarging their testimony in the court. I mourned when my own parishioners fled from the "stripes" of New England to the "stars" of Old England. I mourned when Ellen Craft fled to my

house for shelter and for succor, and for the first time in all my life I armed this hand. I mourned when I married William and Ellen Craft, and gave them a Bible for their soul, and a sword to keep that soul living in a living frame. I mourned when that court-house was hung in chains; when Thomas Sims, from his dungeon, sent out his petition for prayers, and the churches did not dare to pray. I mourned when that poor outcast in yonder dungeon sent for me to visit him, and when I took him by the hand which Daniel Webster was chaining in that hour. I mourned for Webster when we prayed our prayer and sang our psalm on Long Wharf in the morning's gray. I mourned then: I shall not cease to mourn. The flags will be removed from the streets, the cannon will sound their other notes of joy; but, for me, I shall go mourning all my days; I shall refuse to be comforted; and at last I shall lay down my gray hairs with weeping and with sorrow in the grave. O Webster! Webster! would God that I had died for thee!

He was a powerful man physically, a man of a large mold,— a great body and a great brain: he seemed made to last a hundred years. Since Socrates, there has seldom been a head so massive huge, save the stormy features of Michael Angelo,—

> "The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
> And groined the aisles of Christian Rome;"

he who sculptured Day and Night into such majestic forms,— looked them in his face before he chiseled them in stone. The cubic capacity of his head surpassed nearly all former measurements of mind. Since Charlemagne, I think there has not been such a

grand figure in all Christendom. A large man, decorous in dress, dignified in deportment, he walked as if he felt himself a king. Men from the country, who knew him not, stared at him as he passed through our streets. The coal-heavers and porters of London looked on him as one of the great forces of the globe. They recognized a native king. In the Senate of the United States, he looked an emperor in that council. Even the majestic Calhoun seemed common, compared with him. Clay looked vulgar, and Van Buren but a fox. His countenance, like Strafford's, was "manly black." His mind —

> "Was lodged in a fair and lofty room.
> On his brow
> Sat terror, mixed with wisdom; and, at once,
> Saturn and Hermes in his countenance."

What a mouth he had! It was a lion's mouth. Yet there was a sweet grandeur in his smile, and a woman's softness when he would. What a brow it was! what eyes! like charcoal fires in the bottom of a deep, dark well! His face was rugged with volcanic flames,— great passions and great thoughts.

> "The front of Jove himself;
> An eye like Mars to threaten and command."

Let me examine the elements of Mr. Webster's character in some detail. Divide the faculties, not bodily, into intellectual, moral, affectional, and religious, and see what he had of each, beginning with the highest.

I. His latter life shows that he had no large development of the religious powers, which join men consciously to the Infinite God. He had little religion in the higher meaning of that word: much in the lower,— he had the conventional form of religion, the formality

of outward and visible prayer; reverence for the Bible and the name of Christ; attendance at meeting on Sundays and at the "ordinances of religion." He was a "devout man," in the ecclesiastic sense of the word. But it is easy to be devout, hard to be moral. Of the two men, in the parable, who "went up to the temple to pray," only the Pharisee was "devout" in the common sense. Devoutness took the Priest and the Levite to the temple: morality led the good Samaritan to the man fallen among thieves.

His reputation for religion seems to rest on these facts,— that he read the Bible, and knew more passages from it than most political editors, more than some clergymen; he thought Job "a great epic poem," and quoted Habakkuk by rote; — that he knew many hymns by heart; attended what is called "divine service;" agreed with a New Hampshire divine "in all the doctrines of a Christian life;" and, in the "Girard case," praised the popular theology, with the ministers thereof,— the latter as "appointed by the Author of the Christian religion himself."

He seems by nature to have had a religious turn of mind; was full of devout and reverential feelings; took a deep delight in religious emotions; was fond of religious books of a sentimental cast; loved Watts's tender and delicious hymns, with the devotional parts of the Bible; his memory was stored with the poetry of hymn-books; he was fond of attendance at meeting. He had no particle of religious bigotry; joining an orthodox church at Boscawen, an Episcopal at Washington, a Unitarian at Boston, and attending religious services without much regard for the theology of the minister. He loved religious forms, and could not see a child baptized without dropping a tear. Psalms

and hymns also brought the woman into those great eyes. He was never known to swear, or use any profanity of speech. Considering the habits of his political company, that is a fact worth notice. But I do not find that his religious emotions had any influence on his later life, either public or private. He read religion out of politics with haughty scorn —" It makes men mad!" It appeared neither to check him from ill, nor urge to good. Though he said he loved " to have religion made a personal matter," he forsook the church which made it personal in the form of temperance. His " religious character " was what the churches of commerce tend to form, and love to praise.[56]

II. Of the affections he was well provided by nature, though they were but little cultivated,— attachable to a few who knew him, and loved him tenderly; and, if he hated like a giant, he loved also like a king.

He had small respect for the mass of men,— a contempt for the judgment and the feelings of the millions who make up the people. Many women loved him; some from pure affection, others fascinated and overborne by the immense masculineness of the man. Some are still left who knew him in early life, before political ambition set its mark on his forehead, and drove him forth into the world: they love him with the tenderest of woman's affections. This is no small praise. In his earlier life he was fond of children, loved their prattle and their play. They, too, were fond of him, came to him as dust of iron to a loadstone, climbed on his back, or, when he lay down, lay on his limbs and also slept.

Of unimpassioned and unrelated love, there are two

modes,— friendship for a few; philanthropy for all. Friendship he surely had, especially in earlier life. All along the shore men loved him; men in Boston loved him to the last; Washington held loving hearts which worshiped him. But, of late years, he turned round to smite and crush his early friends who kept the higher law; ambition tore the friendship out of him, and he became unkind and cruel. The companions of his later years were chiefly low men, with large animal appetites, servants of his body's baser parts, or tide-waiters of his ambition,— vulgar men in Boston and New York, who lurk in the habitations of cruelty, whereof the dark places of the earth are full, seeking to enslave their brother-men. These barnacles clove to the great man's unprotected parts, and hastened his decay. When kidnappers made their loathsome lair of his bosom, what was his friendship worth?

Of philanthropy, I claim not much for him. The noble plea for Greece is the most I can put in for argument. He cared little for the poor; charity seldom invaded his open purse; he trod down the poorest and most friendless of perishing men. His name was never connected with the humanities of the age. Soon as the American government seemed fixed on the side of cruelty, he marched all his dreadful artillery over, and leveled his breaching cannons against men ready to perish without his shot. In later years, his face was the visage of a tyrant.

III. Of conscience it seemed to me he had little; in his later life, exceeding little: his moral sense seemed long besotted; almost, though not wholly, gone. Hence, though he was often generous, he was seldom just. Free to give as to grasp, he was lavish by instinct, not charitable on principle.

He had little courage, and rarely spoke a Northern word to a Southern audience, save his official words in Congress.[57] In Charleston he was the "school-master that gives us no lessons." He quailed before the Southern men who would "dissolve the Union," when he stood before their eyes. They were "high-minded and chivalrous:" it was only the non-resistants of the North he meant to ban!

He was indeed eminently selfish, joining the instinctive egotism of passion with the self-conscious, voluntary, deliberate, calculating egotism of ambition. He borrowed money of rich young men — ay, and of poor ones — in the generosity of their youth, and never repaid. He sought to make his colleagues in office the tools of his ambition, and that failing, pursued them with the intensest hate. Thus he sought to ruin the venerable John Quincy Adams, when the President became a Representative. By secret hands he scattered circulars in Mr. Adams's district to work his overthrow; got other men to oppose him. With different men he succeeded better. He used his party as he used his friends,— for tools. He coquetted with the Democrats in '42, with the Free-soilers in '48; but, the suit miscarrying, turned to the slave power in '50, and negotiated an espousal which was cruelly broken off in '52. Men, parties, the law, and the nation, he did not hesitate to sacrifice to the colossal selfishness of his egotistic ambition.[58]

His strength lay not in the religious, nor in the affectional, nor in the moral part of man.

IV. But his intellect was immense. His power of comprehension was vast. He methodized swiftly. If you look at the varieties of intellectual action, you may distribute them into three great modes; the under-

standing, the imagination, and the reason; — the understanding dealing with details and methods, the practical power; imagination, with beauty, the power to create; reason, with first principles and universal laws, the philosophic power.

We must deny to Mr. Webster the great reason. He does not belong at all with the chief men of that department,— with Socrates, Aristotle, Plato, Leibnitz, Newton, Descartes, and the other mighties. Nay, he has no place with humbler men of reason, with common philosophers. He had no philosophical system of politics, few philosophical ideas of politics, whereof to make a system. He seldom grasps a universal law. His measures of expediency for to-day are seldom bottomed on universal principles of right, which last for ever.

I cannot assign to him large imagination. He was not creative of new forms of thought or of beauty; so he lacks the poetic charm which gladdens in the loftiest eloquence.

But his understanding was exceedingly great. He acquired readily and retained well; arranged with ease and skill, and fluently reproduced. As a scholar, he passed for learned in the American Senate, where scholars are few; for a universal man, with editors of political and commercial prints. But his learning was narrow in its range, and not very nice in its accuracy. His reach in history and literature was very small for a man seventy years of age, always associating with able men. To science he seems to have paid scarce any attention at all. It is a short radius that measures the arc of his historic realm. A few Latin authors, whom he loved to quote, made up his meager classic store. He was not a scholar,

and it is idle to claim great or careful scholarship for him. Compare him with the prominent statesmen of Europe, or with the popular orators of England, you see continually the narrow range of his culture.

As a statesman, his lack of what I call the higher reason and imagination continually appears. He invented nothing. To the national stock he added no new idea, created out of new thought; no new maxim, formed by induction out of human history and old thought. The great ideas of the time were not borne in his bosom.[59]

He organized nothing. There were great ideas of immense practical value seeking lodgment in a body: he aided them not. None of the great measures of our time were his — not one of them. His best bill was the Specie Bill of 1815, which caused payments to be made in national currency.

His lack of conscience is painfully evident. As Secretary of State, he did not administer eminently well.[60] When Secretary of State under Mr. Tyler, he knew how to be unjust to poor, maltreated Mexico. His letters in reply to the just complaints of Mr. Bocanegra, the Mexican Secretary of State, are painful to read: it is the old story of the Wolf and the Lamb.

The appointments made under his administration had better not be looked at too closely. The affairs of Cuba last year and this, the affairs of the Fisheries and the Lobos Islands, are little to his credit.

He was sometimes ignorant of the affairs he had to treat; he neglected the public business,— left grave matters all unattended to. Nay, he did worse. Early in August last, Mr. Lawrence had an interview with the British Foreign Secretary, in which explanations

were made calculated to remove all anxiety as to the Fishery question. He wrote a paper detailing the result of the interview. It was designed to be communicated to the American Senate. Mr. Lawrence sent it to Mr. Webster. It reached the Department at Washington on the 24th of August. But Mr. Webster did not communicate it to the Senate; even the President knew nothing of its existence till after the Secretary's death.[61] Now it is not "compatible with the public interest to publish it," as its production would reveal the negligence of the Department. You remember the letter he published on his own account relating to the Fisheries! No man, it was said, could get office under his administration, "unless bathed in negro's blood;" support of the Fugitive Slave Bill, "like the path of righteous devotion, led to a blessed preferment."

Lacking both moral principle and intellectual ideas, political ethics and political economy, it must needs be that his course in politics was crooked. He opposed the Mexican War, but invested a son in it, and praised the soldiers who fought therein, as surpassing our fathers who "stood behind bulwarks on Bunker Hill!" He called on the nation to uphold the stars of America on the fields of Mexico, though he knew it was the stripes that they held up. Now he is for free trade, then for protection; now for specie, then for bills; first for a bank, then it is "an obsolete idea;" now for freedom and against slavery, then for slavery and against freedom; now justice is the object of government, now money. Now, what makes men Christians makes them good citizens; next, religion is good "everywhere but in politics,— there it makes men mad." Now, religion is the only ground of

government, and all conscience is to be respected; next, there is no law higher than the "Omnibus," and he hoots at conscience, and would not reënact the law of God.

He began his career as the friend of free trade and hard money; he would restrict the government to the straight line of the Constitution rigidly defined; he would resist the bank, the protective tariff, the extension of slavery,— they exceeded the limits of the Constitution: he became the pensioned advocate of restricted trade and of paper money; he interpreted the Constitution to oppress the several states and the citizens; brought the force of the government against private right, and lent all his might to the extension of slavery. Once he stood out boldly for the right of all men "to canvass public measures and the merits of public men;" then he tells us that discussion "must be suppressed!" Several years ago, he called a private meeting of the principal manufacturers of Boston, and advised them to abandon the protective tariff; but they would not, and so he defended it as warmly as ever! His course was crooked as the Missouri. The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel were, like him, without a philosophical scheme of political conduct, or any great ideas whereby to shape the future into fairer forms; but the principle of duty was the thread which joined all parts of their public ministration. Thereon each strung his victories. But selfish egotism is the only continuous thread I find thus running through the crooked life of the famous American.

With such a lack of ideas and of honesty, with a dread of taking the responsibility in advance of public opinion, lacking confidence in the people, and confi-

dence in himself, he did not readily understand the public opinion on which he depended. He thought himself "a favorite with the people,"—"sure of election if nominated;" it was "only the politicians" who stood between him and the nation. He thought the Fugitive Slave Bill would be popular in the North; that it could be executed in Syracuse; and Massachusetts would conquer her prejudices with alacrity!

He had little value as a permanent guide: he changed often, but at the unlucky moment. He tacked and wore ship many a time in his life, always in bad weather, and never came round but he fell off from the popular wind. Perseverance makes the saints: he always forsook his idea just as that was about to make its fortune. In his voyaging for the Presidency he was always too late for the tide; embarked on the ebb, and was left as the stream run dry. The Fugitive Slave Bill has done the South no good, save to reveal the secrets of her prison-house, the Cabin of Uncle Tom, and make the North hate slavery with a tenfold hate. So far has he "Websterized" the Whig party, he has done so to its ruin.

He was a great advocate, a great orator; it is said, the greatest in the land,— and I do not doubt that this was true. Surely he was immensely great. When he spoke, he was a grand spectacle. His noble form, so dignified and masculine; his massive head; the mighty brow, Olympian in its majesty; the great, deep, dark eye, which, like a lion's seemed fixed on objects afar off, looking beyond what lay in easy range; the mouth so full of strength and determination,— these all became the instruments of such eloquence as few men ever hear. He magnetized men by his presence; he subdued them by his will more

than by his argument. Many have surpassed him in written words; for he could not embody the sunshine in such flowers of thought as Burke, Milton, and Cicero wrought into mosaic oratory. But, since the great Athenians, Demosthenes and Pericles, who ever thundered out such spoken eloquence as he?

Yet he has left no perfect specimen of a great oration. He had not the instinctive genius which creates a beautiful whole by nature, as a mother bears a living son; nor the wide knowledge, the deep philosophy, the plastic industry, which forms a beautiful whole by art, as a sculptor chisels a marble boy. So his greatest and most deliberate efforts of oratory will not bear comparison with the great eloquence of nature that is born, nor the great eloquence of art which is made. Compared therewith, his mighty works are as Hercules compared with Apollo. It is an old world, and excellence in oratory is difficult. Yet he has sentences and paragraphs that I think unsurpassed and unequaled, and I do not see how they can ever fade. He was not a Nile of eloquence, cascading into poetic beauty now, then watering whole provinces with the drainage of tropic mountains: he was a Niagara, pouring a world of clear waters adown a single ledge.

His style was simple, the business style of a strong man. Now and then it swelled into beauty, though it was often dull. In later years, he seldom touched the conscience, the affections, or the soul, except, alas! to smite our sense of justice, our philanthropy, and trust in God. He always addressed the understanding, not the reason,— Calhoun did that the more,— not the imagination: in his speech there was little wit, little beauty, little poetry. He laid siege to the under-

standing. Here lay his strength — he could make a statement better than any man in America; had immense power of argumentation, building a causeway from his will to the hearer's mind. He was skilful in devising "middle terms," in making steps whereby to lead the audience to his determination. No man managed the elements of his argument with more practical effect.

Perhaps he did this better when contending for a wrong, than when battling for the right. His most ingenious arguments are pleas for injustice. Part of the effect came from the physical bulk of the man; part from the bulk of will, which marked all his speech, and writing too; but much from his power of statement. He gathered a great mass of material, bound it together, swung it about his head, fixed his eye on the mark, then let the ruin fly. If you want a word suddenly shot from Dover to Calais, you send it by lightning; if a ball of a ton weight, you get a steam-cannon to pitch it across. Webster was the steam-gun of eloquence. He hit the mark less by skill than strength. His shot seemed big as his target.

There is a great difference in the weapons which speakers use. This orator brings down his quarry with a single subtle shot, of sixty to the pound. He carries death without weight in his gun, as sure as fate.

Here is another, the tin-peddler of American speech. He is a snake in the grass, slippery, shining, with a baleful crest on his head, cunning in his crazy eye, and the poison of the old serpent in his heart, and on his slimy jaw, and about the fang at the bottom of his smooth and forked and nimble tongue.

He conquers by bewitching; he fascinates his game to death.

Commonly, Mr. Webster was open and honest in his oratory. He had no masked batteries, no Quaker guns. He had "that rapid and vehement declamation which fixes the hearer's attention on the subject, making the speaker forgotten, and leaving his art concealed." He wheeled his forces into line, column after column, with the quickness of Hannibal and the masterly arrangement of Cæsar, and, like Napoleon, broke the center of his opponent's line by the superior weight of his own column and the sudden heaviness of his fire. Thus he laid siege to the understanding, and carried it by dint of cannonade. This was his strategy, in the court-house, in the Senate, and in the public hall. There were no ambuscades, no pitfalls, or treacherous Indian subtlety. It was the tactics of a great and naturally honest-minded man.

In his oratory there was but one trick,— that of self-depreciation. This came on him in his later years, and it always failed. He was too big to make any one believe he thought himself little; so obviously proud, we knew he valued his services high when he rated them so low. That comprehensive eye could not overlook so great an object as himself. He was not organized to cheat, to deceive; and did not prosper when he tried. 'Tis ill the lion apes the fox.

He was ambitious. Cardinal Wolsey's "unbounded stomach" was also the stomach of Webster. Yet his ambition mostly failed. In forty years of public life, he rose no higher than Secretary of State; and held that post but five years. He was continually outgeneraled by subtler men. He had little political foresight: for he had not the all-conquering religion

which meekly executes the law of God, fearless of its consequence; nor yet the wide philanthropy, the deep sympathy with all that is human, which gives a man the public heart, and so the control of the issues of life, which thence proceed; nor the great justice which sees the everlasting right, and journeys thitherward through good or ill; nor the mighty reason, which, reflecting, beholds the principles of human nature, the constant mode of operation of the forces of God in the forms of men; nor the poetic imagination, which in its political sphere creates great schemes of law: and hence he was not popular.

He longed for the Presidency; but Harrison kept him from the nomination in '40, Clay in '44, Taylor in '48, and Scott in '52. He never had a wide and original influence in the politics of the nation; for he had no elemental thunder of his own — the Tariff was Mr. Calhoun's at first; the Force Bill was from another hand; the Fugitive Slave Bill was Mr. Mason's; "the Omnibus" had many fathers, whereof Webster was not one. He was not a blood-relation to any of the great measures,— to free trade or protection, to paper money or hard coin, to freedom or slavery; he was of their kindred only by adoption. He has been on all sides of most questions, save on the winning side.[62]

In the case of the Fugitive Slave Bill, he stood betwixt the living and the dead, and blessed the plague. But, even here, he faltered when he came North again, —"The South will get no concessions from me." Mr. Webster commended the first draft of the Fugitive Slave Bill, with Mr. Mason's amendments thereto, volunteering his support thereof "to the fullest extent." But he afterwards and repeatedly declared, "The

Fugitive Slave Bill was not such a measure as I had prepared before I left the Senate, and which I should have supported if I had remained in the Senate." [63] "I was of opinion," he said, "that a summary trial by jury might be had, which would satisfy the prejudices of the people, and produce no harm to those who claimed the services of fugitives." Nay, he went so far as to introduce a bill to the Senate providing a trial by jury for all fugitives claiming a trial for their freedom.[64] He thought the whole business of delivering up such as owed service or labor, belonged to the state whither the fugitive fled, and not to the general government.[65] Of course he must have considered it constitutional and expedient to secure for the fugitive a trial before an impartial jury of "twelve good and lawful men," who should pass upon the whole matter at issue. But, with that conviction, and with that bill ready drafted, as he says, in his desk, he could volunteer his support to one which took away from the states all jurisdiction in the matter, and from the fugitive all "due process of law," all trial by jury, and left him in the hands of a creature of the court, who was to be paid twice as much for enslaving his victim as for acquitting a man!

He had almost no self-reliant independence of character. It was his surroundings, not his will, that shaped his course,—"driven by the wind and tossed."

Mr. Webster's political career began with generous promise. He contended for the rights of the people against the government, of the minority against the majority; he defended the right of each man to discuss all public measures and the conduct of public men; he wished commerce to be unrestricted, payments to be made in hard coin. He spoke noble words

against oppression,— the despotism of the "Holy Alliance" in Europe, the cruelty of the slave-trade in America. Generously and nobly he contended against the extension of slavery beyond the Mississippi. Not philanthropic by instinct or moral principle, averse to democratic institutions both by nature and conviction, he yet, by instinctive generosity, hated tyranny, hated injustice, hated despotism. He appealed to moral power against physical force. He sympathized with the republics of South America. His great powers taking such a direction certainly promised a brilliant future, large services for mankind. But, alas! he fell on evil times: who ever fell on any other? He was intensely ambitious; not ambitious to serve mankind, but to hold office, have power and fame. Is this the "last infirmity of noble mind?" It was not a very noble object he proposed as the end of his life; the means to it became successively more and more unworthy. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

For some years no large body of men has had much trust in him,— admiration, but not confidence. In Massachusetts, off the pavements, for the last three years, he has had but little power. After the speech of March 7th, he said, "I will be maintained in Massachusetts." Massachusetts said No! Only in the cities that bought him was he omnipotent. Even the South would not trust him. Gen. Jackson was the most popular man of our time; Calhoun was a favorite throughout the South; Clay, in all quarters of the land; and, at this day, Seward wields the forces of the Whigs. With all his talent, Webster never had the influence on America of the least of these.

Yet Daniel Webster had many popular qualities. He loved out-door and manly sports,— boating, fishing, fowling. He was fond of nature, loving New Hampshire's mountain scenery. He had started small and poor, had risen great and high, and honorably had fought his way alone. He rose early in the morning. He loved gardening, "the purest of human pleasures." He was a farmer, and took a countryman's delight in country things,— in loads of hay, in trees, in turnips, and the noble Indian corn, in monstrous swine. He had a patriarch's love of sheep, — choice breeds thereof he had. He took delight in cows,— short-horned Durhams, Herefordshires, Ayrshires, Alderneys. He tilled paternal acres with his own oxen. He loved to give the kine fodder. It was pleasant to hear his talk of oxen. And but three days before he left the earth, too ill to visit them, his cattle, lowing, came to see their sick lord; and, as he stood in his door, his great oxen were driven up, that he might smell their healthy breath, and look his last on those broad, generous faces, that were never false to him.

He loved birds, and would not have them shot on his premises; and so his farm twittered all over with their "sweet jargonings." Though in public his dress was more uniformly new than is common with acknowledged gentlemen, at home and on his estate he wore his old and homely clothes, and had kind words for all, and hospitality besides. He loved his father and brother with great tenderness, which easily broke into tears when he spoke of them. He was kind to his obscurer and poor relations. He had not money to bestow; they could not share his intellect, or the renown it brought. But he gave them his affection,

and they loved him with veneration. He was a friendly man: all along the shore there were plain men that loved him,— whom he also loved. He was called "a good neighbor, a good townsman:"—

> "Lofty and sour to those that loved him not;
> But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer."

His influence on the development of America has not been great. He had large gifts, large opportunities also for their use,— the two greatest things which great men ask. Yet he has brought little to pass. No great ideas, no great organizations, will bind him to the coming age. His life has been a long vacillation. Ere long, men will ask for the historic proof to verify the reputation of his power. It will not appear. For the present, his career is a failure: he was balked of his aim. How will it be for the future? Posterity will vainly ask for proof of his intellectual power to invent, to organize, to administer. The historian must write that he aimed to increase the executive power, the central government, and to weaken the local power of the states; that he preferred the federal authority to state rights, the judiciary to the legislature, the government to the people, the claims of money to the rights of man. Calhoun will stand as the representative of state rights and free trade; Clay, of the American system of protection; Benton, of payment in sound coin; some other, of the revenue tariff. And in the greatest question of the age, the question of human rights, as champions of mankind, there will appear Adams, Giddings, Chase, Palfrey, Mann, Hale, Seward, Rantoul, and Sumner; yes, one other name, which on the historian's page will shade all these,— the name of Garrison. Men

will recount the words of Webster at Plymouth Rock, at Bunker Hill, at Faneuil Hall, at Niblo's Garden; they will also recollect that he declared "protection of property" to be the great domestic object of government; that he said, "Liberty first and Union afterwards was delusion and folly;" that he called on Massachusetts to conquer her "prejudices" in favor of unalienable rights, and with alacrity give up a man to be a slave; turned all the North into a hunting-field for the blood-hound; that he made the negation of God the first principle of government; that our New England elephant turned round, tore Freedom's standard down, and trod her armies under foot. They will see that he did not settle the greatest questions by justice and the law of God. His parallel lines of power are indeed long lines,— a nation reads his word: they are not far apart, you cannot get many centuries between; for there are no great ideas of right, no mighty acts of love, to keep them wide.

There are brave words which Mr. Webster has spoken that will last while English is a speech; yea, will journey with the Anglo-Saxon race, and one day be classic in either hemisphere, in every zone. But what will posterity say of his efforts to chain the fugitive, to extend the area of human bondage; of his haughty scorn of any law higher than what trading politicians enact in the Capitol? "There is a law above all the enactments of human codes, the same throughout the world, the same in all time;" "it is the law written by the finger of God upon the heart of man; and by that law, unchangeable and eternal, while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood, they will reject with indignation the wild and guilty fantasy that man can hold property in man."[66]

Calhoun, Clay, Webster,— they were all able men, long in politics, all ambitious, grasping at the Presidency, all failing of what they sought. All three called themselves "Democrats," taking their stand on the unalienable rights of man. But all three conjoined to keep every eighth man in the nation a chattel slave; all three at last united in deadly war against the unalienable rights of men whom swarthy mothers bore. O democratic America!

Was Mr. Webster's private life good? There are many depraved things done without depravity of heart. I am here to chronicle, and not invent. I cannot praise a man for virtues which he did not have. This day such praise sounds empty and impertinent as the chattering of a caged canary amid the sadness of a funeral prayer. Spite of womanly tenderness, it is not for me to renounce my manhood and my God. I shall—

> "Naught extenuate and nothing add,
> Nor set down aught in malice."

Before he left New Hampshire, I find no stain upon his conduct there, save recklessness of expense. But in Boston, when he removed here, there were men in vogue, in some respects, perhaps, worse than any since as conspicuous,— open debauchees. He fell in with them, and became over-fond of animal delights, of the joys of the body's baser parts; fond of sensual luxury, the victim of low appetites. He loved power, loved pleasure, loved wine. Let me turn off my face, and say no more of this sad theme: others were as bad as he.

He was intensely proud. Careless of money, he was often in trouble on its account. He contracted debts, and did not settle; borrowed of rich and poor, and

young and old, and rendered not again. Private money often clove to his hands; yet in his nature there was no taint of avarice. He lavished money on luxuries, while his washer-woman was left unpaid. Few Americans have squandered so much as he. Rapacious to get, he was prodigal of his own. I wish the charges brought against his public administration may be disproved, whereof the stain rests on him to this day. When he entered on a lawyer's life, Mr. Gore advised him, "Whatever bread you eat, let it be the bread of independence!" Oh that the great mind could have kept that counsel! But, even at Portsmouth, luxury brought debt, and many an evil on its back. He collected money and did not pay. "Bread of independence," when did he eat it last? Rich men paid his debts of money when he came to Massachusetts; they took a dead-pledge on the man; only death redeemed that mortgage. In 1827 he solicited the Senatorship of Massachusetts; it "would put down the calumnies of Isaac Hill!" He obtained the office, not without management. Then he refused to take his seat until ten thousand dollars was raised for him.[67] The money came clandestinely, and he went into the Senate — a pensioner! His reputation demanded a speech against the tariff of '28; his pension required his vote for that "bill of abominations." He spoke one way, and voted the opposite. Was that the first dotation? He was forestalled before he left New Hampshire. The next gift was twenty thousand, it is said. Then the sums increased. What great "gifts" have been privately raised for him by contributions, subscriptions, donations, and the like! Is it honest to buy up a man? honest for a man to sell himself? Is it just for a judge who administers the

law to take a secret bribe of a party at his court? Is it just for a party to offer such gifts? Answer, Lord Bacon, who tried it; answer, Thomas More, who tried it not. It is worst for a maker of laws to be bought and sold. New England men, I hope not meaning wrong, bought the great Senator in '27, and long held him in their pay. They gave him all his services were worth,— gave more. His commercial and financial policy has been the bane of New England and the North. In 1850 the South bought him, but never paid!

A senator of the United States, he was pensioned by the capitalists of Boston. Their "gifts" in his hand, how could he dare to be just! His later speeches smell of bribes. Could not Francis Bacon warn him, nor either Adams guide? Three or four hundred years ago Thomas More, when "Under-Sheriff of London," would not accept a pension from the king, lest it might swerve him from his duty to the town; when Chancellor, he would not accept five thousand pounds which the English clergy publicly offered him, for public service done as Chancellor. But Webster in private took — how much I cannot tell! Considering all things, his buyers' wealth and his unthriftiness, it was as dishonorable in them to bribe as in him to take their gift!

To gain his point, alas! he sometimes treated facts, law, constitution, morality, and religion, as an advocate treats matters at the bar. Was he certain South Carolina had no constitutional right to nullify? I make no doubt he felt so; but in his language he is just as strong when he declares the Fugitive Slave Bill is perfectly constitutional; that slavery cannot be in California and New Mexico; just as confident

in his dreadful mock at conscience, and the dear God's unchanging law. He heeded not "the delegated voice of God" which speaks in the conscience of the faithful man.

No living man has done so much to debauch the conscience of the nation; to debauch the press, the pulpit, the forum, and the bar. There is no higher law, quoth he; and how much of the pulpit, the press, the forum, and the bar, denies its God! Read the journals of the last week for proof of what I say; and read our history since March of '50. He poisoned the moral wells of society with his lower law, and men's consciences died of the murrain of beasts, which came because they drank thereat.

In an age which prizes money as the greatest good and counts the understanding as the highest human faculty, the man who is to lead and bless the world must indeed be great in intellect, but also great in conscience, greater in affection, and greatest of all things in his soul. In his later years, Webster was intellect, and little more. If he did not regard the eternal right, how could he guide a nation to what is useful for to-day? If he scorned the law of God, how could he bless the world of men? It was by this fault he fell. "Those who murdered Banquo, what did they win by it?"

> ——— "A barren scepter in their gripe,
> Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
> No son of theirs succeeding."

He knew the cause of his defeat, and in the last weeks of his life confessed that he was deceived; that, before his fatal speech, he had assurance from the North and South, that, if he supported slavery, it

would lead him into place and power; but now he saw the mistake, and that a few of the "fanatics" had more influence in America than he and all the South! He sinned against his own conscience, and so he fell!

He made him wings of slavery to gain a lofty eminence. Those wings unfeathered in his flight. For one and thirty months he fell, until at last he reached the tomb. There, on the sullen shore, a mighty wreck, great Webster lies.

"Is this the man in Freedom's cause approved,
The man so great, so honored, so beloved?
Where is the heartfelt worth and weight of soul,
Which labor could not stoop, nor fear control?
Where the known dignity, the stamp of awe,
Which, half-abashed, the proud and venal saw?
Where the calm triumphs of an honest cause? —
Where the delightful taste of just applause?
Oh, lost alike to action and repose,
Unwept, unpitied in the worst of woes;
With all that conscious, undissembled pride,
Sold to the insults of a foe defied;
With all that habit of familiar fame,
Doomed to exhaust the dregs of life in shame!

Oh, what a warning was his fall!

"To dash corruption in her proud career,
And teach her slaves that vice was born to fear."

"Oh dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age
Falls back in night."

Had he been faithful to his own best words, so oft repeated, how he would have stood! How different would have been the aspect of the North and the South; of the press, the pulpit, the forum, and the court!

Had he died after the treaty of 1842, how different would have been his fame!

Since the Revolution no American has had so noble an opportunity as Mr. Webster to speak a word for the advancement of mankind. There was a great occasion: slavery was clamorous for new power, new territory; was invading the state rights of the North. Earnest men in the North, getting aroused and hostile to slavery, were looking round for some able man to take the political guidance of the anti-slavery feeling, to check the great national crime, and help end it; they were asking —

> "Who is the honest man,—
> He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
> To God, his neighbor, and himself, most true;
> Whom neither fear nor fawning can
> Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due?"

Some circumstances seemed to point to Mr. Webster as the man; his immense oratorical abilities, his long acquaintance with public affairs, his conspicuous position, his noble words in behalf of freedom, beginning with his college days and extending over many a year, — all these were powerful arguments in his behalf. The people had always been indulgent to his faults, allowing him a wide margin of public and private oscillation; the North was ready to sustain him in all generous efforts for the unalienable rights of man. But he threw away the great moment of his life, used all his abilities to destroy those rights of man, and builded the materials of honorable fame into a monument of infamy for the warning of mankind. Declaring that "the protection of property" was "the great object of government," he sought to unite the money power of the North and the slave power of

the South into one great instrument to stifle discussion, and withstand religion, and the higher law of God.

Had he lived and labored for freedom as for slavery, —nay, with half the diligence and half the power,— to-morrow all the North would rise to make him their President, and put on that Olympian brow the wreath of honor from a people's hand. Then he would have left a name like Adams, Jefferson, and Washington; and the tears of every good man would have dropped upon his tomb! Had he served his God with half the zeal that he served the South, He would not, in his age, have left him naked to his enemies! If Mr. Webster had cultivated the moral, the affectional, the religious part of his nature with the same diligence he nursed his power of speech, what a man there would have been! With his great ability as an advocate, with his eloquence, his magnetic power, in his position, — a Senator for twenty years,— if he could have attained the justice, the philanthropy, the religion of Channing or of Follen, or of many a modest woman in all the Christian sects, what a noble spectacle should we have seen! Then the nation would long since have made him President, and he also would have revolutionized men's ideas of political greatness; "the bigot would have ceased to persecute, the despot to vex, the desolate poor to suffer, the slave to groan and tremble, the ignorant to commit crimes, and the ill-contrived law to engender criminality."

But he did not fall all at once. No man ever does. Apostasy is not a sudden sin. Little by little he came to the ground. Long leaning, he leaned over and fell down. This was his great error — he sold himself to the money power to do service against mankind.

The form of service became continually worse. Was he conscious of this corruption? — at first? But shall he bear the blame alone? Oh, no! Part of it belongs to this city, which corrupted him, tempted him with a price, bought him with its gold. Daniel Webster had not thrift. "Poor Richard" was no saint of his. He loved luxury, and was careless of wealth. Boston caught him by the purse; by that she led him to his mortal doom. With her much fair speech she caused him to yield; with the flattery of her lips she deceived him. Boston was the Delilah that allured him; but oft he broke the withes of gold, until at last, with a pension, she shore off the seven locks of his head, his strength went from him, and the Philistines took him and put out his eyes, brought him down to Washington, and bound him with fetters of brass. And he did grind in their prison-house; and they said, "Our god, which is slavery, hath delivered into our hands our enemy, the destroyer of our institutions, who slew many of us." Then, having used him for their need, they thrust the man away, deceived and broken-hearted!

No man can resist infinite temptation. There came a peril greater than he could bear. Condemn the sin — pity the offending man. The tone of political morality is pitiably low. It lowered him, and then he debased the morals of politics.

Part of the blame belongs to the New England church, which honors "devoutness," and sneers at every noble, manly life, calling men saints who only pray, all careless of the dead men's bones which glut the whited sepulcher. The churches of New England were waiting to proclaim slavery, and renounce the law of God. The disgrace is not his alone. But we must blame Mr. Webster as we blame few men. Soci-

ety takes swift vengeance on the petty thief, the small swindler, and rogues in rags; the gallows kills the murderer, while for men in high office, with great abilities, who enact iniquity into law; who enslave thousands, and sow a continent with thraldom, to bear want and shame and misery and sin; who teach as political ethics the theory of crime,— for them there is often no earthly outward punishment, save the indignation with which mankind scourges the memory of the oppressor. From the judgment of men, the appeal lies to the judgment of God: He only knows who sins, and how much. How much Mr. Webster is to be pitied, we know right well.

Had he been a clergyman, as once he wished, he might have passed through life with none of the outward blemishes which now deform his memory; famed for his gifts and graces too, for eloquence, and "soundness in the faith," "his praise in all the churches." Had he been a politician in a better age, — when it is not thought just for capitalists to buy up statesmen in secret, for politicians clandestinely to sell their services for private gold, or for clergymen, in the name of God, to sanctify all popular crimes,— he might have lifted up that noble voice continually for truth and right. Who could not in such a time? The straw blows with the wind. But, alas! he was not firm enough for his place; too weak in conscience to be the champion of justice while she needs a champion. Let us be just against the wrong he wrought, charitable to the man who wrought the wrong. Conscience compels our formidable blame; the affections weep their pity too.

Like Bacon, whom Mr. Webster resembles in many things, save industry and the philosophic mind, he

had "no moral courage, no power of self-sacrifice or self-denial;" with strong passions, with love of luxury in all its forms, with much pride, great fondness of applause, and the intensest love of power; coming to Boston poor, a lawyer, without thrift, embarking in politics with such companions for his private and his public life, with such public opinion in the State,— that honesty is to serve the present purposes of your party, or the wealthy men who control it; in the Church,— that religion consists in belief without evidence, in ritual sacraments, in verbal prayer, — is it wonderful that this great intellect went astray? See how corrupt the churches are,— the leading clergy of America are the anointed defenders of man-stealing; see how corrupt is the State, betraying the red men, enslaving the black, pillaging Mexico; see how corrupt is trade, which rules the State and Church, dealing in men. Connecticut makes whips for the negro-driver. New Hampshire rears the negro-drivers themselves. Ships of Maine and Rhode Island are in the domestic slave-trade. The millionaires of Massachusetts own men in Virginia, Alabama, Missouri. The leading men in trade, in Church and State, think justice is not much more needed in a statesman than it is needed in an ox, or in the steel which shoes his hoof. Remember these things, and pity Daniel Webster, ambitious, passionate, unthrifty; and see the circumstances which weighed him down. We judge the deeds: God only can judge the man. If you and I have not met the temptation which can overmaster us, let us have mercy on such as come bleeding from that battle.

His calling as a lawyer was somewhat dangerous, leading him "to make the worse appear the better

reason;" to seek "not verity, but verisimilitude;" to look at the expedient end, not to inquire if his means be also just; to look too much at measures, not enough at principles. Yet his own brother Ezekiel went safely through that peril,— no smell of that fire on his garment.

His intercourse with politicians was full of moral peril. How few touch politics, and are thenceforward clean!

Boston now mourns for him. She is too late in her weeping. She should have wept her warning when her capitalists filled his right hand with bribes. She ought to have put on sackcloth when the speech of March 7th first came here. She should have hung her flags at half-mast when the Fugitive Slave Bill became a law; then she only fired cannons, and thanked her representative. Webster fell prostrate, but was Boston more innocent than he? Remember the nine hundred and eighty-seven men that thanked him for the speech which touched their "conscience," and pointed out the path of "duty!" It was she that ruined him.

She bribed him in 1827, and often since. He regarded the sums thus paid as a retaining fee, and at the last maintained that the Boston manufacturers were still in his debt; for the services he had rendered them by defending the tariff in his place as Senator were to them worth more than all the money he received! Could a man be honest in such a position? Alas! that the great orator had not the conscience to remember at first that man shall not live by bread alone.

What a sad life was his! His wife died,— a loving woman, beautiful, and tenderly beloved. Of several

children, all save one have gone before him to the tomb. Sad man, he lived to build his children's monument! Do you remember the melancholy spectacle in the street, when Major Webster, a victim of the Mexican War, was by his father laid down in yonder tomb? a daughter, too, but recently laid low. How poor seemed then the ghastly pageant in the street, empty and hollow as the muffled drum!

What a sad face he wore,— furrowed by passion, by ambition, that noble brow scarred all over with the records of a hard, sad life. Look at the prints and pictures of him in the street. I do not wonder his early friends abhor the sight. It is a face of sorrows, — private, public, secret woes. But there are pictures of that face in earlier years, full of power, but full of tenderness; the mouth feminine, and innocent as a girl's. What a life of passion, of dark sorrow, rolled betwixt the two! In that ambition-stricken face his mother would not have known her child.

For years, to me, he has seemed like one of the tragic heroes of the Grecian tale, pursued by fate; and latterly, the saddest sight in all the western world, — widowed of so much he loved, and grasping at what was not only vanity, but the saddest vexation of the heart. I have long mourned for him, as for no living or departed men. He blasted the friends of man with scornful lightning: him, if I could, I would not blast, but only bless continually and evermore.

You remember the last time he spoke in Boston; the procession last summer, you remember it well. What a sad and care-worn countenance was that of the old man, welcomed with the mockery of applause! You remember, when the orator wise-headed and

friendly-hearted came to thank him for his services, he said not a word of "saving the Union;" of the "compromise measures," not a word. That farce was played out — it was only the tragic facts which were left; but for his great services he thanked him.

And when Webster replied, he said, "Here in Boston I am not disowned; at least, here I am not disowned." No, Daniel Webster, you are not disowned in Boston. So long as I have a tongue to teach, a heart to feel, you shall never be disowned. I must be just. I shall be tender too!

It was partly by Boston's sin that the great man fell. I pity his victims; you pity them too. But I pity him more, oh, far more! Pity the oppressed, will you? Will you not also pity the oppressor in his sin? Look there! See that face, so manly strong, so maiden meek. Hear that voice! "Neither do I condemn thee! Go, and sin no more!" Listen to the last words of the Crucified: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

The last time he was in Faneuil Hall,— it was "Faneuil Hall open;" once it had been shut;— it was last May — the sick old man — you remember the feeble look and the sad face, the tremulous voice. He came to solicit the vote of the Methodists,— a vain errand. I felt then that it was his last time, and forbore to look upon that saddened countenance.

The last time he was in the Senate it was to hear his successor speak. He stayed an hour, and heard Charles Sumner demonstrate that the Fugitive Slave Bill was not good religion, nor good constitution, nor good law. The old and the new stood face to face,— the Fugitive Slave Bill and Justice. What an hour! What a sight! What thoughts ran through the great

man's mind, mingled with what regrets! For slavery never set well on him. It was a Nessus' shirt on our Hercules, and the poison of his own arrows rankled now in his own bones. Had Mr. Webster been true to his history, true to his heart, true to his intention and his promises, he would himself have occupied that ground two years before. Then there would have been no Fugitive Slave Bill, no chain round the court-house, no man-stealing in Boston; but the "Defender of the Constitution," become the "Defender of the unalienable rights of man," would have been the President of the United States. But he had not the courage to deliver the speech he made. No man can serve two masters,— justice and ambition. The mill of God grinds slow but dreadful fine!

He came home to Boston, and went down to Marshfield to die. An old man, broken with the storms of State, went home — to die! His neighbors came to ease the fall, to look upon the disappointment, and give him what cheer they could. To him to die was gain; life was the only loss. Yet he did not wish to die: he surrendered,— he did not yield.

At the last end, his friends were about him; his dear ones — his wife, his son (the last of six children he had loved). Name by name he bade them all farewell, and all his friends, man by man. Two colored servants of his were there,— whom, it is said, he had helped purchase out of slavery, and bless with freedom's life. They watched over the bedside of the dying man. The kindly doctor sought to sweeten the bitterness of death with medicated skill; and, when that failed, he gave the great man a little manna which fell down from heaven three thousand years ago, and shepherd David gathered up and kept it in a psalm:

"The Lord is my Shepherd: though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

And the great man faltered out his last words, "That is what I want — thy rod, thy rod; thy staff, thy staff." That heart had never wholly renounced its God. Oh, no! it had scoffed at His "higher law;" but, in the heart of hearts, there was religious feeling still!

Just four years after his great speech, on the 24th of October, all that was mortal of Daniel Webster went down to the dust, and the soul to the motherly bosom of God! Men mourn for him: he heeds it not. The great man has gone where the servant is free from his master, where the weary are at rest, where the wicked cease from troubling.

> "No further seek his merits to disclose,
> Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
> There they alike in trembling hope repose,
> The bosom of his Father and his God!"

Massachusetts has lost her great adopted son. Has lost? Oh, no! "I still live" is truer than the sick man knew:—

> "He lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
> And perfect witness of all-judging God."

His memory will long live with us, still dear to many a loving heart. What honor shall we pay? Let the State go out mindful of his noblest services, yet tearful for his fall; sad that he would fain have filled him with the husks the swine do eat, and no man gave to him. Sad and tearful, let her remember the force of circumstances, and dark temptation's secret power. Let her remember that while we know what he yielded

to and what is sin, God knows what also is resisted, and He alone knows who the sinner is. Massachusetts, the dear old mother of us all! Let her warn her children to fling away ambition, and let her charge them, every one, that there is a God who must indeed be worshiped, and a higher law which must be kept, though gold and Union fail! Then let her say to them, "Ye have dwelt long enough in this mountain; turn ye, and take your journey into the land of Freedom, which the Lord your God giveth you!"

Then let her lift her eyes to heaven, and pray:—

"Sweet Mercy! to the gates of heaven
This statesman lead, his sins forgiven;
The rueful conflict, the heart riven
With vain endeavor,
And memory of earth's bitter leaven,
Effaced for ever!"

But

——"why to him confine the prayer,
While kindred thoughts and yearnings bear,
On the frail heart, the purest share
With all that live?
The best of what we do and are,
Great God, forgive!"

NOTES

NOTES

I

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

The lecture on Franklin was very carefully prepared. It was based on a sermon or lyceum lecture which had previously been given in several places and it was twice rewritten throughout. In its final form it was read before the Parker Fraternity, a club instituted by the members of the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society for " social, literary and philanthropic purposes," on October 6, 1858. Parker's notes show that he depended for his facts and quotations chiefly upon Sparks's edition of Franklin's writings, which together with Sparks's Life of Franklin, had been published in 1844.

The present editor has had before him, first, twenty-eight pages of manuscript marked by Parker, " Pencil Notes on Dr. Franklin, 1856." Second, the lecture written out completely by Parker. It is entitled, " Life and Character of Dr. Franklin," and is written on one side of the page only, with occasional notes on the margin or on the blank page. This manuscript is bound in a leather cover and stamped in gilt letters —" Dr. Franklin." Third, the lecture copied for the printer by Parker's literary executor, Mr. Lyman. This manuscript differs from the original in several places. There are some sentences or whole paragraphs that apparently are taken from the earlier sermon or lecture, and the division into paragraphs is quite different. Finally, the present editor has had before him the editions of the lecture published in Boston, in 1870, and by Miss Cobbe in England in the same year. The text of these volumes follows Mr. Lyman's manuscript though some further changes in arrangement were

made, probably in the proofreading, both by Mr. Lyman and Miss Cobbe.

Page 1, note 1. Parker was in error in this location of Franklin's birthplace. In a note written on the edge of his manuscript and printed in both the American and the English editions of "Historic Americans," Parker cited as his authority certain reminiscences recorded in Drake's History and Antiquities of Boston. He found there [page 492] the statement that "Franklin himself told Mrs. Hannah M. Crocker, as she told me (Drake) in 1828, that he was born at the sign of the Blue Ball, on the corner of Union and Hanover Streets." Again [on page 638], he found the testimony of Mrs. H. A. T. Lewis who "well remembers hearing when she was young . . . that Franklin was born at the sign of the Blue Ball in Hanover Street." "It is important," says Parker in his note, "to note these authorities because a building in Milk Street is marked and is popularly known as "The Birthplace of Franklin."

Mr. Justin Winsor in the Memorial History of Boston sums up the results of later and more thorough research as follows: "The exact place of his [Franklin's] birth has long been a matter of antiquarian controversy. Franklin is said to have told Mrs. Hannah Crocker that he first saw the light at the 'Sign of the Blue Ball' on the corner of Hanover and Union Streets. It seems, nevertheless, to be fully proved that he was really born on Milk Street, nearly opposite the Old South Church. According to the records of the city archives, Franklin's father occupied a modest wooden house on this site from the time of his arrival from England in 1685 until 1712, when Benjamin was six years of age. In the latter year the elder Franklin bought and removed to the house on Hanover Street called the 'Blue Ball' and Benjamin's earliest recollections were no doubt connected with this residence.

The house on Milk Street remained standing until December, 1810, when it was destroyed by fire."

This judgment is confirmed by the testimony of all the later and standard lives of Franklin. The baptism on the same day as the child's birth is explained not only by the usages of the times but also by the fact that it was but a step across the street to the Old South Meeting House, then a wooden structure pulled down in 1729 to make way for the present familiar and famous building.

Page 2, note 2. There is here omitted in this edition a short paragraph printed in former editions and designed to show why Parker conceived the services of Franklin to be of greater significance than the services of Washington. This paragraph is not contained in the original manuscript in Parker's handwriting.

Page 2, note 3. Parker is said to have here interjected in the spoken lecture, that " Sydney Smith says that ' there would be more good Samaritans if it were not for the two pence and the oil.' "

Page 3, note 4. William Franklin, the son, was appointed Governor of New Jersey in 1762. He took the side of the Loyalists in the Revolution, went to England, was pensioned by the King, and remained in England until his death in 1813. His only son, William Temple Franklin, died without issue.

Franklin's daughter, Sarah, was born September 11, 1744, married Richard Bache, October 29, 1767, and died October 5, 1808. Richard and Sarah Bache had seven children and their descendants are both numerous and honorable.

Though Dr. Franklin's grandfather had five sons, and his father also five sons who had a large number of children, yet there is not an individual in the male line, bearing the name, remaining.

Page 5, note 5. Parker made here a note on the side of his manuscript to the effect that Franklin's

mother was the daughter of Peter Folger, a "godly and learned Englishman of excellent common sense and well educated in surveying," who settled in Nantucket. This Peter Folger came out to America with the famous Hugh Peters in 1635 and with Mary Morrell, who was a servant girl of Hugh Peters. Folger bought Mary of Peters for twenty pounds and she became his wife, so "the grandmother of Dr. Franklin was bought for twenty pounds out of white slavery." Parker states that this information was based on the authority of Mr. F. C. Sanford of Nantucket.

Dr. Franklin took no little pains in discovering his ancestral descent. The genealogy, which was largely established by his own endeavor, can be found in vol. 1, p. 546 of Sparks's Franklin.

Page 12, note 6. The affair of the Hutchinson letters created no little excitement, both in England and America. American historians have usually portrayed it as an instance of spirited action on the part of the patriot leaders who thus exposed and punished an unwarranted attack upon their liberties. Hutchinson himself believed that he was pursued with a most unscrupulous malice.

Hutchinson throughout his public life had many correspondents in England. He expressed his views on political questions with entire frankness but he was equally frank in his communications to his friends and neighbors in America, and his private correspondence did not differ from his open and official declarations. He was never a double-faced man and there is nothing in the letters which Franklin sent to Boston which Hutchinson had not repeatedly said both in public and in private at home. Of Hutchinson's sincerity there can now be no doubt whatever. "There was," said John Fiske, "something pathetic in the intensity of his love for New England." Yet "no public man in America has ever been the subject of more virulent

hatred. None has been more grossly misrepresented by historians."

The letters were written by Governor Hutchinson, and other Tory friends in Boston, to a member of Parliament, Thomas Whately. Whately died in 1772, and the letters came in some unknown way into the possession of Franklin. Franklin sent them to Speaker Cushing of the Massachusetts Assembly with the understanding that the letters were to be shown only to a few leading people, that they were not to be printed or copied, and that they were to be carefully returned. When the patriot leaders of the colony had read them, the opportunity to bring discredit upon their enemies seemed too good to be lost, and, in spite of Franklin's pledge, they had the letters printed. The publication of the letters led to great popular clamor and the prompt demand of the Assembly for the dismissal of Governor Hutchinson and Lieutenant Governor Oliver.

Page 12, note 7. Franklin's conduct in sending these private letters to Boston may be justified by patriotic motives and by the safeguards against publication with which he accompanied them. Mr. Robert C. Winthrop palliated his conduct by saying that it should be classed among what Burke called "irregular things done in the confusion of mighty troubles, not to be made precedents of or justified on principle." Most highminded people will, however, agree with Sir George Trevelyan when he said: "It is a sound rule that confidential correspondence should, under no circumstances whatever, be used for the purpose of damaging a political adversary." (The American Revolution I. 157.)

If Franklin had done no more than send the letters his conduct would have been at least explainable, but it is now known that he accompanied them by a letter to Dr. Samuel Cooper in which he suggested the use that might be made of them without breaking the promise of secrecy. He wrote: "The letters might be . . .

spoken of to everybody, for there was no restraint proposed to talking of them but only to copying, and possibly, as distant objects, seen only through a mist, appear larger, the same may happen from the mystery in this case. However this may be, the terms given with them could only be those with which they were received." In another part of the same letter he wrote, "One great reason of forbidding their publication was an apprehension that it might put all the possessors of such correspondence here upon their guard, and so prevent the obtaining more of it, and it was imagined that showing the originals to so many as were named, and to a few such others as they might think fit, would be sufficient to establish their authenticity, and to spread through the province so just an estimate of the writers as to strip them of all their deluded friends and demolish effectually their interest and influence."

In view of this letter it is obviously impossible to acquit Franklin of unfair use of a tempting opportunity to bring discredit on the Tory leaders in Massachusetts. As Parker points out later in this lecture, Franklin's moral sense was never very delicate or elevated. If the end were just he did not inquire much about the justice of the means he employed. Mr. Morse in his biography of Franklin is accurate in saying that "his morality was nothing if not practical" and that "he fought the devil with fire." Franklin's own account of the affair is printed in full in Sparks's Franklin, IV., 405.

Page 13, note 8. Parker added here a footnote to his manuscript explaining that he did not pursue the story of this suit of Manchester Velvet because it had been discredited by the investigations of "the cautious and accurate Mr. Sparks." He adds, however, that "it now seems to rest upon unquestionable authority, notwithstanding Mr. Sparks's disclaimer." The story

thus questioned and affirmed is that Franklin did not wear this velvet suit again until, as one of the ambassadors of his country, he signed the treaty of alliance with France, on February 6, 1778. It has been alleged that he wore it yet again when he signed the final treaty of peace with England. Lord St. Helens, the English envoy who also signed the treaty, says that Franklin informed him of the fact " with a triumphant air." [See Barton's Life of Franklin II., 508. Morse's Franklin, 189, and Bowring's Memoir of Bentham III., 59.] This reappearance of the suit has, however, been amply disproved. [See Trevelyan's American Revolution, I., appendix V.].

Page 15, note 9. In 1758, Franklin himself owned a slave named Billy who ran away from him in England and was found under the protection of a lady who was having him taught to read and write and to play the violin. Parker noted this fact later in this lecture, in a paragraph which is omitted in this edition, but went on to say that " Slavery in 1758 was a very different thing from what it was in 1858. It was by no means the cruel and malignant thing it is now." Parker did not, however, always make the same amiable allowance for other slaveholders of the Revolutionary period.

Page 19, note 10. There is here omitted in this edition a brief analysis of the intellectual faculties, separating them into the familiar divisions of the understanding, the imagination and the reason. This analysis is repeated in every lecture. In this lecture the paragraph divisions which follow make the structure sufficiently obvious without burdening the text with so oft repeated an abstract.

Page 23, note 11. The feature of this Constitution which " did not work well " and which was afterwards altered, was the provision for a single legislative body, instead of the customary two branches. This was a

favorite project with Franklin for he had witnessed the constant conflict between the two branches under the proprietary government of Pennsylvania, where the laws passed by the people's representatives were frequently vetoed by the Governor and Council. He disapproved too of the distinction in rank which seemed to be implied by calling one branch the "upper" and the other the "lower" house. The incorporation of the one chamber experiment in the Pennsylvania Constitution was undoubtedly Dr. Franklin's work for he advocated the plan on various occasions. He is said to have made a speech in which he compared a legislature with two branches to a wagon with a team of horses at each end pulling against one another. At another time he illustrated his objection to the customary plan by what he called the fable of the snake with two heads and one body. "She was going to a brook to drink, and on her way was to pass through a hedge, a twig of which opposed her direct course; one head chose to go on the right side of the twig, the other on the left; so that time was spent in the contest, and before the decision was accomplished, the snake died of thirst."

Page 23, note 12. Franklin argued in the Constitutional Convention that the President of the United States ought to be an unsalaried officer. He held that the honor was a sufficient reward, that a place which gave both honor and salary offered too corrupting a temptation, and that instead of remaining an honorable ambition for "the wise and moderate, the lovers of peace and good order, the men fittest for the trust" it would be scrambled for "by the bold and the violent, the men of strong passions and indefatigable activity in their selfish pursuits."

Franklin himself put this theory into practice and devoted his salary as President of Pennsylvania to public uses. In the whole fifty years of his public life

his financial compensations did not equal his necessary expenses.

Page 23, note 13. In his will Franklin provided as follows:

"I was born in Boston, New England, and owe my first instructions in literature to the free grammar schools established there. I therefore give one hundred pounds sterling to my executors, to be by them, the survivors or survivor of them, paid over to the managers or directors of the free schools in my native town of Boston, to be by them, or by those person or persons, who shall have the superintendence and management of the said schools, put out to interest, and so continued at interest forever, which interest annually shall be laid out in silver medals, and given as honorary rewards annually by the directors of the said free schools belonging to the said town, in such manner as to the discretion of the selectmen of the said town shall seem meet."

Parker disapproved the distribution of the Franklin medals, which has been continued under this clause of the will to the present time, because "while they stir the ambition of the few, dishearten and discourage many, and leave heart burnings amongst all."

Page 25, note 14. This conciliatory spirit led to frequent charges against Franklin that he was neglectful of American interests and unduly susceptible to the social and political influence of his friends in France. Parker was at pains to make sure that these charges were unverified and the result of mere political clamor or envy. He was glad to discover in Randall's Life of Jefferson a fact which he emphasized in a note in his manuscript, that "Jefferson declared that the charge against Franklin of subserviency to France had not a shadow of foundation and that it might truly be said that they (the government of France) were more under his influence than he under theirs."

Page 28, note 15. In the treaty of 1783, between the United States and Prussia, the following was the twenty-third article, prepared by Franklin:

"If war should arise between the two contracting parties, the merchants of either country, then residing in the other, shall be allowed to remain nine months to collect their debts and to settle their affairs, and may depart, freely carrying off all their effects without molestation or hindrance. And all women and children, scholars of every faculty, cultivators of the earth, artisans, manufacturers, and fishermen, unarmed and inhabiting unfortified towns, villages, or places, and in general all others whose occupations are for the common subsistence and benefit of mankind, not be molested in their persons, nor shall their houses and goods be burnt or otherwise destroyed, nor their fields wasted by the armed force of the enemy, into whose power by the events of war they may happen to fall. But if anything is necessary to be taken from them for the use of such armed force, the same shall be paid for at a reasonable price.

"And all merchant and trading vessels employed in exchanging the products of different places, and thereby rendering the necessaries, conveniences, and comforts of human life more easy to be obtained, and more general, shall be allowed to pass free and unmolested, and neither of the contrasting powers shall grant or issue any commission to any private armed vessels, empowering them to take or destroy such trading vessels, or interrupt such commerce."

Washington wrote to the Count De Rochambeau, 31st July, 1786, as follows:

"The treaty of amity, which has lately taken place between the King of Prussia and the United States, marks a new era in negotiation. It is the most liberal treaty which has ever been entered into between independent powers. It is perfectly original in many of

its articles, and, should its principles be considered hereafter as the basis of connection between nations, it will operate more fully to produce a general pacification than any measure hitherto attempted among mankind."

Page 28, note 16. In his will Franklin provided as follows: "I devote a thousand pounds to the town of Boston — under the direction of the Select Men united with the Ministers of the Episcopal, Congregational and Presbyterian Churches in that town, who are to let out the same upon Interest at five per cent. per Annum to such young married artificers under the Age of twenty-five years as have served an Apprenticeship in the said Town; and faithfully fulfilled the Duties required in their Indentures so as to obtain good moral Character from at least two respectable Citizens."

He provides, further, with great detail, in regard to the administration of these loans for setting up apprentices in business, for the investment of the fund and for the terms of repayment of the loans. He carefully estimates the increase of the fund, if his plan is carried on without interruption for a hundred years, and finds at the end of that time the principal will amount to 131,000 pounds "of which I would have the managers of the donation lay out at their discretion one hundred thousand pounds in public works which may be judged of most general utility to the inhabitants, such as fortifications, bridges, aqueducts, public buildings, baths, pavements and whatever may make living in the town more convenient to its people and render it more agreeable to strangers. The remaining 31,000 pounds I would have continued to be let out at interest in the manner above directed for another hundred years as I hope it will have been found that the institution has had a good effect on the conduct of youth and of service to many worthy characters and useful citizens."

This trust has been honorably administered. At the end of the term of a hundred years the fund was not as large as Franklin had estimated but it amounted to almost exactly ninety thousand pounds. Meanwhile the whole industrial system of the country had so changed that there were no longer apprentices applying for loans. This result shows how incompletely even the wisest man may anticipate the economical and social changes of a hundred years and how judiciously Franklin acted in leaving a large measure of freedom to those who were to administer his bequest. In 1893 the managers of the fund decided to set aside something over $322,000 to be expended " in public works which may be judged of most general utility to the inhabitants " and to set aside the balance of the principal, something over $100,000 to be reinvested for another hundred years.

Many suggestions were offered for the use of the $322,000 — the purchase of a park, the building of a museum, the erection of public baths, the creation of a school for industrial and social education. Ten years passed in debate in the course of which the custody of the fund was transferred to a board appointed by the Supreme Court and consisting of the ministers of the three churches designated by Franklin and nineteen other citizens of Boston. In 1904 this new board of managers decided to use the fund for some form of educational endeavor which might serve the practical needs of working men and women. Mr. Andrew Carnegie then offered to convey to the city of Boston a sum of money equal in amount to the accumulation of the Franklin fund, then amounting to $408,000, provided the city would contribute a site and provided the institution so established was planned upon lines similar to the Cooper Union in New York. This public spirited offer was accepted by the managers of the fund and the citizens of Boston. The capital which

therefore stands at present (1908), to the credit of the Franklin fund amounts to more than $900,000 and out of it is to be established in the immediate future the Franklin Union, an institution devoted to the education and to the social betterment and enjoyment of those who work with their hands.

Page 29, note 17. There is apparently no adequate evidence that "the woman in question" was the mother of William Franklin. The son was born soon after Franklin's wedding "of a mother," says Morse, "of whom no record or tradition remains." Mrs. Franklin took the baby and reared him as her own child. [See Fisher's The True Benjamin Franklin, p. 106 and Paul Leicester Ford's Essay on Who was the mother of Franklin's son?]

Page 29, note 18. She was no longer Deborah Read for she had married a man named Rogers, a worthless fellow who soon ran away. It was alleged that he had an earlier wife living and there was also a story that he was dead. In Morse's Life of Franklin we read that Franklin "hardly knew what he was wedding, a maid, a widow or another man's wife." The runaway husband never reappeared and for forty years the Franklins lived contentedly together. "She proved," wrote Franklin, "a good and faithful helpmate. . . . We throve together and have ever mutually endeavored to make each other happy.

"She assisted me cheerfully in my business, folding and stitching pamphlets, tending shop, purchasing old linen rags for the paper makers, etc., etc. We kept no idle servants, our table was plain and simple, our furniture of the cheapest. For instance, my breakfast was for a long time bread and milk (no tea), and I ate it out of a twopenny earthen porringer, with a pewter spoon. But mark how luxury will enter families, and make progress, in spite of principle: being called one morning to breakfast, I found it in a china

bowl, with a spoon of silver! They had been bought for me without my knowledge by my wife, and had cost her the enormous sum of three-and-twenty shillings, for which she had no other excuse or apology to make, but that she thought her husband deserved a silver spoon and china bowl as well as any of his neighbors. This was the first appearance of plate and china in our house, which afterward, in a course of years, as our wealth increased, augmented gradually to several pounds in value."

Page 31, note 19. John Dickinson and Dr. Franklin were men of equal integrity and patriotism but they looked at public questions from different points of view. They were frequently in conflict as champions of opposite political principles. There is no evidence, however, that there was any malice or ill-will in their frequent arguments. Later, in the Constitutional Convention of 1787, they not infrequently voted on the same side.

Mr. Dickinson was a constitutional liberal, but in no sense a revolutionist. He advocated defensive but not offensive warfare. "He was prepared," said Sir George Trevelyan, "to fight to the death for the rights of America, and to die twice over rather than forswear his allegiance to the King." He was opposed to the Declaration of Independence, and yet such was the respect felt for his character and skill that he was elected President of Pennsylvania and it appears that he was the man chosen by Congress to make the plan for the Articles of Confederation and to draft the form of treaties with foreign powers. His colleagues, that is, might disagree with him in his political conclusions, but no one doubted his intelligence, trustworthiness and the sincerity of his patriotic motives. His conservative influence is summed up in a phrase of one of his published letters: "Let us never forget how essential a degree of moderation is to the happiness of a republic."

Page 33, note 20. This allusion is to a paragraph in Sparks's Franklin I., 517.

Page 35, note 21. Parker's view of Franklin's religion is just and accurate. He was never an Orthodox Christian but "a man of greater humanity never lived." In London he attended with regularity at the dissenting meeting house which became the first Unitarian Church. Dr. Priestley, the founder of the Unitarian Church in Philadelphia, was one of his most intimate friends. Franklin's own expressions about Christianity ally him very closely with the principles called Unitarian.

Page 35, note 22. There are omitted in this edition four short paragraphs which Parker apparently interpolated in his manuscript after the original reading and which bear but little relation to what has gone before or what comes afterwards. They refer to the machinations of Franklin's enemies and to the lack of response in Congress to Franklin's money claims and appeals for clerk hire.

Page 39, note 23. There are here omitted in this edition two paragraphs in which Parker described what Franklin's impressions of America might be were he to return to the scene of his former labors.

II

GEORGE WASHINGTON

In preparing the lecture on Washington, Parker had before him the twelve volumes of Jared Sparks's edition of the writings of Washington, Sparks's Life of Washington, which was published in 1839, and Kirkland's Life of Washington. Parker's pencil notes from Kirkland are enclosed in the manuscript of the lecture used by the present editor. Irving's Life of Washington which was just coming from the press, Marshall's Life of Washington, which was the first of the stand-

ard biographies and which was published in 1802, and the great orations on Washington given by Fisher Ames in 1802, by Webster in 1832, and by Robert C. Winthrop at the laying of the corner-stone of the Washington monument, were doubtless familiar to Parker. Edward Everett's famous oration on the character of Washington was first delivered in the Music Hall in Boston on February 23, 1856, and as Parker wrote, Everett was giving the oration in aid of the fund for the purchase of Mount Vernon, in all parts of the country.

For his biographical facts Parker relied almost wholly on Sparks, whose careful study he compared favorably with Irving's more readable and popular work. This preference for Sparks over Irving is a curious illustration of the fact that Parker was naturally a man of books and a scholar delighting in the search after facts. Circumstances forced him into the career of a reformer and public leader, but his natural tastes made him a student working for untold hours in his library. Later biographers and readers have certainly found Irving's Life of Washington an inexhaustible delight, and for all the admirable lives of Washington by Henry Cabot Lodge, 1889, George Cooper King, 1894, Bradley Tyler Johnson, 1894, Norman Hapgood, 1901, Woodrow Wilson and Owen Wister, 1907, it remains, whether in its original form or in the abridgment prepared in 1889 by John Fiske, the standard life of Washington.

Page 46, note 1. This unhistorical aspersion upon Virginia betrays Parker's prejudice rather than an impartial judgment. The state that furnished to the Revolutionary Army not only thousands of brave soldiers, but also its Commander-in-Chief, its most dashing cavalry leaders, and the general who won at the Cowpens what John Fiske called "in point of tactics the most brilliant battle of the war" could not justly

be called "unmilitary." The later history of Virginia, which Parker did not live to read, declared her to be a "mother of undiminished men." "Virginia," said Theodore Roosevelt in his life of Gouverneur Morris (page 325), "stands easily first among all our commonwealths for the statesmen and warriors she has brought forth . . . She gave leaders to both sides at the two great crises: Washington and Marshall to the one, and Jefferson to the other, when the question was one of opinion as to whether the Union should be built up; and when the appeal to arms was made to tear it down, Farragut and Thomas to the North, Lee and Jackson to the South."

Page 47, note 2. Parker here made note on his manuscript that "Irving, who is often inaccurate, says at fifteen. The more careful Sparks says seventeen." Compare Irving's Life of Washington, I., 34, with Sparks's Washington, I., 78. Parker seems to have split the difference.

Page 50, note 3. Compare with Parker's description of Washington's situation, the following account in Edward Everett's oration on "The Youth of Washington," spoken at Beverly, July 4, 1835. "A reluctant and undisciplined militia was to be kept embodied by personal influence — without pay, without clothes, without arms. Sent to defend an extensive mountain frontier, with forces wholly inadequate to the object; the sport of contradictory orders from a civil governor, inexperienced in war; defrauded by contractors; tormented with arrogant pretensions of subaltern officers in the royal army; weakened by wholesale desertions in the hour of danger; misrepresented by jealous competitors; traduced, maligned — the youthful Commander-in-Chief was obliged to foresee everything, to create everything, to endure everything, to effect everything, without encouragement, without means, without co-operation."

Page 52, note 4. Parker never visited Mount Vernon. Had he done so he could not have described that beautiful and modest mansion as either "great" or "uncomfortable." The house, in its perfect proportions, its quiet dignity, its broad sunny aspect, is singularly representative of the symmetry of character, the domestic simplicity and transparent integrity of the noble country gentleman who owned it. There is nowhere in the world a more inspiring and satisfying place of pilgrimage than Mount Vernon for those who believe in republican principles and in high ideals of family life.

Page 53, note 5. These orders Parker found in Kirkland's Washington, pp. 178, 179. Parker made a marginal note that "afterwards he changes again and writes Richard Washington, 'I want neither lace nor embroidery. Plain clothes, with gold or silver buttons, if worn are a genteel dress and are all that I desire.' Yet he complains that his clothes have never fitted him well."

Parker's interest in these trivial matters is curiously illustrative of the way in which the personal point of view entered into his judgments. To one of Parker's rustic origin and frugal way of life, such clothing, perfectly suitable for a man of Washington's station, seemed extravagant. It was hard for the men of the Puritan inheritance to believe that the luxury of the Virginia planters was not both unmanly and unholy. The old misunderstandings and resentments of Roundhead and Cavalier continued even to Parker's generation, and to these inherited differences were added the hostilities of the anti-slavery discussion.

Page 55, notes 6–7. The quotations from the diary were taken by Parker from Kirkland's Washington, pp. 184 and 191.

Page 56, note 8. This fact Parker found recorded in Sparks II., 297.

Page 56, note 9. This quotation, not then so well known as now, Parker discovered in Adams's Works II., 360.

Page 56, note 10. Parker gives as his authority Sparks II., 351, 400. I., 118.

Page 57, note 11. This quotation, here slightly altered, is found in Sparks I., 132.

Page 59, note 12. It is impossible to discover upon what authority Parker, and many other historians, based such an extraordinary misstatement as that General Ward was " old " and " almost imbecile." He was in fact just forty-eight years old, and he had before him twenty-five years of vigorous life and useful public service. As to his " imbecility " it may be noted that Congress, when it appointed Washington to be Commander-in-Chief, on the same day chose Artemus Ward to be senior Major-General, or second in command. It was illness, and not senility, that prevented Ward from undertaking active service in the field. Though, in the hope that his health would improve, and at Washington's solicitation, he retained his commission for nearly a year; he felt obliged to resign in 1776. His military career was short but his subsequent civil career was long and honorable. He was a member of the Massachusetts General Court for sixteen years and Speaker of the House. He was chosen to the Continental Congress, and after the organization of the Federal Government he was a member of Congress for several terms. He died in 1800, aged seventy-three and his descendants are numerous and serviceable.

Page 60, note 13. This allusion is doubtless to the scenes in State Street at the time of the rendition of the fugitive slave, Antony Burns, on June 2, 1854.

Page 61, note 14. The context would make it appear that this disgraceful flight occurred at the Battle of Long Island, but there was nothing disgraceful in the rout of the brave militiamen who were trapped on

that dreadful day. Parker doubtless refers to what happened two weeks later when the British landed at Kips Bay, where the foot of Thirty-fourth Street now is. The event is thus recorded in the Memoirs of General Heath, "About noon the British landed at Kepps Bay. They met with but small resistance, and pushed towards the city, of which they took possession in the afternoon. . . . Here it was, as fame hath said, that General Washington threw his hat on the ground and exclaimed, 'Are these the men with which I am to defend America?'"

General Greene wrote of the same occurrence: —

"Fellows's and Parsons's brigades ran away from about fifty men, and left his Excellency on the ground within eighty yards of the enemy, so vexed at the infamous conduct of the troops that he sought death rather than life."

Page 61, note 15. This was the first statement in a public address in Boston of the discovery of the abominable treason of General Charles Lee. The older historians of the Revolution had remarked Lee's "waywardness" and commented on his selfish egotism and his insubordination, but no one had suspected downright treachery. On June 22, 1858, Mr. George H. Moore, Librarian of the New York Historical Society, presented in a paper read before the Society the positive and documentary proofs of Lee's treason. Parker had evidently heard of these revelations, though the book, containing Mr. Moore's Address and facsimiles of Lee's papers, was not published until 1860.

Parker, however, went beyond the facts in saying that Lee "purposely suffered himself to be taken prisoner." Lee's craven terror at his capture was not a piece of acting. Indeed his treasonable designs were largely the outcome of his fear lest he should be executed as a deserter from the British Army in which he had formerly held a commission.

Page 62, note 16. The New England patriots were often exasperated by the indifference or helplessness of the people of the other colonies. In New England, where the people were altogether of English stock, trained to warfare by long experience in conflicts with the French and Indians, where every village had its company of minute-men, and whence, after the siege of Boston, practically all the Tories had fled, invasion meant the instant uprising of a formidable army, such as that which swept the British down the Lexington road, or that which captured the Brunswickers at Bennington or that which surrounded Burgoyne at Saratoga. In Pennsylvania, however, different conditions prevailed. The Quaker principles, widely diffused in the community, were opposed even to a war of self-defense. A large proportion of the population was not of English stock and cared little about the issues of the Revolution. Public opinion was by no means united and the Tory element continued strong in numbers and activity. Parker's strictures on the apathy of Pennsylvania are justified by the contemporary records. Thus Colonel Timothy Pickering, Adjutant-General of the Army, writing home to Salem on September 25, 1777, just after the battle of the Brandywine, said, "I am told that upwards of sixty-five thousand men are enrolled in the militia of Pennsylvania, yet we have not two thousand in the field, and these are of little worth and constantly deserting. . . . I had heard at home of so much contempt and ridicule thrown by the southern gentlemen on the New England militia, that I expected something better here; but no militia could be more contemptible than those of Pennsylvania; none can be spoken of more contemptuously by their own countrymen. How amazing that Howe should march from the head of Elk to the Schuylkill, a space of sixty miles, without opposition from the people of the country. Such

events would not have happened in New England. . . . I feel in some degree reconciled to Howe's entering Pennsylvania and Philadelphia, that the unworthy inhabitants (of which 'tis apparent a majority of the State is composed) may experience the calamities of war, which nothing but their own supineness and unfriendliness to the American cause would have brought on them."

Page 63, note 17. Parker's knowledge of the Conway Cabal was inadequate. To place the honorable names of Pickering and Schuyler along with the tarnished names of Conway, Gates and Mifflin, was unjust. Schuyler was the most loyal and magnanimous of patriots, devoted to Washington and ever alert to serve his country's good. To couple his name with that of James Lovell attains to the height of the ridiculous, for Lovell was Schuyler's bitter foe and the man who, more than any other, was responsible for Schuyler's removal from the command of the Northern Army, and the appointment of the incompetent and treacherous Gates.

Pickering, like most of the New England leaders, did sometimes talk and write critically of Washington, but he never descended to the vulgar tricks and selfish ambitions of Conway or Gates. Like John Adams he occasionally got "tired of hearing Aristides called the just," and praise of Washington sometimes drew from his just and honest tongue some expression of an opposite character. Pickering was a Puritan whose disposition revolted at flattery, but that he greatly admired Washington and loyally served both the cause and the Commander-in-Chief is proved not only by his record as Adjutant-General and Quartermaster-General of the Army, but also by the fact that he was the officer selected to write the reply to Washington's Farewell Address and that Washington chose him to be successively Secretary of War and Secretary of State in his cabinet.

Page 67, note 18. Parker never went to the extreme of Garrison and Phillips and other of the anti-slavery leaders who denounced the Constitution as a "Covenant with Hell" and refused to exercise political rights under it. On the other hand the Webster Whigs, urgent above all things for the preservation of the Union, made, as Parker says, an idol of the Constitution and affected to believe that it was a perfect instrument. Parker did his duty as a citizen even though he knew the "faults" of the Constitution and saw its "victims." The 13th, 14th, and 15th Amendments would have completely reconciled him.

Page 68, note 19. In none of his historic or political writings did Parker do justice to the genius of Hamilton. Just what the ground of his disapprobation was, does not appear, but presumably he held Hamilton responsible for the "faults" in the Constitution. Hamilton's distrust of popular government was also doubtless obnoxious to Parker's democratic temperament and to his confidence in the principles of the town-meeting. Hamilton was the foremost of the Federalists and believed in a strong central government, but nothing in Hamilton's speeches or letters justifies an impartial historian in saying that he was "monarchic" in his political convictions.

Page 71, note 20. It is not to be denied that Washington's style of writing is singularly plain and even formal, but in its perfect simplicity and directness it compares well with the Johnsonian heaviness which was literary fashion of his day. It must further be remembered that Parker had before him only the Sparks edition of Washington's writings. It is well known that Mr. Sparks, in editing the works of the great Americans, whose biographies he wrote with immense labor and care, printed what he thought the writers ought to have said rather than what they actually did say. He could not resist the temptation to improve Washing-

ton's English, correct his spelling and punctuation, soften hard phrases and omit things that he either considered improper or beneath the dignity of the writer. Washington's style does not gather any ornamentation or artificial brightness now that we have the originals printed as they were written but it does gather something of the picturesque quality, the humanity, the reality, that Parker missed. Parker was unconsciously criticising Mr. Sparks more than he was Washington when he passed judgment on Washington's style as stiff and prim.

Page 72, note 21. The connection of Madison with the composition of the Farewell Address was somewhat remote. "The ideas" says Norman Hapgood (George Washington, page 391) "were Washington's, chosen from his own mind and the minds of Hamilton, Jay, Madison, and others, but the draft in its final form was the work of Hamilton, and it is written with a literary vigor quite beyond the reach of Washington himself."

Page 75, note 22. In these criticisms Parker certainly failed in due appreciation of Washington's ability as a soldier. The plain logic of history cannot support such statements as that Trenton was his only brilliant battle and that he was skilful in attack but not in defense. The skill and audacity with which he saved the army at the Bridge of the Assunpink and again at the Brandywine, and the judgment by which, in taking up his positions in two successive winters at Morristown and at Valley Forge, he kept all hostile operations in check, refute the limitation put by Parker on his genius. In these and like emergencies he thought and acted with extraordinary alertness and with quick and firm decision.

The campaign of June, 1777, further illustrates Washington's purely military capacity. In eighteen days of marching and counter-marching, Washington

with an army less than half as numerous as that of Howe, by superior strategy alone completely foiled Howe's purpose of marching across New Jersey to Philadelphia, and compelled him to go around by water. Said John Fiske (American Revolution, I., 307), "This campaign has attracted less attention than it deserves, mainly, no doubt, because it contained no battles or other striking incidents. It was purely a series of strategic devices. But in point of military skill, it was, perhaps, as remarkable as anything that Washington ever did, and it certainly occupies a cardinal position in the history of the overthrow of Burgoyne." After the surrender at Yorktown, Lord Cornwallis, who was an excellent judge, expressed to Washington his generous admiration for the wonderful skill that had suddenly hurled an army four hundred miles with such precision and effect. "But after all," he added, "your Excellency's achievements in New Jersey were such that nothing could surpass them."

The surprise at Trenton was indeed a brilliant conception but the attacks at Germantown and Monmouth were planned with equal daring and ability. But for an accident in one case and treachery in the other, either might have resulted in a success no less brilliant than that at Trenton. These conceptions belong in the same rank with those of Hannibal, Cæsar or Napoleon. There was nothing Fabian in the mind that conceived and carried out the campaign that ended at Yorktown. That exploit certainly indicated a military capacity of the first order. Said John Fiske (American Revolution, II., 281), "For thoroughness of elaboration and promptness of execution, this movement on Washington's part was as remarkable as the march of Napoleon in the autumn of 1865, when he swooped from the shore of the English Channel into Bavaria, and captured the Austrian Army at Ulm."

Page 78, note 23. This allusion is found in Jefferson's Works, IX., 164.

Page 80, note 24. Parker made note that he found this account, which has often been repeated, in Rush's Washington in Domestic Life, 67–69.

Page 80, note 25. Parker as he wrote this page had just read in Villemain's "Vie de Chateaubriand," which was published in 1858, the account of that youthful enthusiast's interview with Washington in 1791, and made allusion to it in a marginal note.

Page 81, note 26. This story is quoted from Sparks, II., 40.

Page 83, note 27. This saying Parker found in Hildreth's History of the United States, III., 272.

Page 86, note 28. It was easy for Parker, whose temperament was exceptionally warm, expressive, almost dramatic, to fall in with the common notion that Washington was a cold, austere person, admirable, but not lovable, because not loving. Doubtless Washington held his affections, as all other elements of his nature, under control, but heat is always greatest under restraint. A calm exterior does not always mean a lack of passion. Washington's official correspondence is certainly characterized by a rigid sense of propriety, but who knows what and how he wrote to his intimates. Mrs. Washington destroyed all but two of his letters to her, which might have revealed a different side of his nature, and they had no children. Parker's judgment was also influenced by the fact that, save for Knox, Greene, and Arnold, Washington did not care for his New England associates. Washington justly valued the New Englanders for their integrity, sobriety and patriotism, but the Virginia country gentleman did not readily admit to intimacy men, however worthy, who seemed to him lacking in certain outward refinements and in good fellowship. On the other hand he loved daring, chivalrous, high-minded youths, like Lafayette, Hamilton, Laurens and Harry Lee. With such as these he proved as human as anyone

could desire. We may be sure that the man who wept in helpless wrath as he watched the slaughter of his soldiers in the swamps of the Gowanus or in the redoubt of Fort Washington was not incapable of deep distress. The General who as he bade farewell to his officers at Fraunce's Tavern, on the impulse of the moment embraced each one, should not be accused of a lack of demonstrative good will.

Page 90, note 29. The quotation is from Emerson's famous Concord Hymn, the last line, slightly altered, of the verse inscribed on the Statue of the Minute-Man at Concord Bridge. Emerson was a Concord man and to him "the shot heard round the world" was fired at Concord Bridge. Parker was a Lexington man and his grandfather was the Captain of the minute-men who first confronted the British on Lexington Green. To him, therefore, the great event of the 19th of April, 1775, was the early morning skirmish at Lexington. It was hardly fair of Parker, however, to borrow a Concord verse, written by a Concord man, about a Concord battle, and apply it to the Lexington affair.

Page 90, note 30. This statement that "there were many Africans in the Battle of Bunker Hill" rests only upon tradition. It was commonly reported, for instance, that Major Pitcairn was shot by a negro named Peter Salem, and Edward Everett, in his address at the Dedication of the Statue of General Warren, gave to that reasonably authentic legend a certain currency. Colonel Trumbull in his historic picture of the battle, painted in 1787, introduced several figures of colored men, and this is probably the origin of the impression that "many" were present. In some of the New England Militia companies of free negroes undoubtedly took their places in the ranks with the white men. The official records bear testimony, however, to the fact that there was some question about allowing

negroes to enlist. On May 20, 1775, a month before the Battle of Bunker's Hill, the Massachusetts Committee of Safety voted " that no slaves be admitted into this army upon any consideration whatever " [Force's American Archives, 4th Ser., II., 762]. On July 10, 1775, a month after the battle, an order was issued by the Adjutant-General of the Army as follows: " You are not to enlist any deserter from the ministerial army, nor any stroller, negro or vagabond." In Force's American Archives [Ser. IV., vol. 3, p. 1161], is the Record of the Committee of Conference consisting of Dr. Franklin, Benjamin Harrison and Thomas Lynch, with the Deputy-Governors of Connecticut and Rhode Island, a Committee of the Council of Massachusetts and General Washington. The subject of negro soldiers came up at this meeting and " it was agreed that they be rejected altogether." In the Orderly Book, under date November 12 (Sparks's Washington, III., 155), it is recorded, " Neither negroes, boys unable to bear arms, nor old men unable to endure the fatigues of the campaign, are to be enlisted." On the 31st of December, 1775, Washington wrote from Cambridge to the President of Congress (Sparks's Washington, III., 218), to point out that free negroes who had served in the army ought to have the privilege of reënlisting, and on January 16, 1776, Congress decided (Journals of Congress, II., 26) that the " Free negroes who have served faithfully in the army of Cambridge be enlisted therein, but no others." In view of these facts the presumption is against the presence of " many Africans " at Bunker's Hill.

Page 90, note 31. While there were free negroes in many of the New England regiments the proportion of blacks in the Rhode Island line was greater than in the other States. In 1862 when the question of the enlistment of black troops in the Union Army was a burning issue the advocates of that measure made care-

ful search for precedents. The most complete and elaborate of the treatises is one prepared by Mr. George Livermore and presented to the Massachusetts Historical Society on August 14, 1862. In this work is contained a full account of the Rhode Island experiment with negro soldiers.

On January 2, 1778, two months after the Battle of Red Bank, General Varnum wrote to Washington: "The two Battalions for the State (Rhode Island) being small, and there being a necessity of the State's furnishing an additional number to make up their proportion in the Continental Army, the Field Officers have represented to me the propriety of making one temporary Battalion from the two, so that one entire corps of officers may repair to Rhode Island, in order to receive and prepare the recruits for the field. It is imagined that a Battalion of negroes may be raised there. . . . The Field Officers who go upon this command, are Col. Greene, Lt. Col. Olney, and Major Ward."

This communication Washington transmitted on the same day to Governor Cooke of Rhode Island and these letters were laid before the Rhode Island Assembly at the February session. The Assembly passed a vote (Livermore's Historical Research, pages 152, 153) authorizing the enlistment of free negroes and of slaves, who would thereupon receive their freedom. A minority of the Assembly entered protest against this action but on February 23 Governor Cooke wrote to Washington that Colonel Greene was going forward with the enlistment. "Every effective slave," he wrote, "upon his passing muster is absolutely made free. . . . Masters are allowed at the rate of a hundred and twenty pounds for the most valuable slave and in proportion to those of less value. The number of slaves in this State is not great, but it is generally thought that three hundred and upwards will be enlisted."

At the May session of the Assembly enlistment of negroes was stopped and it was voted that "no negro, mulatto or Indian slave be permitted to enlist from and after the tenth day of June next."

The actual number of blacks thus enlisted can never be known. The only way of discovering the proportion is by reading the roster of the regiment and judging by the names. Such surnames as Liberty, Freedom, and Freeman, are presumably those of negroes who won their freedom by enlisting. The proportion of blacks, however, is not large except in Col. Greene's Battalion. In the roster of the Second Battalion, counting one hundred and forty-one men, two names are presumably those of Indians, and three, Prince Jackson, Cuff Peckham, and Richard Pomp, may not improbably be those of negroes.

Col. Greene's Battalion made a good record on Rhode Island in the fighting of August, 1778, and continued in the service until the end of the War. The Marquis de Chastellux wrote in his journal under the date of the fifth of January, 1781, "At the passage to the ferry I met a detachment of the Rhode Island regiment. . . . The greatest part of them are negroes or mulattoes." [Chastellux' Travels, I., 454.]

Page 90, note 32. Parker apparently based the statement that "a negro regiment from New England stood in the thickest of the battle" of Red Bank, on a similar statement in Mr. Whittier's essay on The Black Men in the Revolution. This was originally a newspaper article but was published in 1854 in Whittier's volume of Literary Recreations. Whittier, in turn, found his authority in a speech against slavery in Missouri delivered by Governor Eustis of Massachusetts on December 12, 1820, wherein Governor Eustis said, "The blacks formed an entire regiment and they discharged their duty with zeal and fidelity. The

gallant defense of Red Bank, in which the Black Regiment bore a part, is among the proofs of their valor."

Careful investigation fails to discover any verification for this statement. The gallant defenders of Fort Mercer, at Red Bank, in October, 1777, numbered in all four hundred men, so that any negro regiment included must have been hardly more than a company. No historian of the battle mentions any negro soldiers at all. The story of their presence probably arose from the fact that Colonel Christopher Greene of Rhode Island, who commanded at Red Bank, was shortly afterwards detailed to go home and raise the battalion described in the preceding note.

Page 91, note 33. Parker found his foundation for these statements in Sparks X., 163, and XII., 181.

Page 94, note 34. It would be hard to find any justification for the statement that Washington "is no Southerner in many particulars." Was not the very misunderstanding and depreciation of the New England nature of which Parker complains a proof of Washington's distinctively Southern point of view? Washington was a typical Virginia country gentleman at his best. The sense of superiority, the pride of station, the luxury of dress and appointments, the self-forgetting courage, the patriotic zeal, the quick temper under control of will, the lack of religious earnestness and literary interests, the out-of-door accomplishments, the open-house hospitality of Washington, were all indications of Virginia birth and habit.

Page 96, note 35. Comparisons of great men are unprofitable if one is only seeking to be correct in the proportions of his admirations, but contrasts and resemblances when keenly observed and described may seem to bring out characteristics which would otherwise be obscure. This suggestion of a comparison between Washington and Cromwell is finely taken up and developed by Frederic Harrison in his Washington

and Other Addresses. Mr. Harrison also suggests an equally significant comparison between Washington and William the Silent. Edward Everett in his Washington Oration marked with great rhetorical effect the contrast between Washington and the such successful soldiers and administrators as Peter the Great, Frederick the Great, and Napoleon Bonaparte.

Page 96, note 36. This Indian tradition of Washington is, as Norman Hapgood observes in his George Washington (page 88) "partly amusing and partly impressive." From the days of Fort Necessity to the days of Wayne's victory at the Falling Waters, Washington had been not a friend but a scourge to the Indian tribes. His "justice to the Red Men" consisted in punishing them severely for their depredations.

III

JOHN ADAMS

The Adams lecture was delivered by Parker in the Fraternity Course on Tuesday evening, January 4, 1859. It was reported next day at two columns' length in the "Atlas and Daily Bee," which records that "the audience, in consequence of the severe storm, was exceedingly small."

Page 102, note 1. The letter here quoted was written on October 19, 1756, and is printed in the Works of John Adams I., 38.

Page 104, note 2. Col. John Quincy was an ancestor to be proud of. His name was not only bestowed on the town of Quincy, but was transmitted in a still more living way by being given to John Adams' eldest son, John Quincy Adams, who was born just as his great-grandfather lay dying. Colonel Quincy represented Braintree in the General Court for twenty-eight years, was Speaker of the House for twelve years, Colonel of the Suffolk Regiment, Member of the

Council, a man of genuine power and a much respected leader in the Province.

Page 105, note 3. John Norton (1606–1663) was the able and austere minister of Ipswich (1638–1653) and of the First Church in Boston (1653–1663). His reputation for severity was owing to the rigid Puritanism of his doctrine and discipline and to his bitter feeling against the turbulent Quakers who disturbed the peace of the community. The word "dreadful" applied to him by Parker indicates simply the change in the standards of people in regard to morals and theology. In his own day and by the judgment of his own contemporaries Norton was not only a popular and attractive preacher but one of the great civil leaders of the Colony.

Page 106, note 4. Mr. Lyman, in editing the first issue of Historic Americans, here made note that this story of Adams' wooing "is differently told by other authorities." Parker's is the accepted form though he exaggerated the difference in social rank between Adams and his bride. If Parson Smith objected to Adams as a suitor it was not because of any social distinction but because of that "impetuous, impatient" temperament that so often got Mr. Adams into trouble.

Page 108, note 5. These resolutions are printed in the Works of John Adams III., 465.

Page 110, note 6. Parker got this relation wrong end to. It was Quincy who was first asked to defend Captain Preston and who agreed to do so if his intimate friend and fellow-patriot Adams, would stand up with him. For both young lawyers it was an heroic thing to do. Quincy's own father sternly rebuked him for defending "those criminals charged with the murder of our fellow-citizens." Quincy was one of the most enlightened of the patriot leaders and his untimely death just at the outbreak of the Revolution was a great blow to the cause into which he had

thrown himself with high idealism and fervent devotion.

Page 111, note 7. Governor Shirley died on March 24, 1771.

Page 112, note 8. See the Note on the Hutchinson letters on page 424.

Page 112, note 9. Parker died before the natural prejudices rising out of the Revolutionary War had disappeared. A later and more impartial historical judgment does not sustain the condemnation of Hutchinson which his successful opponents wrote into American history. We now know that he was a high-minded gentleman, true to his convictions and worthy of respect. His theory of the relation between the American Provinces and the British was narrowly legal, and he was too thoroughly an aristocrat to sympathize with the patriot movement, but John Fiske was right in saying (Essays Historical and Literary I., 43) that "never has there been a more memorable illustration of the wrong and suffering that is apt to be wrought in a period of revolutionary excitement than the fact that during the autumn of 1773 one of the purest and most high-minded citizens of Massachusetts was regarded by so many other pure and high-minded citizens as little better than a traitor." "For intellectual accomplishments Hutchinson . . . stands in the foremost rank of American public men. For thorough grasp of finance he was the peer of Hamilton and Gallatin. In 1809, John Adams who loved him not, said, 'he understood the subject of coin and commerce better than any man I ever knew in this country.' His mastery of law was equally remarkable, and as a historian his accuracy is of the highest order. . . . He was nothing, if not public-spirited, and his kindness towards persons in distress and sorrow knew no bounds." (Fiske I., 49.) "Alike for intellectual eminence and for spotless purity

of character there have been few Americans more thoroughly entitled to our respect than Thomas Hutchinson. It is sad indeed, though perfectly natural, that such a man should have to wait a hundred years before his countrymen could come to consider his career dispassionately."

Page 114, note 10. It is questionable whether John Adams ever seriously "doubted his own ability" but it is certain that he "doubted the nation's genius." It was at this time that he wrote, "We have not men fit for the times. We are deficient in genius, in education, in travel, in fortune, in everything. I feel unutterable anxiety. (Works I., 148.)

Page 118, note 11. Testimony to Parker's carefulness in preparing this lecture is found in the following letter inclosed in the manuscript of the lecture which is before the present editor.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts,
Secretary's Office,
Boston, December 21, 1858.

Rev. Theodore Parker,

Dear Sir: I have caused a careful examination of the Records of the Council to be made and it does not appear that John Adams ever received any compensation for services as a Justice of the Sup'r Court of Judicature, towhich office he was appointed on the 11th of Oct. 1775, and the acceptance of which he signified in a letter received by the Council on the 31st of December.

On the 9th of December, 1776, a warrant was drawn in his favor for £121. s 13. d 1. "as a balance of his acc't for expenses &c" as a delegate to Congress; and on the 4th of Jan. 1777 another was drawn for £226. s 6. d 2. "in full satisfaction for services and expenses as a delegate to the Continental Congress for the Year 1776."

Very truly yours,
Oliver Warner, *Secy.*

Page 126, note 12. "A personal prejudice, improperly called distrust, on the part of Hamilton towards Adams, from this time forth led to actions which Adams, being human, could not but resent. Mutual dislike grew into strong animosity, which in time ripened into bitter vindictiveness. The quarrel had such vitality that it survived to subsequent generations, so that later historians in each family have kept the warfare immortal. The Adams writers represent Hamilton as clandestine, underhanded, substantially dishonorable. The Hamilton writers represent Mr. Adams as an obstinate, wrong-headed old blunderer, whom their distinguished progenitor in vain strove to keep from working serious mischief. In fact, Hamilton, though constantly carried by his antipathy beyond the limits of good judgment, did nothing morally reprehensible; Adams, though committing very provoking errors as a politician and party leader, never went far wrong as a statesman and patriot." (Morse's John Adams, 246.)

Page 126, note 13. The Essays of Davila were written by Adams while in England. Prof. J. S. Bassett (The Federalist System, p. 48) calls them "a heavy discussion of the principles of government, advocating a government in which the enlightened classes should have the greatest influence." The essays aroused much hostile criticism and Adams was condemned as an "aristocrat" and finally as a "monocrat."

Page 128, note 14. As recorded in Note 12, the New England writers whose works were before Parker as he wrote this and the accompanying lectures were mostly of the Adams School. Parker never did justice to the genius of Hamilton. A later generation is able to see that Washington's confidence in Hamilton's ability was not "misplaced."

Page 129, note 15. Parker was not correct in

saying that Washington "quietly favored" the appointment of Hamilton to the second place. He made that appointment an absolute condition of his own acceptance of the first place.

Page 142, note 16. In this letter Washington expresses a strong hope that "you will not withhold merited promotion from Mr. John (Quincy) Adams because he is your son"; and also says, "I give it as my decided opinion that Mr. Adams is the most valuable public character we have abroad," and so on in the same strain.

Page 143, note 17. This allegation is unfortunately true of Franklin and Hamilton. Parker was too ready to believe it to be true of Washington and Jefferson, but there is absolutely no reliable evidence to support such a suspicion.

Page 144, note 18. The Cunningham letters "were written by the Ex-President to one of his relatives soon after his return to Quincy. They were 'under the seal of the strictest confidence' and contained the most unreserved expression of his sentiments respecting the chief actors and events in the later portion of his public life. In other words, they were vehement, rancorous, abusive, and unjust, as was perfectly natural when it is remembered under what fresh provocation of real wrongs their writer was smarting at the time. His vanity and his rage naturally found free expression as he strove in close confidence to tell to a friend the story of the unfair treatment of which he had been the victim. Mr. C. F. Adams says that an heir of the person to whom these letters were written gave them to the opponents of John Quincy Adams to be used against him when he was a candidate for president; and that this ignominious transaction was rewarded with a post in the Boston Custom-House. It was of course a great mistake upon Adams's part that he wrote them, and it was a grave misfortune for him

that they were, even though dishonorably and many years afterwards, sent out before the world. It was the last and nearly the worst exhibition of that blind imprudence which at one time and another in his career had cost him so dear." (Morse's John Adams, 327.)

Page 150, note 19. Francis Adrian Van der Kemp (1752–1829) was a distinguished Dutch scholar, patriot and divine who championed the cause of civic and religious freedom and was obliged to flee with his family to America in 1788. He was warmly and hospitably received by Washington, and the other leaders of American thought and life. He finally settled at Barneveld, N. Y., whence he carried on an active and most interesting correspondence with Jefferson, Adams, George Clinton and many other friends in America as well as with the scholars in Europe who sympathized with his misfortune and valued his high character and great learning. See Francis Adrian Van der Kemp, an autobiography, together with extracts from his correspondence. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1903.

Page 154, note 20. This allusion is presumably to Edward Everett.

IV

THOMAS JEFFERSON

The lecture on Jefferson was never delivered. Parker's manuscript shows that in writing it he had before him the existing edition of Jefferson's Works and Tucker's and Randall's Lives of Jefferson.

Page 169, note 1. This allusion is a curious reminder of the fact that at the time Parker was writing this lecture he was also a participant in the conferences that agreed to provide John Brown with arms for his proposed attack on Harpers Ferry. Brown held the belief that if the blacks in Virginia could be furnished with arms and leaders they would rise and secure their

own freedom. It is probably this opinion of Brown's that is reflected in Parker's statement that in the Revolutionary times there were in Virginia 275,000 slaves ready to rise and "side with an invader when he should appear." In fact there was no more possibility of such an insurrection in 1779 than in 1859 when John Brown found no response from the slaves he expected to join him by thousands as soon as he appeared on Virginia soil.

Page 170, note 2. This quotation Parker took from Randall's Life of Jefferson, I., 398. In a note Parker wrote, "In April, 1784, Mr. Jefferson was Chairman of a Committee (Mr. Chase of Maryland and Howell of Rhode Island also were members), and in that capacity submitted a plan for the government of the entire western region, from the thirty-first degree of north latitude to the northern boundary of the United States (thus including much more than the territory northwest of the Ohio River). One of the provisions of this important bill was, "that after the year 1800 there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in any of the said States" into which it was provided that the territory might be divided, "other than in the punishment of crimes whereof the party shall have been duly convicted." The question being taken upon this proviso, seven States voted for it, and but three against: one State was equally divided in its representation, and two were absent. And so it was lost, as by the rules at least two-thirds of the thirteen States were required to vote for it before it could become a law."

Page 172, note 3. It is a curious reading of history that declares that Franklin and Madison "represented the Democracy" in the making of the Constitution. Party lines had not been drawn. The opponents of the Constitution did as a rule afterwards become Anti-Federalists but so did some of the upholders of the

Constitution. Madison, who was second to none in influence in the Convention, was at the time "a moderate Federalist." (Theodore Roosevelt. Life of Gouverneur Morris, p. 139.)

Page 173, note 4. It was unnecessary for Parker to conclude that Hamilton's dominant influence in national affairs at this time was in any measure due to the age or infirmity of Washington. Hamilton's extraordinary gifts as a constructive and creative statesman gave him an influence which would have been quite as marked had Washington been in the prime of life.

Page 178, note 5. The appointment of the "Midnight Judges" was made by Mr. Adams at nine o'clock in the evening of March 3, 1801, when his term of office was to end at midnight. Jefferson always looked upon this act of Mr. Adams's as personally unkind to himself.

Page 178, note 6. Parker here made note of the following letter to Abbé Arnoud, Paris, July 19, 1789, which he found in Jefferson's Works, III., 81.

"We all know that permanent judges acquire an esprit de corps: that being known, they are liable to be tempted by bribery: that they are misled by favor, by relationship, by a spirit of party, by a devotion to legislative or executive power: that it is better to leave a cause to the decision of cross and pile than to that of a judge biased to one side: and that the decision of twelve honest men gives still a better hope of right than cross and pile does. It is in the power, therefore, of the juries, if they think permanent judges are under any bias whatever, in any cause, to take on themselves to judge the law as well as the fact. They never exercise this power, but when they suspect partiality in the judges: and by the exercise of this power they have been the firmest bulwarks of English liberty. Were I called upon to decide whether the people had best be omitted in the legislative or judiciary department I

would say it is better to leave them out of the legislative."

Page 181, note 7. The quotations with which Parker proved the well-known fact that Jefferson believed in an elective judiciary and in rotation in office are all taken from Jefferson's Works or from Tucker's Life. In order the references are to Works II., 329; I., 81; VIII., 13; VII., 12; Tucker II., 436; Works VII., 295; VII., 256; VII., 403. Parker also cites Tucker II., 112; Randall III., 124, 636; Works IV., 561; V., 549; VI., 462; VII., 134, 178, 192, 199, 216, 278, 322, 403.

Page 184, note 8. Parker here quoted in a note the following expressions of Jefferson's views:

"When I consider that the limits of the United States are precisely fixed by the treaty of 1783, that the Constitution declares itself to be made for the United States, I cannot help believing the intention was not to permit Congress to admit into the Union new States which should be formed out of the Territory for which, and under whose authority alone, they were then acting. I do not believe it was meant they might receive England, Ireland, Holland, etc., into it, which would be the case on your construction. When an instrument admits two constructions, . . . I prefer that which is safe and precise. . . . Our peculiar security is in the possession of a written Constitution." (Works IV. 506). Also see his letter to the Secretary of State, August 25, 1803, in which he proposes the following form of Amendment to the Constitution necessary in the case of Louisiana: "Louisiana, as ceded by France to the United States, is made a part of the United States. Its white inhabitants shall be citizens, and stand, as to their rights and obligations, on the same footing with other citizens of the United States in analogous situations." Works IV., 503.

August 12, 1803, he wrote to Judge Breckenridge, "The Constitution has made no provision for our hold-

ing foreign territory, still less for incorporating foreign nations into our Union. The Executive, in seizing the fugitive occurrence which so much advances the good of their country, have done an act beyond the Constitution." Works IV., 500.

Page 196, note 9. Parker was all too ready to believe any tales or gossip that illustrated the terrible evil, incident to slavery, that is hinted at in this charge against Jefferson. He frequently alluded to this infamy and particularly to the alleged fact that even so pure and moral a man as Jefferson could not rise above the habit of his fellow slaveholders. Sometimes he mentioned these charges as if he really believed them, sometimes as if he comprehended that they were the inventions of political foes aided by the sensational press of the time and by the gossip of sundry untrustworthy colored people in and about Charlottesville. The whole matter is discussed in a Note on page 510 of the volume of this edition of Parker's Works, entitled the American Scholar.

Page 196, note 10. This is the high praise for so astute and keen a politician as Jefferson but it appears to be on the whole justly bestowed. It is all the more to Jefferson's credit because few politicians have ever been so violently and persistently maligned. Jefferson was sometimes bitter in the language of his replies as when he called the great Judge Marshall "an unprincipled and impudent Federal bull-dog," but as a rule he was tolerant and magnanimous.

Page 196, note 11. After he became President, by the first national vessel that carried despatches to France, Jefferson wrote to Paine inviting him to accept a free passage to America in the ship. This kindly act brought upon him the fierce condemnation of the Orthodox Christians to whom Paine was an "infidel and blasphemer."

Page 196, note 12. The Mazzei letter was written

April 24, 1796 to an old neighbor in Virginia, the Italian Mazzei, then in Europe. How it came to be published no one knows. It roused great indignation among the Federalists and the admirers of Washington. There was nothing to be said and Jefferson wisely refrained from attempts at explanation. The letter is printed in Morse's Jefferson, p. 183.

Parker found the story of the letter in Hildreth's History of the United States, V., 55, and in Randall's Jefferson, III., 609, and he added the note:

"Jefferson's expression in the Mazzei letter, of 'Samsons in the field and Solomons in council,' must have referred to Washington. At the time of publication Jefferson wrote Madison, August 3, that he could not avow the Mazzei letter 'Without a personal difference between General Washington and myself, which nothing before the publication of this letter has ever done. It would embroil me also with all those with whom his character is still popular: that is to say, with nine-tenths of the people of the United States.'"

Page 200, note 13. This statement of faith can be found in Jefferson's Works IV., 479.

Page 201, note 14. This quotation is from Randall's Life of Jefferson III., 561.

Page 202, note 15. This anecdote Parker found in Randall's Jefferson III., 345.

V

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

John Quincy Adams died in Washington on February 23, 1848. Ten days afterwards, on Sunday, March 5th, Mr. Parker preached at the Melodeon in Boston the discourse here printed. The sermon was written almost at a single sitting though "it had been years in preparation." The career of the staunch

old anti-slavery hero was a theme much to Parker's liking and his characterizations are searching, vivid and just.

Page 211, note 1. This is one of the earliest occasions of Parker's use of the famous description of democracy later adopted by Abraham Lincoln in the Gettysburg Address. The phrase was frequently repeated in Parker's sermons, speeches and prayers, though it never assumed the exact and final form given to it by Lincoln. Lincoln's indebtedness to Parker has been clearly traced. Mr. Herndon, Lincoln's law partner, came to Boston after the Douglas-Lincoln debate and saw Parker and other anti-slavery leaders and discussed with them Lincoln's political prospects. He took back with him to Springfield printed copies of some of Parker's sermons and addresses and gave them to Lincoln. In one of these pamphlets, in the lecture on " The Effect of Slavery on the American People " Lincoln marked with a pencil the familiar phrase and afterwards embodied it, in his own simple and majestic formula, in the Gettysburg Address.

Page 214, note 2. The three northern, single term, Presidents were John Adams, John Quincy Adams, and Martin Van Buren. The five southern, two term, Presidents were Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Jackson.

Page 221, note 3. This feeling on Adams's part is emphasized in his address at Washington on July 4, 1821, to which Parker refers in a note on his manuscript.

Page 221, note 4. For his authority Parker referred in a note to Adams's speech in the House of Representatives May 8th–9th, 1840, and adds a comment which illustrates the extraordinary breadth and variety of his reading. " It is a little remarkable," he says, " that the false principle of the common law, on which Mr. Adams was commenting, as laid down by

Blackstone, is corrected by a writer, Mr. Pothier, who rests on the civil law for his authority."

Page 222, note 5. This "juvenile essay" was Adams's answer to Paine's Rights of Man, first printed in the Columbian Centinel and in 1793 published as a pamphlet in London.

Page 222, note 6. The "Gag law" was passed in 1836 to stop the flood of anti-slavery petitions presented by Mr. Adams. It was the result of much discussion among the southern leaders and was moved in the House by Mr. Atherton of New Hampshire. It provided that, "all petitions, memorials, resolutions, or papers relating in any way, or to any extent whatsoever, to the subject of slavery or the abolition of slavery, shall, without being either printed or referred, be laid upon the table, and that no further action whatever shall be had thereon."

This action, says Mr. Rhodes (History of the United States I., 70) was for the Southern leaders "the beginning of the madness that the gods send upon men whom they wish to destroy; for instead of making the fight on the merits of the question, they shifted the ground. They put Adams in a position where his efforts in the anti-slavery cause were completely overshadowed by his contest for the right of petition."

Page 223, note 7. These views are set forth in Mr. Adams's oration at Quincy in 1831.

Page 227, note 8. There may well be differences of opinion about the wisdom of Mr. Adams in voting for the Embargo, but about his absolute honesty of purpose and courage of conviction there can be no doubt whatever. The charge that he was influenced in his vote by desire for place cannot be believed.

Mr. Adams was never a party man, but preëminently a patriotic citizen of the whole United States. In voting for the Embargo he knew that he was antagonizing all his friends and neighbors and voting against

the interest of the State which had sent him to the Senate. His biographer is justified in saying (Morse's John Quincy Adams, p. 64) that "so far from these acts being a yielding to selfish and calculating temptation, they called for great courage and strength of mind. . . . Mr. Adams was not so dull as to underrate, nor so void of good feeling as to be careless of, the storm of obloquy which he had to encounter, not only in such shape as is customary in like instances of a change of sides in politics, but, in his present case, of a peculiarly painful kind. He was to seem unfaithful, not only to a party, but to the bitter feud of a father whom he dearly loved and greatly respected; he was to be reviled by the neighbors and friends who constituted his natural social circle in Boston; he was to alienate himself from the rich, the cultivated, the influential gentlemen of his neighborhood, his comrades, who would almost universally condemn his conduct. He was to lose his position as Senator, and probably to destroy all hopes of further political success so far as it depended upon the good will of the people of his own State. In this he was at least giving up a certainty in exchange for what even his enemies must admit to have been only an expectation. . . . Mr. Adams's diary shows unmistakably that he was acting rigidly upon principle, that he believed himself to be injuring or even destroying his political prospects, and that in so doing he taxed his moral courage severely."

Page 227, note 9. In the original pamphlet edition of this sermon Parker gave as references for this view, Pickering's letter to Governor Sullivan on the Embargo, Boston, 1808. John Quincy Adams's Letter to the Hon. H. G. Otis, etc., Boston, 1808. Pickering's Interesting Correspondence, 1808. Review of the Correspondence between the Hon. John Adams and the late William Cunningham, etc., 1824. But see, also, Mr. Adams's "Appendix" to the above letter, pub-

lished sixteen years after the vote on the Embargo. Baltimore, 1824, and Mr. Pickering's Brief Remarks on the Appendix. August, 1824.

Page 227, note 10. Reference is here made to the British Orders in Council of November 22, 1807. They were not officially made known to the American Congress till February 7, 1808. They were, however, published in the National Intelligencer, on the morning on which the President's message was sent to the Senate, December 18, 1807, but were not mentioned in the message nor in the debate.

Page 227, note 11. Parker was indeed treading on difficult ground when he thus defended Mr. Adams in Boston. The wrath of Massachusetts when her Senator gave his vote for the Embargo was deep and lasting. Forty years of honorable service had not sufficed to still that indignation. As Parker spoke there were still many people in Boston who felt and believed that John Quincy Adams was the embodiment of all that is base and treacherous. It was these "awful shades" that Parker hesitated to disquiet.

Page 228, note 12. Parker made a note here as follows: "I copy this from the first letter of Mr. Pickering. Mr. Adams wrote a letter (to H. G. Otis) in reply to this of Mr. Pickering, but said nothing respecting the words charged upon him; but in 1824, in an Appendix to that letter, he denies that he expressed the 'sentiment' which Mr. Pickering charged him with. But he does not deny the words themselves. They rest on the authority of Mr. Pickering, his colleague in the Senate, a strong party man, it is true, perhaps not much disposed to conciliation, but a man of most unquestionable veracity. The 'sentiment' speaks for itself."

Page 230, note 13. See Adams's Remarks in the House of Representatives, January 5, 1846.

Page 230, note 14. This quotation is from the Cor-

respondence between the Hon. John Adams and the late William Cunningham, Esq., Boston, 1823. Letter XLIII., p. 150.

Page 230, note 15. John Smith, Senator from Ohio, was a personal friend of Aaron Burr, and was suspected of being implicated in his conspiracy. On November 27, 1807, the Senate appointed a committee to investigate his case, of which committee Mr. Adams, to his great regret was chairman. After many weeks of inquiry a report was made favoring Smith's expulsion. The resolution to expel failed, however, by one vote, Mr. Adams voting for it. Feeling this weight of sentiment against him, Mr. Smith shortly afterward resigned. Mr. Adams later in life referring to this session in his diary wrote, "I find little to censure in what I did, nothing in what I intended." See Memoir of John Quincy Adams, vol. I., p. 482 and vol. VIII., p. 121

Page 231, note 16. This was the President's Message of March 15, 1826.

Page 232, note 17. See Mr. Adams's message, December 2, 1828. The exact sum was $1,197,422.18.

Page 232, note 18. Parker here made note of his references as follows: See Mr. Clay's Letter to Mr. A. H. Everett, April 27, 1825; to Mr. Middleton, respecting the intervention of the Emperor of Russia, May 10, and December 26, 1825; to Mr. Gallatin, May 10, and June 19, 1826, and February 24, 1827. Executive Documents, Second Session of the 20th Congress, vol. I.

Page 233, note 19. Parker quoted these sentences from the Report of Mr. Adams's lecture on the Chinese War, in the Boston Atlas, for December 4 and 5, 1841.

Page 234, note 20. These views are to be found in Mr. Adams's Speech on Oregon, delivered on February 9, 1846.

Page 235, note 21. This quotation is from Mr.

Adams's Address on breaking ground for the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, July 4, 1828.

Page 241, note 22. See his defense of this in his Address to his Constituents at Braintree, September 17, 1842.

Page 245, note 23. Parker here made the following note in the pamphlet edition of the sermon: "In a public address, Mr. Adams once quoted the well-known words of Tacitus (Annals VI., 39), Par negotiis neque supra — applying them to a distinguished man lately deceased. A lady wrote to inquire whence they came. Mr. Adams informed her, and added, they could not be adequately translated in less than seven words in English. The lady replied that they might be well translated in five —"Equal to, not above, duty; but better in three — John Quincy Adams."

Page 251, note 24. This President was Mr. Van Buren.

Page 252, note 25. Parker here made note of the following references: "See the Debates of the House January 23, and following, 1837; or Mr. Adams's own account of the matter in his Letters to his Constituents, etc. (Boston, 1837.) See, too, his Series of Speeches on the Right of Petition and the Annexation of Texas, January 14 and following, 1838. (Printed in a pamphlet. Washington, 1838.)"

Page 257, note 26. At a meeting in Faneuil Hall, September 24, 1846, resolutions were adopted expressing the public indignation at "this recent kidnapping and abduction of a negro man who had escaped from his master at New Orleans and landed in the neighborhood of Boston. He was pursued, captured, and shipped off for New Orleans by the captain of the vessel in which he had made his escape unknown to the captain. But for retaking him the captain had no authority from the owner of the negro." Memoir of John Quincy Adams, vol. XII., p. 273. Parker, Sum-

ner, Phillips, C. F. Adams and S. G. Howe were among the speakers at this meeting.

VI

DANIEL WEBSTER

This discourse was preached at the Melodeon on Sunday morning, October 31, 1852, just a week after Mr. Webster's death. The memorable funeral services had been held at Marshfield on Friday; the signs of public and private mourning were everywhere displayed and every pulpit in Boston rang with eulogy. Parker's sermon was the one discordant note. It was printed in the newspapers and as a pamphlet and widely distributed. The pamphlet contained the following Introduction:

To the Young Men of America.

GENTLEMEN:— I address this discourse to you in particular, and by way of introduction will say a few words.

We are a young nation, three and twenty millions strong, rapidly extending in our geographic spread, enlarging rapidly in numerical power, and greatening our material strength with a swiftness which has no example. Soon we shall spread over the whole continent, and number a hundred million men. America and England are but parts of the same nation — a younger and an older branch of the same Anglo-Saxon stem. Our character will affect that of the mother country, as her good and evil still influence us. Considering the important place which the Anglo-Saxon tribe holds in the world at this day—occupying one-eighth part of the earth, and controlling one-sixth part of its inhabitants —the national character of England and America becomes one of the great human forces which is to control the world for some ages to come.

In the American character there are some commanding and noble qualities. We have founded some political and ecclesiastical institutions which seem to me the proudest achievements of mankind in Church and State. But there are other qualities in the nation's character which are mean and selfish; we have founded other institutions, or confirmed such as we inherited, which were the weakness of a former and darker age, and are the shame of this.

The question comes, which qualities shall prevail in the character and in the institutions of America — the noble, or the mean and selfish? Shall America govern herself by the eternal laws, as they are discerned through the conscience of mankind, or by the transient appetite of the hour—the lust for land, for money, for power or fame? That is a question for you to settle; and, as you decide for God or Mammon, so follows the weal or woe of millions of men. Our best institutions are an experiment: shall it fail? If so, it will be through your fault. You have the power to make it succeed. We have nothing to fear from any foreign foe, much to dread from wrong at home: will you suffer that to work our overthrow?

The two chief forms of American action are business and politics—the commercial and the political form. The two humbler forms of our activity—the Church and the Press, the ecclesiastic and the literary form—are subservient to the others. Hence it becomes exceedingly important to study carefully our commercial and political action, criticising both by the absolute right; for they control the development of the people, and determine our character. The commercial and political forces of the time culminate in the leading politicians, who represent those forces in their persons, and direct the energies of the people to evil or to good.

It is for this reason, young men, that I have spoken

so many times from the pulpit on the great political questions of the day, and on the great political men; for this reason did I preach and now again publish, this discourse on one of the most eminent Americans of our day — that men may be warned of the evil in our business and our State, and be guided to the eternal justice which is the foundation of the common weal. There is a higher law of God, written imperishably on the nature of things, and in the nature of man; and, if this nation continually violates that law, then we fall to the ground.

If there be any truth, any justice, in my counsel, I hope you will be guided thereby; and, in your commerce and politics, will practise on the truth which ages confirm, that righteousness exalted a nation, while injustice is a reproach to any people."

The discourse was reprinted many times. It was included in Parker's Works and in Miss Cobbe's Edition, vol. XII., p. 10. The final edition in pamphlet form carried the following preface, dated, with ominous significance, March 7, 1853.

" It is now four months since the delivery of this sermon. A phonographic report of it was published the next morning, and quite extensively circulated in all parts of the country. Since then, I have taken pains to examine anew the life and actions of the distinguished man who is the theme of the discourse. I have carefully read all the criticisms on my estimate of him, which came to hand; I have diligently read the most important sermons and other discourses which treat of him, and have conversed anew with persons who have known Mr. Webster at all the various periods of his life. The result is embodied in the following pages.

" My estimate of Mr. Webster differs from that which seems to prevail just now in Church and State; differs widely; differs profoundly. I did not suppose that

my judgment upon him would pass unchallenged. I have not been surprised at the swift condemnation which many men have pronounced upon this sermon — upon the statements therein, and the motives thereto. I should be sorry to find that Americans valued a great man so little as to have nothing to say in defense of one so long and so conspicuously before the public. The violence and rage directed against me is not astonishing; it is not even new. I am not vain enough to fancy that I have never been mistaken in a fact of Mr. Webster's history, or in my judgment pronounced on any of his actions, words or motives. I can only say I have done what I could. If I have committed any errors, I hope they will be pointed out. Fifty years hence the character of Mr. Webster and his eminent contemporaries will be better understood than now: for we have not yet all the evidence on which the final judgment of posterity will rest. Thomas Hutchinson and John Adams are better known now than at the day of their death: five and twenty years hence they will both be better known than at present."

This sermon has a greater fame than any of Parker's published discourses. As an account of the character and career of Webster it is untrustworthy, but it is one of the most remarkable examples of condemnatory eloquence in all literature. Parker did not live to see the events which would have led him to alter his harsh judgment. His colleagues in the anti-slavery battles came to have a very different estimate of Webster as the permanent element in his work appeared and the tumult of angry debate died away. Whittier made noble reparation for "Ichabod" in the "Lost Occasion" and the anti-slavery leaders in Congress who had fought and denounced the compromises of 1850 were ready ten years later to make much larger concessions to the South than Webster had ever fa-

vored. Parker himself wrote to Mr. Herndon in 1858 "Daniel Webster stood on higher anti-slavery ground than Abraham Lincoln now."

The contemporary estimate of Parker's sermon was pronounced by Mr. Everett (Works III., 409).

"The most difficult problem in practical science is to construct a lens which will not distort the body it reflects — The motives and conduct, the principles and the characters of men buried deep in the heart are not less likely to be mistaken than the lines and angles of material bodies. The uncharitableness of individuals and parties will sometimes confound a defect in the glass with a blemish in the object. A fly hatched from a maggot in our brain creeps into the tube and straightway we proclaim that there is a monster in the heavens which threatens to devour the sun."

The modern estimate of Parker's sermon has been summed up in the deliberate judgment of one of the most impartial of American historians (Rhode's History of the United States, vol. I., pp. 288, 290).

"The preacher appeared to want the good which Webster did interred with his bones and the evil to live after him. The current gossip of Boston and the pungent tales of Washington correspondents were crystallized into a serious utterance and given the stamp of a scholar. Apparently Parker had misgivings about his facts, for a few months later we find him writing Sumner and Giddings in the endeavor to get evidence concerning Webster's recreancy to the anti-slavery cause and acceptance of money gifts. A teacher of young men, for it was to them that this discourse was addressed, should have made sure of his facts before he gave vent to such vituperative and vindictive words. . . . . .

Parker spoke every Sunday to two or three thousand people in the Melodeon or the Music Hall, and exercised great influence. His sermon on Webster moulded

many opinions. Of all indictments it is the most severe. It would, indeed, be deplorable if it presented the true character of the man who had received so much honor from his countrymen, and it is gratifying that fewer men now believe the charges than when the sermon was delivered; that instead of acknowledging 'its analytical justice, its fidelity,' it is regarded as the raving of an honest fanatic."

The final judgment upon Webster is not the contemporary view of either friend or foe but such a sound conclusion as that of Senator Hoar.

"His place in history is that of a public teacher guiding the thought and inspiring the emotions of his countrymen when the issues on which hung the fate of the republic were being determined. The republic is founded upon ideas. When those ideas lose their power over the minds and hearts of the people, the republic will come to an end. It is the fortune of Daniel Webster, as of no other man except Jefferson, that the great ideas which lie at the foundation of the republic clothe themselves to every man's understanding in his language, and rest for their sanction and vindication upon his argument."

It has seemed best to print in these notes certain testimonies of recent writers whose point of view is more judicial than was possible in the stress and conflict of Mr. Parker's day and generation.

Page 268, note 1. These references are presumably to Kossuth and Mazzini.

Page 277, note 2. The pathos in these allusions is in the fact that Parker was himself a childless man. It was the greatest disappointment of his life that he had no children to call his own.

Page 277, note 3. The reference is to the Adams family, a stock which continues to bear good fruit.

Page 282, note 4. Rev. Stephen Bachiler arrived in Boston June 5, 1632. He was then seventy-one

years of age. With him were his family and six other persons, and of these he constituted a church in Lynn (then Saugus). He soon found himself in opposition to the dominant authorities of the colony on account of certain notions about the relation of Church and State. His life became "one constant scene of turbulence, disappointment and accusation." Forbidden to preach in Massachusetts he removed to New Hampshire, and became the founder of the town of Hampton. He afterwards lived in Exeter and Portsmouth. At the age of eighty-one he married his third wife and was fined ten pounds for not publishing the marriage according to law. Soon afterward he returned to England and is said to have died at Hackney in 1660 in the one hundredth year of his age. He was a man of unusual physical and intellectual vigor. From tradition we gather that he was tall and sinewy, with black hair, strong features, and the dark, deep-set eyes so characteristic of Webster. He was a powerful preacher and a man obstinate and tenacious in his opinions. One proof of his striking character is the fact that many of his descendants attribute their abilities to him. Among his distinguished descendants were John Greenleaf Whittier, William Pitt Fessenden, Caleb Cushing, and Daniel Webster.

Page 285, note 5. Webster had not "a few months," but a year at Exeter under the guidance of that remarkable teacher, Dr. Benjamin Abbot. At the commemoration of Mr. Abbot's fiftieth anniversary as Preceptor of the Academy, he sat between Mr. Webster and Mr. Everett, both of them his former pupils. Hon. John P. Hale, in his speech said, "If you had done nothing else but instruct these two, you might say, Exegi monumentum ære perennius."

Page 287, note 6. The statement that young Webster "scorned his degree" from Dartmouth and "tore his diploma in pieces" is unverifiable. No such oc-

currence is mentioned in any biography of Webster. Webster was afterwards devoted to his College and rendered it unstinted and distinguished service.

Page 290, note 7. It is but a partial sketch of Webster that omits adequate mention of his remarkable talents and extraordinary success as a practicing lawyer. Parker was not so much concerned to give an accurate account of Webster's career as to make that career serve the purpose of an anti-slavery appeal. The facts of Webster's life which did not serve that immediate end were therefore dismissed with slight mention. Parker's method may be rhetorically defensible. The point he wished to make received its emphasis but at the cost of injustice to Mr. Webster. For a good brief account of Webster's legal gifts and services see Hon. S. M. McCall's Daniel Webster, pp. 18–44.

Page 291, note 8. Webster undoubtedly consulted his friend Judge Story in many difficult cases and especially concerning the principles involved in the Ashburton Treaty, but he reached his own conclusions in his own way. No biographer of Judge Story ever claimed that he was the "Jupiter Pluvius" who filled Mr. Webster's mind or that he had more influence with Mr. Webster than many another trusted friend and admirer.

Page 291, note 9. It was Mr. Webster's own generosity that enabled his critic to make this thrust, for Webster, in his Dartmouth College Speech, gave credit for all his knowledge and the better part of his argument to his colleagues Jeremiah Mason and Jeremiah Smith who had, with Webster, argued the case in the New Hampshire Court. This was, however, a piece of undue generosity. The triumph of Webster in this case was a triumph of personality. Mason and Smith were able and learned lawyers and Webster had the benefit of their briefs in addition to his own, but

the unparalleled eloquence of the advocate was the determining element in this celebrated case.

Page 296, note 10. Mr. Parker here made a footnote in the original pamphlet edition of this sermon, stating that the "distinguished jurist" was Judge Story. There is no mention of any such occurrence as that described by Parker in the two-volume biography of Judge Story by his son or in any other life of Story, though such violent expressions of party feeling certainly did occur.

Page 297, note 11. The statement that Massachusetts had at this time one thousand black seamen is undoubtedly an exaggeration.

Page 297, note 12. This quotation is from the Columbian Centinel for July 25, 1812.

Page 299, note 13. Brentwood is a small New Hampshire town some twenty miles from Portsmouth. The Brentwood Convention was a great meeting of all "who loved the memory of Washington" held in the August of 1812 to protest against the acts of the Government which were destroying the commerce of New England. Webster spoke at the Convention and was put on the Committee to frame resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting. His report, often called the "Rockingham Memorial," is practically an oration addressed to President Madison, and is the first of Webster's important state papers. For an adequate account of the Brentwood meeting and Webster's part in it see Prof. McMaster's Daniel Webster, pp. 63–67. Parker here made note "I purposely pass over other political writing and speech of his."

Page 300, note 14. Hon. Timothy Pickering of Salem was the leader of the Federalist party in Congress at this time and could always be depended upon to cast a straight party vote.

Page 300, note 15. See Webster's speech in the House of Representatives Jan. 2, 1815.

Page 300, note 16. See Webster's speech on the Army Bill delivered in the House of Representatives Jan. 14, 1814.

Page 300, note 17. This prophecy of Webster's future greatness is found in the writings of Judge Story.

Page 300, note 18. This quotation is from the New Hampshire Patriot of July 27, 1813.

Page 301, note 19. Parker was careful in reproducing these venomous libels to give in foot-notes in the pamphlet edition of this sermon the references to the files of the New Hampshire Patriot. The quotations in order are from the issues of August 27, 1814, Oct. 4, 1814, Aug. 2, 1814, Aug. 9, 1814, Oct. 29, 1812, Oct. 13, 1812, and March 30, 1813, quoted from the Baltimore Patriot.

Page 302, note 20. This quotation from Henry Clay is taken from his speech delivered in the House of Representatives on Jan. 8, 1813.

Page 303, note 21. This quotation is from the New Hampshire Patriot for June 7, 1814.

Page 303, note 22. For his authority for this statement Parker refers to the Farmer's Monthly Visitor, vol. XII., p. 198, Manchester, N. H., 1832. This reference indicates Parker's readiness to take up and accept any gossip adverse to Mr. Webster. There is apparently no foundation for the story that Webster sought the office of Attorney General of New Hampshire.

Page 303, note 23. This statement occurs in Webster's Speech in the House of Representatives, Feb. 29, 1816. (National Intelligencer for March 2, 1816.) See also Webster's Works, vol. III., p. 35.

Page 303, note 24. This bill passed the House of Representatives on April 26, 1816. Yeas 79; Nays, 35. See Lodge's Daniel Webster, pp. 66, 67.

Page 305, note 25. This is quoted from an " Ac-

count of a Meeting at the State House in Boston, Dec. 3, 1819, to consider the Extension of Slavery by the United States." (Boston Daily Advertiser for Dec. 4, 1819.)

Page 305, note 26. The paper was published under the title, A Memorial to the Congress of the United States, on the Subject of Restraining the Increase of Slavery in the New States to be admitted into the Union, etc., etc., Boston, 1819, p. 22.

Page 305, note 27. "L.M." in Columbian Centinel for Dec. 8, 1819.

Page 306, note 28. Boston Daily Advertiser for Nov. 20, 1819.

Page 306, note 29. Boston Daily Advertiser for Mar. 16, 1820.

Page 308, note 30. Meetings had been held in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and other important towns, and considerable sums of money raised on behalf of the Greeks. See the letters of John Q. Adams to Mr. Rich and Mr. Luriottis, Dec. 18, 1823; and of John Adams, Dec. 29, 1823. Parker notes that Mr. Randolph in his speech in the House of Representatives, Jan. 20, 1824, tartly asked, "Why have we never sent an envoy to our sister republic Hayti?"

Page 309, note 31. Parker here made a foot-note in his manuscript, "See the just and beautiful remarks of Mr. Webster in this speech." Works, vol. III., pp. 77, 78, 92 and 93. "O si sic semper!"

Page 309, note 32. This quotation is from Clay's Speech in the House of Representatives, Apr. 26, 1820.

Page 309, note 33. Mr. Webster's speeches on the tariff in 1824 and 1828 can be found in his Works, vol. III., pp. 94 and 228, and his subsequent speeches thereon in 1837 and 1846 in his Works, vol. IV., p. 304 and vol. V., p. 361, vol. II., p. 130, and 349, et seq. As illustrating his change of view, compare vol. III., pp. 118, and 124, with vol. II., p. 137. Web-

ster's reasons for the change of opinion can be found in vol. V., pp. 186 and 240. "All of these speeches," said Parker, "are marked by great ability of statement."

Mr. Webster's apparent inconsistency about the tariff is rightly explained by Parker. While a member of the House of Representatives, in company with almost all the New England members, he opposed the policy of artificially promoting manufacturing. That policy was however adopted. New England determined to profit by it. The enterprise, industry and thrift formerly expended chiefly in commerce turned to manufacturing. When Webster entered the Senate the situation had completely changed. New England was a manufacturing center and its representatives had naturally become upholders of the protective tariff which they had formerly opposed. For an adequate discussion, see Lodge's Daniel Webster, pp. 155–171.

Page 310, note 34. In justification of this allusion Parker made note, "Compare his speech in Faneuil Hall, Sept. 30, 1842, with his tariff speeches in 1846. Works, vol. II., p. 130, with vol. V., p. 161, and vol. II., p. 349."

Page 311, note 35. See Mr. Calhoun's Disquisition on Government, and his Discourse on the Constitution and Government of the United States in his Works, vol. 1 (Charleston, 1851): Life and Speeches (New York, 1843) No. 3–6. See too, Life and Speeches, No. 9, 19, 22. It should be remembered that Parker was himself a "States Rights" man, and theoretically more in sympathy with the views of Calhoun than with those of Webster. For modern descriptions of the Reply to Hayne see McMaster's Webster, pp. 146–181, Lodge's Webster, 172–204, McCall's Webster, 57–68.

Page 311, note 36. Parker here made a foot-note in the pamphlet edition of this discourse, "A more

thorough acquaintance with the character and conduct of Mr. Calhoun makes it doubtful to me that he deserves this threefold praise."

Page 313, note 37. The brig Creole was on a voyage from Virginia to New Orleans with a load of slaves, when the negroes rose, killed one man, and took possession of the vessel and carried her into the British West Indian port of Nassau where assistance was refused to the crew, and where the slaves, save a few held for murder, were allowed to go free. This was an act of very doubtful legality. It touched both England and the Southern States in a very sensitive point, and it required all Mr. Webster's tact and judgment to keep it out of the negotiation of the treaty with Great Britain until the main issues had been settled.

Page 316, note 38. For his facts and authorities in this discussion Parker in a note, referred to the Treaty of Peace, etc., 1783. Public Statutes of the United States of America (Boston, 1846), vol. 8, p. 80. Treaty of Amity, Commerce, and Navigation, etc. 1794, ibid. p. 116. Treaty of Peace and Amity, 1814, ibid. p. 218.— Act of Twentieth Congress, stat. 1, chap. 30, ibid. vol. 4, p. 262. Act of Twenty-sixth Congress, stat. 1, chap. 3, ibid. vol. 5, p. 402: and stat. 2, chap. 2, p. 413.— III. Statement on the part of the United States, of the Case referred in pursuance of the Convention of 29th of Sept., 1827, between the said States and Great Britain, to his Majesty, the King of the Netherlands, for his decision thereon (Washington, 1829). North American Boundary, A.: Correspondence relating to the Boundary, etc., etc., (London, 1838). North American Boundary, part I.: Correspondence relating to the Boundary, etc. (London, 1840). The Right of the United States of America to the northeastern Boundary claimed by them, etc. etc., by Albert Gallatin, etc. (New York, 1840.) Documents of the Senate of Massachusetts,

1839, No. 45: 1841, No. 9. Documents of the House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, 1842, No. 44.—IV. Congressional Globe, etc. (Washington, 1843), vol. XII., and Appendix. See also Mr. Webster's Defense of the Treaty: Works, vol. V., p. 18.

Page 316, note 39. Parker here made note as follows, " The time has not yet come when the public can completely understand this negotiation, and I pass over some things which it is not now prudent to relate." It is impossible to discover what Parker meant by this comment. There was nothing secret about the treaty and Parker was certainly not used to restraining speech because of something " not now prudent to relate." The negotiations and Mr. Webster's transcendent services in connection with them, are described in McCall's Webster, pp. 95–99, Lodge's Webster, 246–256, McMaster's Webster, 263–275.

Page 317, note 40. Reported in the Columbian Centinel for Dec. 8, 1819, but not contained in the edition of Webster's Works. Webster's instructions to Everett when editing the Works were " I wish to perpetuate no feuds. . . . I should prefer not to leave a word that would give unnecessary pain to any honest man however opposed to me."

Page 317, note 41. Memorial to Congress, also omitted in the Works.

Page 321, note 42. The quotations of Webster's anti-slavery views were taken by Parker from Webster's Works, vol. 1, p. 45, vol. 3, p. 279, also p. 263, vol. 1, p. 356, 357, vol. 1, p. 270, vol. 2, p. 93, vol. 2, p. 552.

This quotation is from the Congressional Globe, Mar. 1847, p. 555.

Page 321, note 43. This is a sentence from Webster's address at the Convention at Springfield, Sept. 10, 1847, reported in Boston Daily Advertiser.

Page 327, note 44. The speeches referred to had not, when Parker wrote, all been collected in the Works. He read them in a collection of Webster's Speeches at Buffalo, Syracuse, and Albany, May, 1851.

Page 329, note 45. This is from the Speech at the Revere House, April 29, 1850.

Page 329, note 46. Speech at Faneuil Hall, Sept. 23, 1846, reported in the Daily Advertiser, Sept. 24.

Page 329, note 47. Speech at New York, May 12, 1851, printed in Boston Atlas of May 14.

Page 330, note 48. This reference is to Lord Strafford.

Page 333, note 49. The events of 1861 proved that Webster and not Parker was correct in his estimate of the reality of the Southern threats of secession. Parker believed that the utterances of the Southern leaders were mere "bluster" and that "there was not a cat's-paw in the sky." Webster was in much closer contact with Southern opinion and realized that the danger of disunion was imminent, that the Southerners meant what they said and that the maintenance of the Union was the only thing to be thought of at such a crisis. Webster's defenders have always held that in 1850 the choice was simply between secession and compromise, and that the Compromise Acts, while they did not prevent ultimate secession, delayed it for ten years and enabled the Free States to gather the strength of purpose and unity of sentiment that enabled them to carry the Civil War to a successful issue. It is not impossible to believe that had Webster "on the 7th of March shown any less anxiety for the Union, had that great centripetal force become centrifugal or weakened in the attraction which it exerted to hold the States in their orbits, who shall say that our magnificent and now united domain might not be covered by two hostile flags, one of which would float over a republic founded upon slavery." (McCall's Webster, 3.)

Webster's conviction of the supreme necessity of saving the Union was bound up with his other conviction that thereby human freedom would in the end best be worked out; and though he may have been mistaken as to the means by which human freedom was to be advanced, yet in the end his words and his work became the drumbeat of the nation. "Because he spoke the sentences which, far above all others, became the watchwords of the North in this struggle for national integrity, his fame is high and sure in the story of America, not only as her greatest master of an eloquence which lighted up the deepest truths in her Constitution, but as the one of her sons whose powerful statement of this nation's faith did most in time of peril to insure the nation's life." (Hapgood's Daniel Webster, 114.)

Page 333, note 50. The statement that Webster's Seventh of March Speech was dictated by his desire for the presidency cannot be proved or disproved. Men's motives are so complex that in such a case it is impossible to reach a clear and correct analysis. The inference that a desire for the presidency is a base and selfish motive should not however pass unchallenged. It will be an unhappy day for America when the leading statesmen of any period or party cannot and do not look to the presidency as a legitimate ambition and as the crown of a serviceable and honorable political career. The following quotations from two recent biographers of Webster state the facts accurately and impartially.

"There have been many theories as to the motives which led Mr. Webster to make the 7th of March speech. In the heat of contemporary strife his enemies set it down as a mere bid to secure Southern support for the presidency, but this is a harsh and narrow view. The longing for the presidency undoubtedly had a weakening effect upon him in the winter of

1850, and had some influence upon the speech of the 7th of March. But it is unjust to say that it did more. It certainly was far removed from being a controlling motive. His friends, on the other hand, declared that he was governed solely by the highest and most disinterested patriotism, by the truest wisdom. This explanation, like that of his foes, fails by going too far and being too simple. His motives were mixed. His chief desire was to preserve and maintain the Union." (Lodge's Webster, 330.)

"It was said, and has been so often repeated that it is accepted in some quarters as an article of political faith, that Webster made his speech as a bid for the presidency. But on that point it is pertinent to remember that he threw away his fairest chance for the presidency by patriotically refusing, at the dictates of his own party in his own State and of its leaders in the country, to retire from Tyler's cabinet until our differences with Great Britain should be composed; that he had many times resigned or refused to accept important public office; that the great position of Senator from Massachusetts had more than once to be forced upon him, and that, before the 7th of March at least, he had fully lived up to his own impressive declaration that solicitations for high public office were 'inconsistent with personal dignity and derogatory to the character of the institutions of the country.' Solicitude for the Union was no new thing with him, that an ignoble motive should be ascribed. But it was not the first time, as it doubtless will not be the last, when those having in view the accomplishment of some great public object, to the exclusion of everything else, have imputed evil motives to those who have not sanctioned their particular course of procedure." (McCall's Webster, 104.)

Page 334, note 51. This quotation is from Webster's speech in the Massachusetts Convention, Dec. 5, 1820.

Page 336, note 52. These quotations are taken from Webster's speeches at Syracuse and Capon Springs.

Page 343, note 53. The discrepancies in Parker's description of Webster's physical condition in the months that followed the speech of the 7th of March again reveal the fact that this discourse is not to be taken as an impartial study of a great man's character and career. Parker was not afraid of inconsistency, if by it he could emphasize a point in his attack. Now Webster is described as "the sick old man" with "feeble limbs and trembling voice," and again, referring to the same period, he is described as "Herculean" and wearing "the visage of a tyrant." He becomes by turns "shattered by sickness" and the titanic upholder of all the diabolic institutions of the times. The description changes, that is, according as the accuser proposes to denounce Webster as an oppressor or as a sycophant.

Page 344, note 54. Reported in the Columbian Centinel, Mar. 11, 1820.

Page 347, note 55. "I am told," wrote Parker in a foot-note, "that there was some technical reason why that court continued its session. I know nothing of the notice: but I believe it was the fact that the only court in the United States which did not adjourn at the intelligence of the death of Mr. Webster, was the court which was seeking to punish a man for rescuing Shadrach from the fiery furnace prepared for him."

Page 351, note 56. Starr King said of Webster's religion, "Mr. Webster was not the partisan of any intricate and narrow theological theories. The broad, plain, primary truths of religion were sufficient for his reverence and his conscience. I have heard it said that he disliked the word 'Christianity' and preferred the simple phrase, 'The Religion of Jesus.' The spirit of penitence, faith and love, and a reveren-

tial gratitude for the mission of Christ as the channel of redeeming truth and life to the world — these were the outlines of his theology: these were the definitions of Christian character which satisfied his mind. The report which a friend has made of his last hour assures the world that there was nothing in his utterances of faith and hope of a technical character. No expression escaped him which would mark him as of this or that theology, or of any church, save the universal Church of Christ." (Sermon preached Oct. 31, 1852.)

Page 353, note 57. The statement that Webster "had little courage" and "quailed" before the Southern leaders fails to convince those who remember the Reply to Hayne, the encounter with Calhoun, and all the years of strenuous Parliamentary controversy wherein Webster contended dauntlessly against the threats and violence of the majority. Webster had the courage of his convictions not only in the face of his political opponents, but also under the attacks of misunderstanding friends. Parker conveniently failed to remember how in 1842 the popular clamor in his own party and his own State would have forced Webster from the Cabinet and how he faced his angry constituents in Faneuil Hall and again at the Whig Convention. His words were not those of a coward or a truckler, but of a statesman conscious of right motives and of his own integrity.

"I am," he said, "a little hard to coax: but as to being driven, that is out of the question. I chose to trust my own judgment, and thinking I was at a post where I was in the service of my country and could do it good, I stayed there. . . . No man feels more highly the advantage of the advice of friends than I do: but on a question so delicate and important as this I like to choose myself the friends who are to give me advice: and upon this subject, gentlemen, I shall

leave you as enlightened as I found you. I give no pledge: I make no intimation one way or the other: and I will be as free, when this day closes, to act as duty calls, as I was at its dawn."

Page 353, note 58. John Fiske wrote (Essays historical and literary, vol. I., p. 406.)

"Mr. Webster was accused of sacrificing his convictions and truckling to the South, in order to obtain Southern support for the presidency. But a comprehensive survey of his political career renders such an interpretation highly improbable. His conduct in remaining in Mr. Tyler's cabinet was one of the capital instances of moral courage to be found in American history; and his habitual independence of party was not the sort of thing that is wont to characterize timid seekers after the presidency. That Mr. Webster strongly wished to be President is not to be denied; but his mental attitude was the proud one that rather claimed it as a right than asked it as a favor. It was like the feeling of the soldier whose unexampled services have earned the right to assume the weightiest responsibility in the widest field of action. I do not believe that Mr. Webster ever sacrificed his convictions to selfish or unworthy motives. That he now and then sacrificed certain convictions to certain other convictions, when he felt himself driven to such bitter alternative, I would freely admit; but that is a very different thing. In 1850 he subordinated his feelings about slavery, just as in 1828 he had subordinated his views on the tariff, to the paramount necessity of saving the Union."

Page 355, note 59. "It is sometimes said of Webster that as a statesman he was not creative and that no conspicuous legislative acts are identified with his name; that he was the unrivaled advocate of policies, but not their originator. It must be remembered that during the most of his congressional career his party was in a minority and he had only a limited opportu-

nity to fashion political legislation. He did not, it is true, pass any considerable portion of his time in drawing bills, embodying more or less fanciful theories of government. But he displayed in a prominent degree the qualities of statesmanship most loudly called for by his time. He was highly successful in adapting to the needs of a nation the provisions of a written constitution, by applying to its construction the soundest principles of government. . . .

His profound sympathy with the genius of our system, and his true political sense enabled him to display the most difficult art of statesmanship, the practical application of theory to the government of a nation." (McCall's Webster, 81, 83.)

Page 355, note 60. " It is impossible for an American to read the diplomatic correspondence of Webster while Secretary of State and not feel a new pride in his country. The absolute absence of anything petty or meretricious, the simple dignity and the conscious power, cause one to feel that it ennobled the nation to have such a defender. It may be said, too, that the manner in which he conducted the State Department proved that he possessed the highest qualities of executive statesmanship." (McCall's Webster, 98.)

Page 356, note 61. It is almost incredible that Parker should have carried his invective to the extreme of this accusation of neglect of duty in a dying man. Webster had been stricken with mortal disease and had but a few weeks to live when this omission to transmit a communication to the Senate is said to have occurred. Within a few minutes in this very discourse Parker was to describe Webster three months before this date as, " the sick old man, you remember the feeble look, and the sad face and trembling voice."

Page 362, note 62. The statement that Webster " never had a wide and original influence in the politics of the nation " is one that Parker could not have

written after the great events of 1861. Mr. Chadwick, Parker's latest biographer, justly says that "Parker, being theoretically a states-right man, could not appreciate the value of Webster's great speeches in the thirties against Hayne and Calhoun on the nature of the Union as an indissoluble bond. There came a time before Parker had been one year dead when those speeches were as a great sea-wall, against which the doctrine of secession broke in hopeless rage." (Chadwick's Theodore Parker, Note p. 260.)

This judgment is affirmed by all the historians of the period. The principles of which Webster was the foremost champion were those which inspired Abraham Lincoln and his fellow-workers. It was the sentiment of Union that banded together the armies of the North. It was by the triumph of that sentiment and not by the disruptive schemes of the Abolitionists, that the national government was upheld and the slaves secured their freedom. Webster was a creative and permanent influence in national affairs because he was "the preëminent champion and exponent of nationality. He said once, 'there are no Alleghenies in my politics,' and he spoke the exact truth. . . . He did not invent the Union, or discover the doctrine of nationality, but he found the great fact and the great principle ready to his hand, and he lifted them up, and preached the gospel of nationality throughout the length and breadth of the land. In his fidelity to this cause he never wavered nor faltered. From the first burst of boyish oratory to the sleepless nights at Marshfield, when, waiting for death, he looked through the window at the light which showed him the national flag fluttering from its staff, his first thought was of a united country. To his large nature the Union appealed powerfully by the mere sense of magnitude which it conveyed. The vision of future empire, the dream of the destiny of an unbroken union touched

and kindled his imagination. He could hardly speak in public without an allusion to the grandeur of American nationality, and a fervent appeal to keep it sacred and intact. For fifty years, with reiteration ever more frequent, sometimes with rich elaboration, sometimes with brief and simple allusion, he poured this message into the ears of a listening people. His words passed into text-books, and became the first declamations of school-boys. They were in every one's mouth. They sank into the hearts of the people, and became unconsciously a part of their life and daily thoughts. When the hour came, it was love for the Union and the sentiment of nationality which nerved the arm of the North, and sustained her courage. That love had been fostered, and that sentiment had been strengthened and vivified by the life and words of Webster." (Lodge's Webster, p. 361.)

Page 363, note 63. See Webster's letter to the Union Committee, Works, vol. VI., p. 578.

Page 363, note 64. This bill is printed in Webster's Works, vol. V., p. 373.

Page 363, note 65. See Works, vol. V., p. 354.

Page 367, note 66. This quotation from Lord Brougham's speech in the House of Commons, July 13, 1830.

Page 369, note 67. The truth seems to be that instead of soliciting the Senatorship and working to obtain it, Webster was reluctant to accept it. "It is true," wrote Mr. McCall (Webster, p. 116), "that his friends contributed considerable sums of money to his support, and he was severely criticised for accepting such assistance. Burke received from his friends gifts, or loans that were never repaid, to an enormous amount for those days. Fox's friends gave him an annuity of fifteen thousand dollars. I do not know that it has occurred to any one to accuse either of them of impropriety. Can it be doubted that Webster's friends were

as much attached to him, or that they gave from pure personal loyalty mingled with a patriotic desire to maintain in the service of their country talents as splendid as ever Fox or Burke possessed, and that were even more successfully employed? It is to be regretted from the abuse to which his example may give rise that he found it necessary to receive this aid. The danger is that a far lesser man than Webster in a high public place might receive a more calculating homage. However, each case must be judged on its own merits. It is very true that he was not a bookkeeper. But if accounts had been carefully kept, it may be doubted whether even from the money standpoint he did not give more than he received. Instead of neglecting his profession and eking out his expenses by the aid of his friends, he might have remained out of the public service and enjoyed the most lucrative practice at the American bar."

It is a curious illustration of the fallibility of human judgment to compare with the scathing invective of Parker the eulogies of Webster delivered by contemporaries equally high-minded and as determined to be just and truthful. The orations of Edward Everett, Rufus Choate, George S. Hilliard and Chief Justice Parker are only a few examples of the enormous number of printed eulogies that crowd the library catalogues. These glow with ardent tribute and proud affection, while at the same time Parker is finding Webster guilty of all the sins that flesh is heir to. It is conducive at least to a suspended judgment to read first Parker's vehement denunciation and then to hear the pure and stately Everett, who knew Webster privately as well as publicly, say of him:

"I saw him at all seasons and on all occasions, in the flush of public triumph, in the intimacy of the fireside, in the most unreserved interchange of personal confidence: in health and in sickness, in sorrow and in

joy: when early honors began to wreathe his brow, and in after life through most of the important scenes of his public career. I saw him on occasions that show the manly strength, and, what is better, the manly weakness, of the human heart: and I declare this day, in the presence of Heaven and of men, that I never heard from him the expression of a wish unbecoming a good citizen and a patriot — the utterance of a word unworthy a gentleman and a Christian: that I never knew a more generous spirit, a safer adviser, a warmer friend." (Everett, Orations and Speeches, IV, 229.)

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